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THE NEW YORKER

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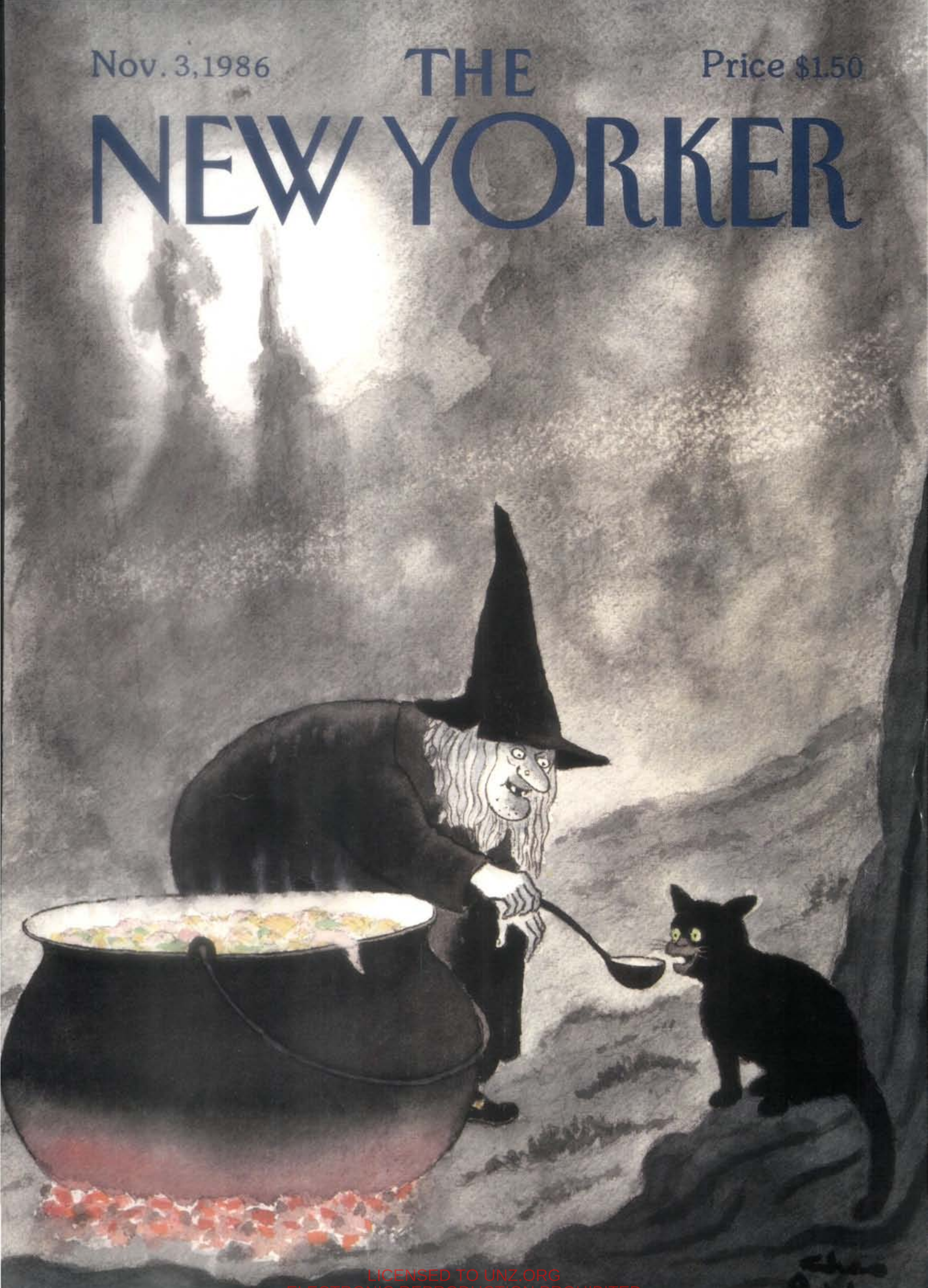

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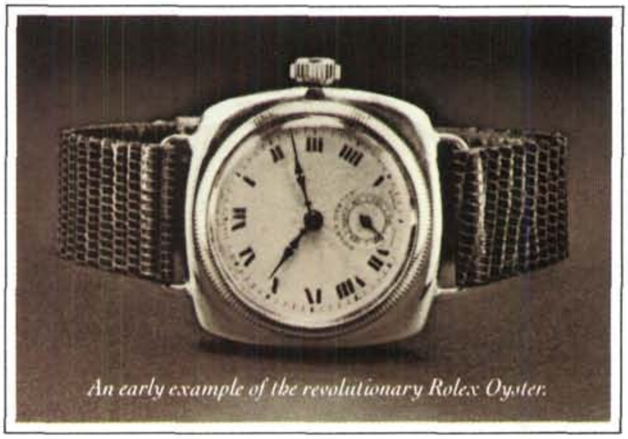
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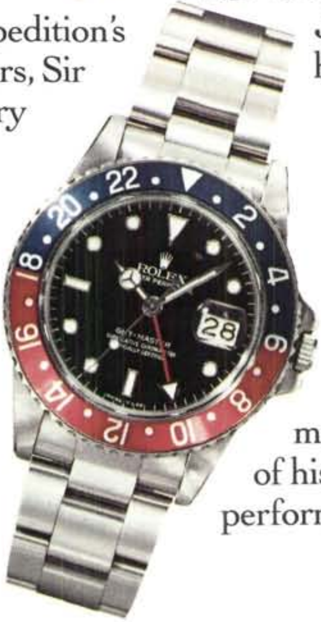

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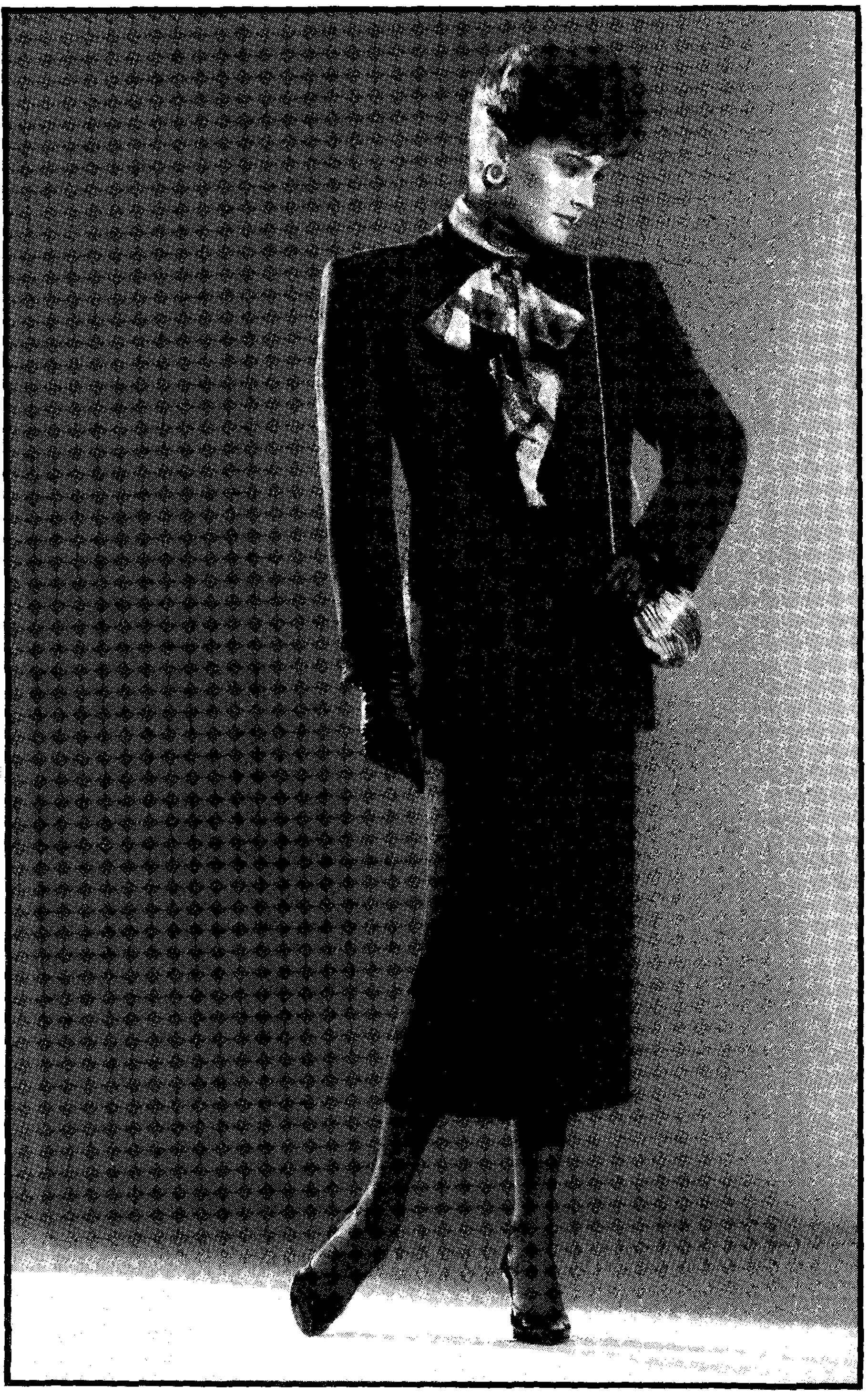

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

An Acute Obsession—A play by Barbara Feldman and Eric Rosse. (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Alterations—There is more fun than one might expect in Leigh Curran's play about domestic tensions, much of it contributed by the actors, under Austin Pendleton's direction. They are Gretchen Cryer, Cynthia Nixon, Wayne Tippit, Jane Hoffman, and Mary Kane. (Reviewed in this issue.) (WPA Theatre, 519 W. 23rd St. 206-0523. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Angry Housewives—A boring musical about four dissatisfied women who form a rock group. The closing number is funny, but there's a long, long wait. (Reviewed in our issue of 9/29/86.) (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Arsenic and Old Lace—This revival of a 1941 Broadway hit has a big cast and an exceptionally fine set, by Marjorie Bradley Kellogg. The subject is murder, mingled with Victorian good manners; the murder weapon is elderberry wine. (7/7/86) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Carmilla—A revival of a chamber opera adapted by Wilford Leach from a novel by J. S. Le Fanu. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—Presenting two plays in rotating repertory—**IN THIS FALLEN CITY:** Bryan Williams' mystery, set in East Harlem, is not as gripping as it should be, in spite of excellent performances by Michael Higgins and Danton Stone. Closes Friday, Nov. 14. (10/6/86) . . . **THE EARLY GIRL:** By Caroline Kava. Opens on Thursday, Oct. 30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 30. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 924-7100.)

The Common Pursuit—An English import. Six Cambridge undergraduates, in the sixties, plan to launch a literary magazine in accordance with the rigorous standards of the critic F. R. Leavis, and in the ensuing twenty years manage to breach these standards. Simon Gray's play, while not especially original, is consistently entertaining, and it is very well performed, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. With Kristoffer Tabori and Dylan Baker, among others. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Confessions of a Nightingale—Ray Stricklyn as Tennessee Williams in a one-man play adapted by Charlotte Chandler and Mr. Stricklyn from Miss Chandler's book "The Ultimate Seduction." (Audrey Wood, 359 W. 48th St. 307-5452. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Double Image Theatre—Presenting **THE DREAMER EXAMINES HIS PILLOW:** John Patrick Shanley's comedy—sometimes strong and funny, sometimes tedious—is composed of three conversations, between (1) a young woman and her former lover, (2) the young woman and her father, and (3) the father and the lover, all of them citizens of the Bronx. (10/20/86) (304 W. 47th St. 265-0794. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—A revival of the 1954 musical **THE PAJAMA GAME** will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. The book is by George Abbott and Richard Bissell, and the score and lyrics by Richard Adler and Jerry Ross. Opens on Thursday, Oct. 30, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 23. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

Groucho: A Life in Revue—A surprisingly lively and touching show about the great comedian/humorist. Frank Ferrante's dedicated impersonation becomes a true performance; Les Marsden, doubling, comes close to Chico and seems inspired as Harpo; and Faith Prince deftly acts the women in their lives, among them, of course, Margaret Dumont. Arthur Marx (son of Groucho) and Robert Fisher were the playwrights; Mr. Marx directed. (10/20/86) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Have I Got a Girl for You!—A musical with a book by Penny Rockwell and Joel Greenhouse, and music and lyrics by Dick Gallagher. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 29. (Second Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 674-1460. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter, Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The House of Blue Leaves—A superb revival of John Guare's brilliant, ferocious comedy, with Swoosie Kurtz and John Mahoney, among other fine performers. Jerry Zaks was the acute, perceptive director. (3/31/86) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Impostor—This import from modern China, about a clever young man who passes himself off as the son of one of the founders of the revolution, and rises steadily in a world of crooked, obsequious Party functionaries, is performed in broad, farcical style by the capable members of the enterprising Pan Asian Repertory company. Keenan Shimizu

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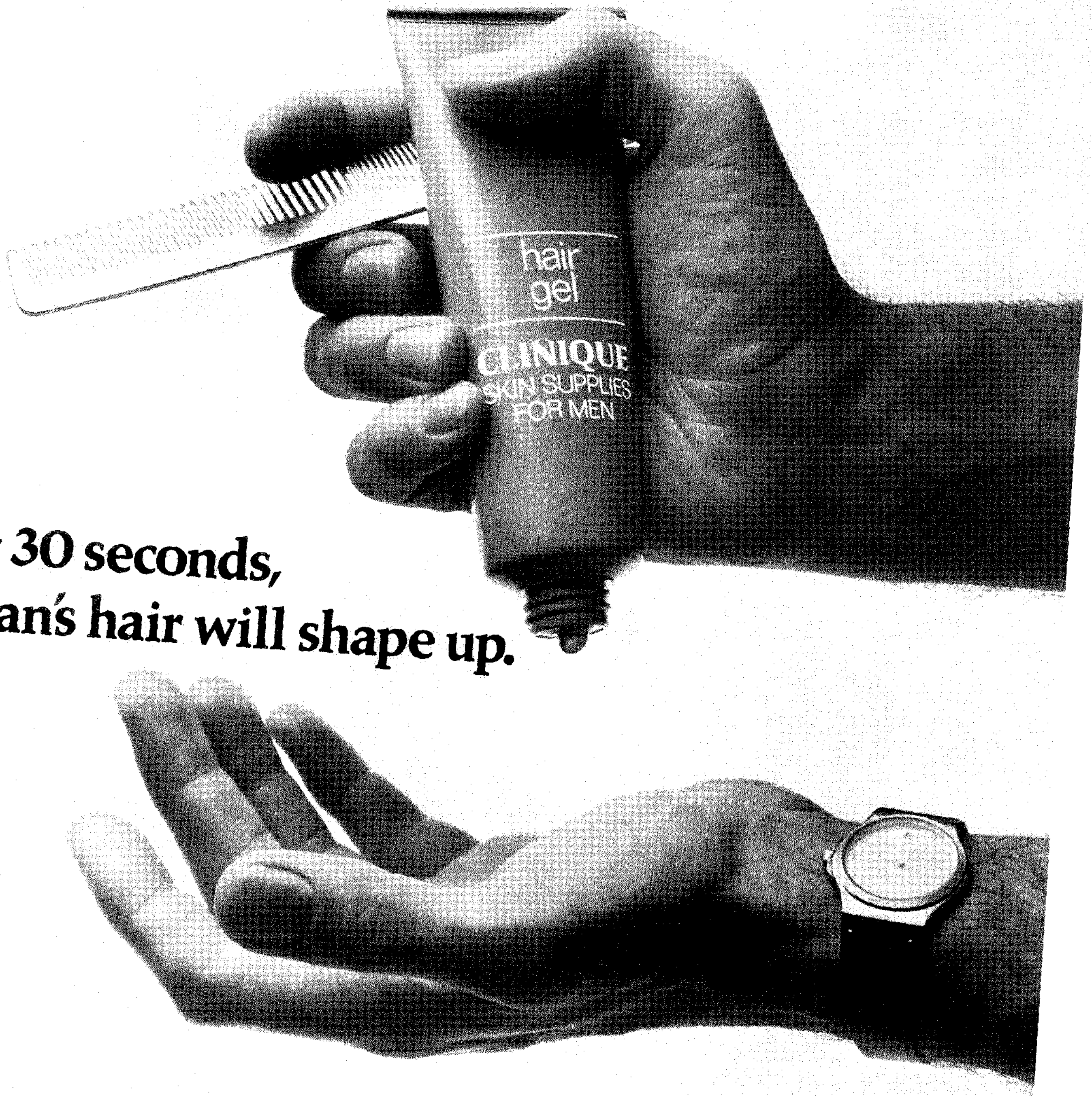

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is the attractive hero, and Donald Li is very good as the drunken, disillusioned manager of a collective farm. (10/20/86) (Playhouse 46, 423 W. 46th St. 245-2660. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 1.)

Insignificance—A play by Terry Johnson. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 9.)

Krapp's Last Tape—A disappointing revival of Samuel Beckett's play. (9/15/86) (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lady Day at Emerson's Bar & Grill—A play of sorts about one of Billie Holiday's last engagements, at a night club in Philadelphia, well sung and performed by the personable Lonette McKee, who bears no resemblance—vocal, physical, or temperamental—to the late Miss Holiday. (9/29/86) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)

Lambs Theatre Company—A play by David McFadzean, **THE CHINA FISH**, is the first in this season's series of three productions. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2 and 8; Thursdays at 11 A.M. and 8; and Fridays at 8. Closes Saturday, Nov. 15.)

Lillian Wald, at Home on Henry Street—Patricia Elliott in a one-woman show, written by Clare Coss, about the founder of the Henry Street Settlement. (Harry De Jur Henry Street Settlement Playhouse, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

A Little Like Magic—A production by the Famous People Players, a company of puppeteers from Canada. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Mondays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Me and My Girl—Robert Lindsay brings to life a silly chestnut of a British musical, dating back to the thirties. The production will run for as long as Lindsay is able and willing to run, which one hopes will be for several years. (8/25/86) (Marquis, Broadway at 45th St. 947-0033. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

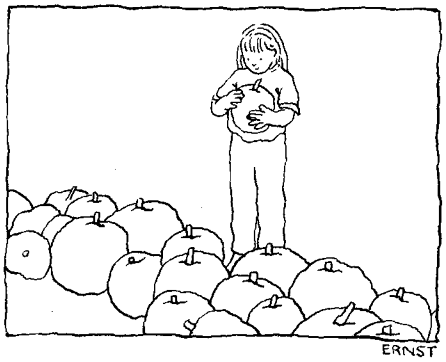
Neon Psalms—Tom Aldredge and Scotty Bloch ably portray an aging husband and wife who live in a trailer on the California desert, and Cara Duff-McCormick is their divorced daughter. Thomas Strelich's play is top-heavy with symbols, but its comedy is original and effective. Richard Hamburger was the able director. (Reviewed in this issue.) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 2.)

Olympus on My Mind—A larky little musical based on the Amphitryon legend. Music by Grant Sturiale and words (book and lyrics) by Barry Harman, who also directed. (8/18/86) (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sex Tips for Modern Girls—A musical with a book by Peter Eliot Weiss and score and lyrics by John Sereda. (Susan Bloch, 307 W. 26th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 541-8394.)

Social Security—An exceptionally attractive cast—Marlo Thomas, Ron Silver, Joanna Gleason, and Stefan Schnabel—in a comedy by Andrew Bergman, directed by Mike Nichols. (4/28/86) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sweet Charity—A revival of a musical that has come to seem an American classic, starring Ann Reinking. Bob Fosse is the director and choreographer, Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields provided the songs, and the scenery is by Robert Randolph. Hurrah for them all. (5/12/86) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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York Theatre Company—The New York première of Alan Ayckbourn's 1980 farce, **TAKING STEPS.** (York Theatre, 2 E. 90th St. 534-5366. Saturdays and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3 and 8, and Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 16.)

You Never Can Tell—All Shaw delights, and absolute Shaw delights absolutely. This minor early work is full of commensurately minor pleasures, with two or three exceptionally attractive performances. In the cast are Victor Garber, Lise Hilboldt, Philip Bosco, Stephen McHattie, Stefan Gierasch, Uta Hagen, John David Cullum, and Amanda Plummer. (10/20/86) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BIG RIVER:** A musical about Huckleberry Finn and Jim and their adventures on the Mississippi. The large cast is full of charm and so is the scenery, by Heidi Landesman. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A big, handsomely designed and handsomely costumed musical. The book, by Harvey Fierstein, is sentimental nonsense, but the music, by Jerry Herman, is pleasantly tuneful. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **CATS:** A musical version of T. S. Eliot's "Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats." Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, choreography by Gillian Lynne, and direction (and some lyrics) by Trevor Nunn. A superb spectacle, which may run for many more years and give cats the right to vote and hold office. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 11,032 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M NOT RAPPAPORT:** Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park, starring Hal Linden and Ossie Davis. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **THE MYSTERY OF EDWIN DROOD:** Charles Dickens' novel served as a basis for this jolly, silly musical, with charming songs by Rupert Holmes, an excellent cast headed by George Rose, and uninhibited direction by Wilford Leach. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **NUNSENSE:** A musical comedy by Dan Goggin. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **PENN & TELLER:** A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking, Teller is silent. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursdays and Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SONG & DANCE:** Betty Buckley sings a lot and John Meehan dances a lot, but their labors are fruitless—this is a musical without a story and almost without any characters. Music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, lyrics by Don Black. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

Beehive—A musical revue, featuring songs of the sixties. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Forbidden Broadway 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

Next Wave Festival—The annual celebration of the avant-garde; head-to-toe black attire is predominant, but not required—Anne Teresa de Keersmaeker and her dance company in "Rosas Danst Rosas," an evening-length work. (Lepercq Space. Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 29-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2.) . . . ¶ "Once Upon a Time in the East Village," a program of music by Ennio Morricone, arranged and conducted by John Zorn and performed by a twenty-two-piece orchestra. (Carey Playhouse. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ Molissa Fenley and Dancers in "Geologic Moments," an evening-length work in two sections. The first section is set to music by Philip Glass; the second by Julius Eastman, and performed by Mr. Eastman and Joyce Solomon. (Carey Playhouse. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 7, and Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 6-8, at 8.) . . . ¶ Lukas Foss directing the Brooklyn Philharmonic in the New York première of William Bolcom's "Songs of Innocence and of Experience: A Musical Illumination of the Poems of William Blake," with eight soloists; three choruses; jazz, rock, and folk ensembles; and a narrator. (Opera House. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 2.) (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Through Tuesday, Dec. 30.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "Arden Court," "Esteemed Guests" (New York première), and "Kettentanz." . . .

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Reflections," "Passage," "Confetti," and "Force Field." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Arden Court," "Esteemed Guests," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1, and Sunday matinée and evening, Nov. 2: "La Fille Mal Gardée." . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 4: "Parade," "Secret Places," "The Gardens of Boboli" (New York première), and "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 5: "Parade," "Round of Angels," "Valentine," "Cloven Kingdom." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 6: "The Gardens of Boboli," "Love Songs," and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "Les Patineurs," three pas de deux, and "Kettentanz." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "The Gardens of Boboli," "The Heart of the Matter," and "Italian Suite." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

Flamenco Puro—A troupe of twenty dancers, singers, and musicians from Seville. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Rebecca Kelly Dance Company—Three New York premières—"Moving Violations," "First Light," and "Abrha"—and "Night Migrations." (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Jubilation! Dance Company—Five programs of contemporary dance. (Aaron Davis Hall, City College, Convent Ave. at 134th St. 279-4200. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 30-31, at 8; Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 2, a benefit performance at 4.)

Riverside Dance Festival—Performances by two companies. **CHARLES MOORE DANCE THEATRE:** Wednesday through Saturday, Oct. 29-Nov. 1, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2. . . . **MOROCCO & THE CASBAH DANCE EXPERIENCE:** Thursday, Nov. 6, and Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 8-9, at 8. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

Dance Interviews—Merrill Ashley being interviewed by John Gruen. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Abilene Café, 359 Second Ave., at 21st St. (473-8908)—A corner bar and restaurant that makes a polite bow in the direction of Texas (its flag flies here) and presents music that is practiced just about everywhere in the Union (the blues). Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, **SUNNYLAND SLIM,** a leading light of Chicago blues, sings and plays the piano with his band. Other bluespeople can be heard every night except Sunday. Music from nine.

Algonquin Hotel, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON** is in the Oak Room, concentrating on the songs of Harold Arlen. She sings at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining.

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautically appointed bar and restaurant. Any swaying you may notice yourself doing is probably generated by the musicians, who perform amidships on a railed-in platform. On Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, Michael Hashim leads a combo. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A sleek, carpeted, neat-as-a-pin music room, which is also hushed and smokeless during **BLOSSOM DEARIE'S** early-bird concerts. She sings her first note at six-thirty Wednesdays through Saturdays. Through Saturday, Nov. 1, harmonica virtuoso **LARRY ADLER** and his nifty accompanist, **ELLIS LARKINS,** take the stage at nine, and at eleven **STEVE ROSS** sings and accompanies himself on the piano.

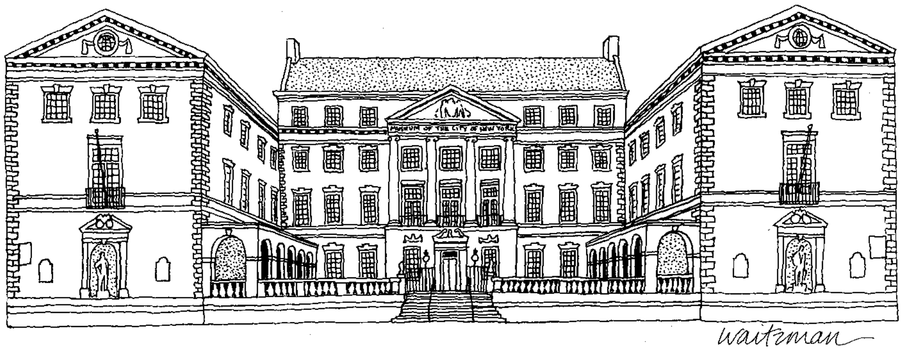
Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—On the back wall of this club, there is a little neon version of the Manhattan skyline, with a crescent moon and two stars attendant upon the RCA Building—one of the best examples of inert-gas folk art we know of. The **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET** performs here through Sunday, Nov. 2, and starting Tuesday, Nov. 4, composer, saxophonist, and ex-Weather Reporter **WAYNE SHORTER** will be here with his quintet. Monday, Nov. 3, belongs to the **RONNIE CUBER** All-Stars. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock, jazz, folk music, comedy, and combinations thereof. On Wednesdays, the loose-limbed, wavy-haired lounge singer named **BUSTER POINDEXTER** (the persona adopted by proto punk-rocker David Johansen) does songs that you aren't likely to hear at a Holiday Inn. His four adept, tuxedoed **BANSHEES OF BLUE** back him up. Friday, Oct. 31, is Nashville night with country rockers **STEVE EARLE** at eight-thirty, and **JASON & THE SCORCHERS** at eleven-thirty. The rest of the schedule: Saturday, Nov. 1, comedian Chris Rush; Monday, Nov. 3, Ronnie Laws; Thursday, Nov. 6, Roy Buchanan; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, Kenny G. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A crowded, duskily lit neighborhood bar, where first-rate pianists, bassists, and guitarists compete for your ear with professional conversationalists. Truth and beauty usually prevail. The musical teams: pianist **RICHIE BEIRACH** and bassist **RON MC CLURE** through Saturday, Nov. 1; pianist **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS** on Sunday, Nov. 2; and, starting Monday, Nov. 3, guitarists **JIMMY RANEY** and **ATTILA ZOLLER.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

Carlos I, 432 Sixth Ave., at 10th St. (982-3260)—Everything about this little club is nice: the long rows of tables covered with pink linen, the bijou bandstand, the view from the bar of the bandstand, and the view out the window of Vaux & Withers' gabled Victorian courthouse. Alto saxophonist **CHARLES MC PHERSON** leads a quartet through Sunday, Nov. 2, and on Tuesday, Nov. 4, **CARRIE SMITH,** a singer with a big, resounding voice, steps forward. Shows at nine and eleven, with an extra show at twelve-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays. No music Mondays. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**BOBBY SHORT** is at his old post in the Café Carlyle, singing and playing the piano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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and touching off mirth and jubilation in his audience. **BEVERLY PEER** (bass fiddle) and **ROBBIE SCOTT** (drums) are his trusty sidekicks. Their sets are at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Nov. 1, when **HELEN MERRILL** will sing with a trio. . . . ¶ In the Bemelmans Bar, you can listen to pianist and singer **BARBARA CARROLL** Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-forty-five.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Sundays and Mondays are showcase nights. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Through a heavy-duty steel door, down a long, narrow, fun-house passageway (mirrors in which you can watch yourself multiply; corrugated-metal siding that you can riffle), and down a flight of stairs, you'll find this velvet-and-mirror-walled *boîte*. Through Sunday, Nov. 2, bassist **RON CARTER** leads a quintet that features pianist **ROLAND HANNA,** and on Tuesday, Nov. 4, mandolinist **DAVID GRISMAN** comes in with a quartet plus a guest violinist, Svend Asmussen. On Mondays, **LES PAUL** plugs in his guitar and plays with his trio. Sets begin at nine. Dining.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—A cozy supper club in Turtle Bay. At eight, Jerry Sheldon sings, and at nine-thirty Michael McAssey sings, plays the piano, and tells jokes. Music nightly, except Sundays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St. (925-2415)—Once a truck warehouse, this SoHo establishment now provides space for palm trees to mature in and for non-trucking types to eat and drink and listen to good pianists. Through Saturday, Nov. 1, **RONNIE MATHEWS;** Tuesday through Saturday, Nov. 4-8, **RAHN BURTON;** Sundays, **NINA SHELDON;** and Mondays, Nils Van Doky. Sets begin at seven Mondays through Thursdays, at seven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays, and at six on Sundays.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with her backing crew, pianist Mike Moran and bassist Andy Eulau. On Sundays and Mondays, Joe Derise sings and plays piano with accompaniment from bassist John Dooley, and on Tuesdays guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE,** pianist **WARREN CHIASSON,** and bassist **MICHAEL FLEMING** collaborate. All these groups begin about ten.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Turn-of-the-century New York Sunday *Herald* posters and Hirschfeld caricatures on the walls, and, next to the brass-railed partition between the bar and the dining room, a modern Steinway, which **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV** plays through Saturday, Nov. 1 (bassist **RUFUS REID** is his accompanist). **LOU LEVY** and **MICHAEL MOORE** swing into action starting Tuesday, Nov. 4. Esther Blue holds forth on Sundays and Mondays. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Texas-like in significant respects, though not in the open-spaces-and-clear-sight-lines department, in which it is New York-like. Wednesday, Oct. 29, Timbuk 3; Thursday, Oct. 30, **PETER STAMPFEL & THE BOTTLECAPS,** Kristi Rose & the Dying Breed, and Last Roundup; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL;** Sunday, Nov. 2, Tailgaters and the Rave-Ups; Monday, Nov. 3, Johnny Paycheck; Tuesday, Nov. 4, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY;** Wednesday, Nov. 5, Scruffy the Cat and Fetchin' Bones; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, **BIG TWIST & THE MELLOW FELLOWS.** Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A mid-Manhattan club, hard by a black steel-and-glass skyscraper, where Jonathan Schwartz is performing songs by Lorenz Hart, and a few by his father, Arthur Schwartz. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit after nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A popular, north-of-chic upper West Side gathering place. Jazz, Latin jazz, and rhythm and blues are what the people come inside for. The roster: Wednesday, Oct. 29, Mike Dolan; Thursday, Oct. 30, Dave Tofani; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, saxophonist **DENNY MOROUSE'S** group; Tuesday, Nov. 4, Ananda; Wednesday, Nov. 5, Gordon Radford; and Thursday, Nov. 6, **ROLAND VAZQUEZ.** Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and rock-related phenomena from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Wednesday, Oct. 29, **BLACK UHURU;** Thursday, Oct. 30, Bachman-Turner Overdrive; Friday Oct. 31, Dead Boys and Angels in Vain; Saturday, Nov. 1, Robyn Hitchcock & the Egyptians and Beat Rodeo; Wednesday, Nov. 5, **JOHN PRINE** and **PHIL ALVIN;** Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6-7, the **RAMONES;** and Saturday, Nov. 8, **RICHARD THOMPSON** and Guadalcanal Diary. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—Exotic, head-swirling music from Brazil and elsewhere in an exotic *carnaval* setting. When an African all-percussion ensemble parades by your table, you may feel like joining it. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 29-30, Brazilian singer **ASTRUD GILBERTO;** Friday, Oct. 31, reggae-ist **BURNING SPEAR;** Saturday, Nov. 1, **PÉ-DE-BOI,** a samba band; Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 4-5, the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET** and guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER;** Thursday, Nov. 6, the **HEPTONES,** a reggae outfit; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, **MIKATA.** Dining. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Crowded and convivial: through Sunday, Nov. 2, **SUN RA** and his celestial **ARKESTRA;** Monday, Nov. 3, the **CONNIE CROTHERS–LENNY POPKIN** quartet; and starting Tuesday, Nov. 4, the **ART FARMER–BENNY GOLSON JAZZTET,** featuring trombonist **CURTIS FULLER.** On Mondays, the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA,** with its white-haired leader at the electric piano, fills the room with uplifting marching-rock-band music. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St. (777-5077)—A low-ceilinged, plain-but-functional blues and rock outpost. The decorative flourishes include pictures of Joe Turner, a Mets pennant, road-house neon, and a cat, which can sometimes be found atop the jukebox. The schedule: Wednesday, Oct. 29, the Vines, Secret Service, and the Yuhboys; Thursday, Oct. 30, Dogmatics, Reducers, and Idle Chatter; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 31-Nov. 1, **LIL QUEENIE,** from New Orleans; Sunday, Nov. 2, Paul Metsa; Tuesday, Nov. 4, the funk band J.J. Jumpers; Wednesday, Nov. 5, the **ELLIOTT MURPHY** band; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 7-8, red-hot R. & B. singer and pianist **CHARLES BROWN.** Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Salsa and jazz in the big downstairs room on Mondays after nine; on Nov. 3, **EDDIE PALMIERI** and his group, **CHARLIE PALMIERI & COMBO GIGANTE,** and pianist **MC COY TYNER,** the guest jazz soloist. Dancing under the spinning mirrored ball. . . . ¶ In the Terrace Bar, you can keep an eye on Village street life and listen to pianist **HAROLD MABERN** and bassist **JAMIL NASSER** through Saturday, Nov. 2, and to **NINA SHELDON** and Ed Schuller starting Wednesday, Nov. 5. Music from ten.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—This hallowed establishment has been receiving jazz pilgrims from all over the world for more than a half century. Through Sunday, Nov. 2, **RICHIE COLE & ALTO MADNESS** minister to the faithful, and on Tuesday, Nov. 4, the **JAMES MOODY** quartet commences a six-night stand. On Monday nights, the hard-swinging **MEL LEWIS ORCHESTRA** upholds the big-band tradition. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Those who can resist the temptations of the large barroom here—pinball, the EnduroRacer, a dialogue with a budding logical positivist from Columbia U.—will find another, smaller room, where jazz musicians hold sway. Through Sunday, Nov. 2, the **MICKEY BASS** group, with **JOHN HICKS,** Mark Johnson, and **CARTER JEFFERSON,** and starting Wednesday, Nov. 5, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON'S** ensemble. Mondays are comedy nights. Shows nightly from about nine. Dining.

WHIPPOORWILL, 18 E. 18th St. (675-7100)—The entryway to this downstairs club buzzes with

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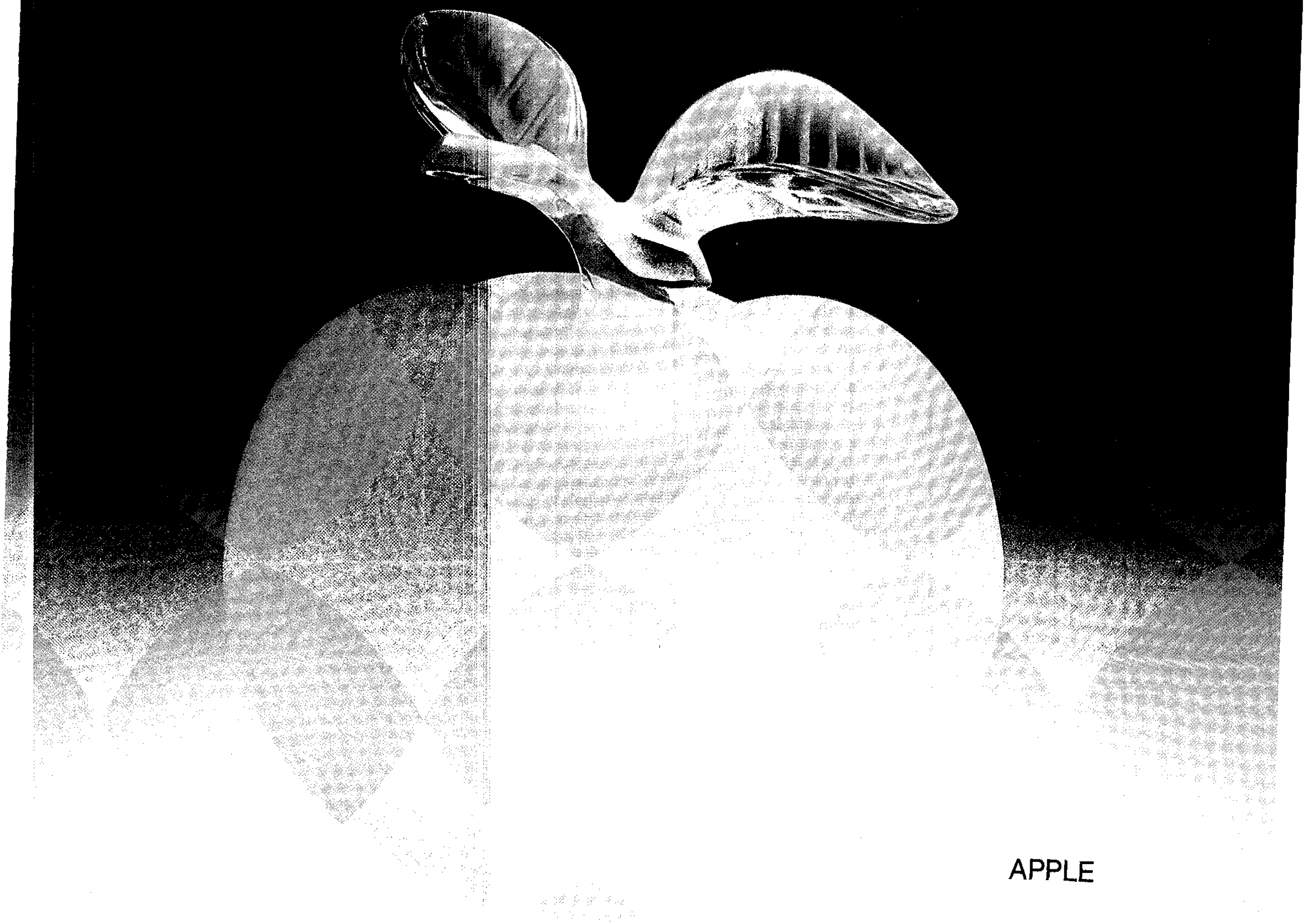

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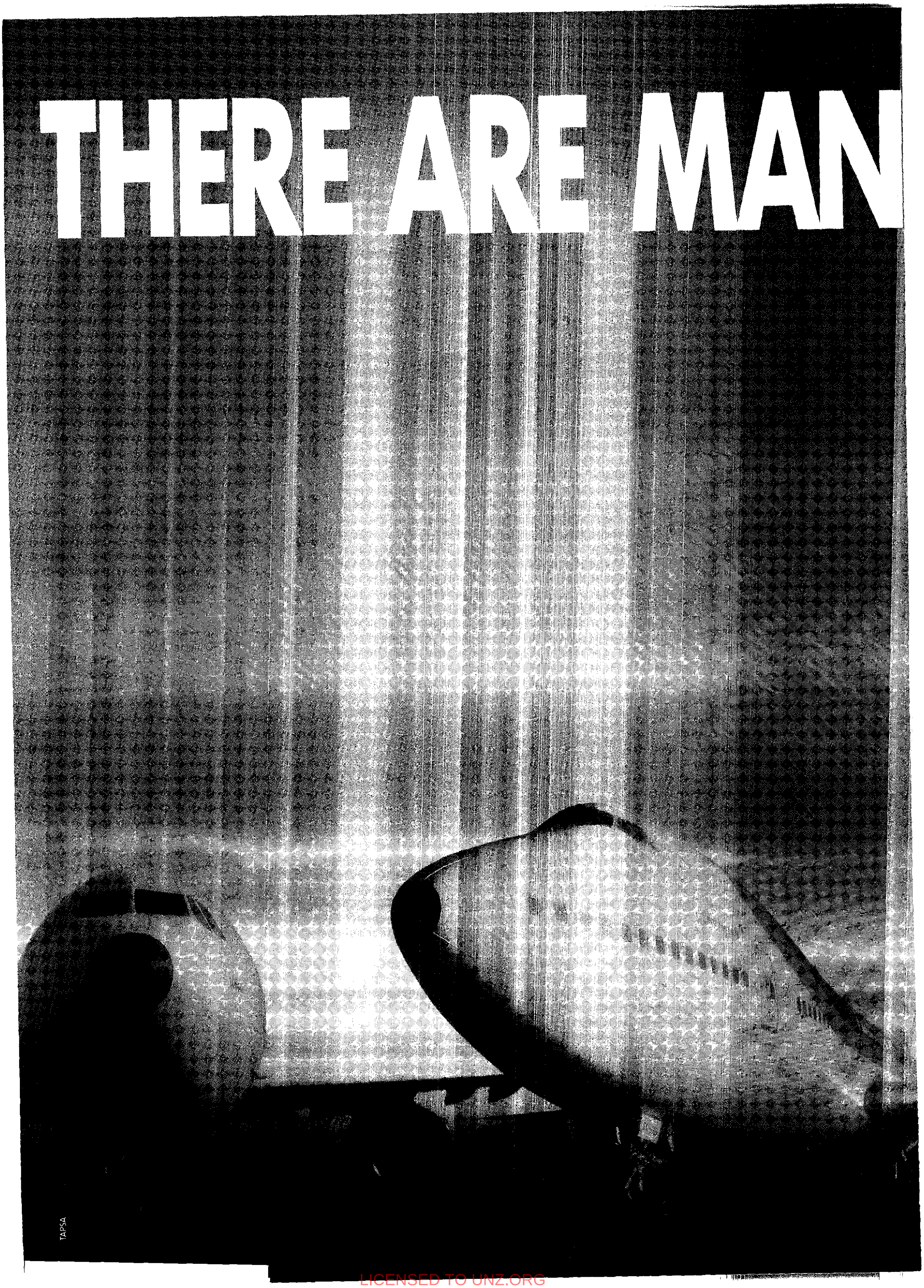

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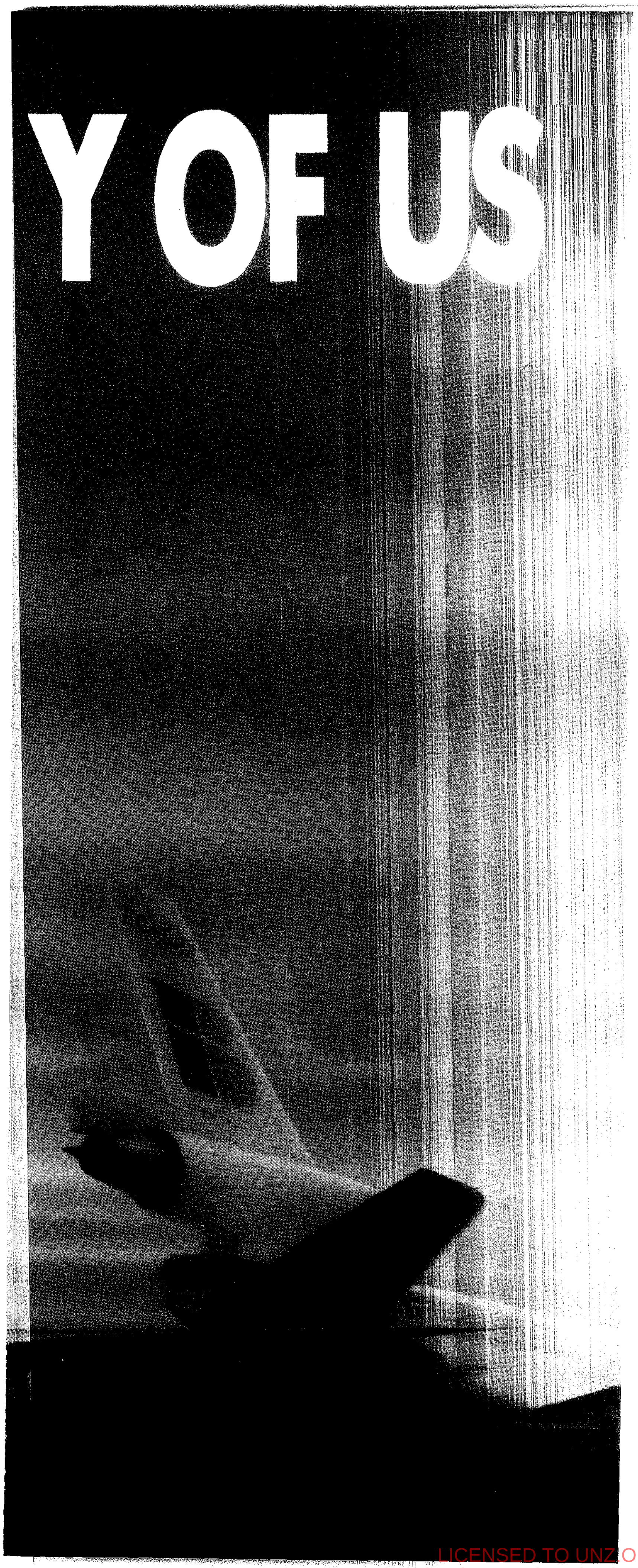
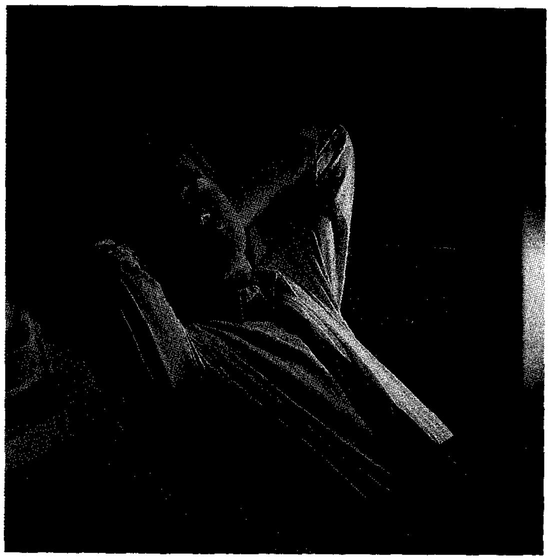


BUT ONLY
ONE OF YOU.



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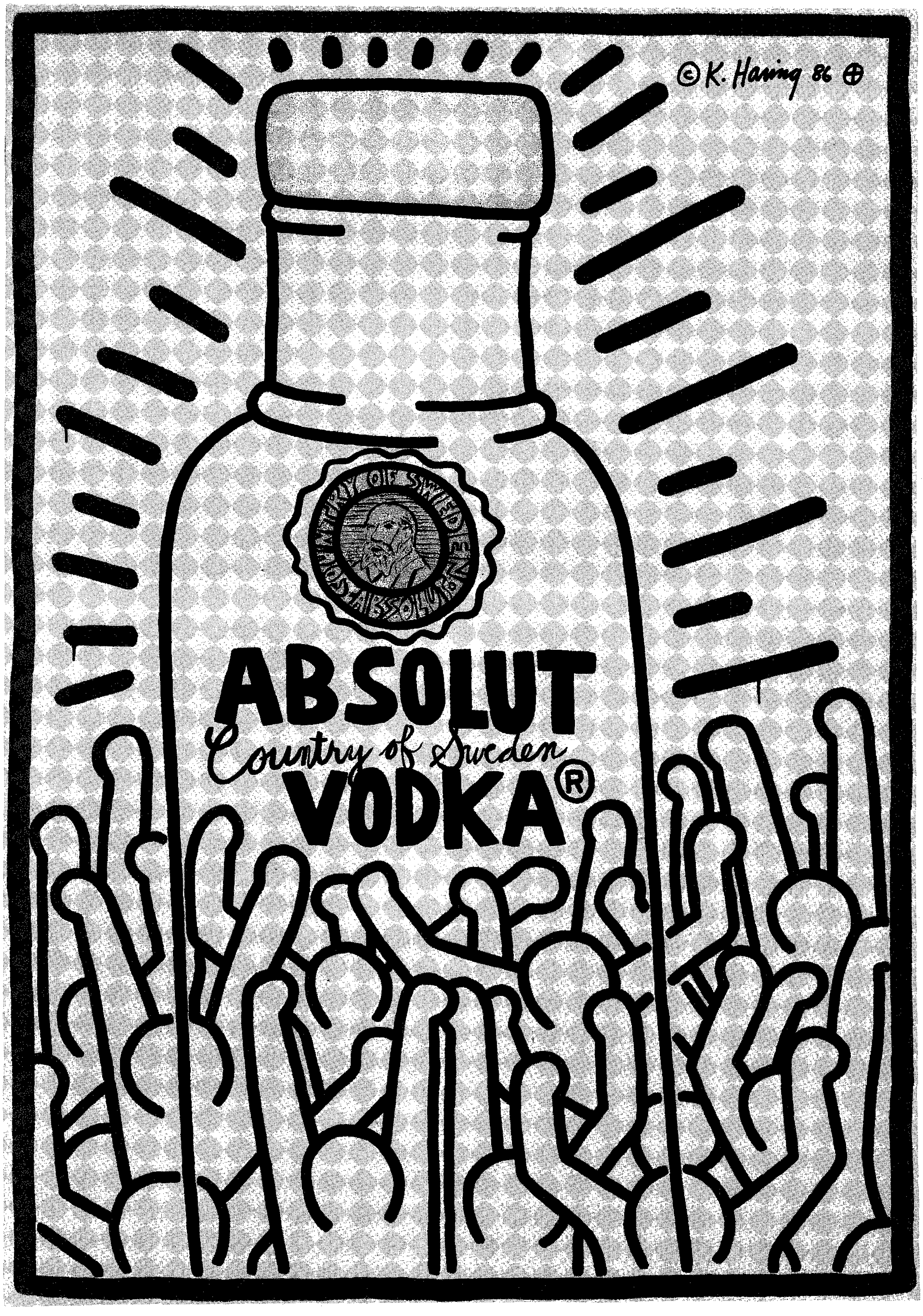
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black lights, the anteroom features a mural and a chaise longue on which to contemplate it, and the music-and-dining room has jazz. Singer-pianist **SHIRLEY HORN** heads up a trio here through Sunday, Nov. 2, and on Tuesday, Nov. 4, **CHET BAKER** arrives with **KENNY KIRKLAND, ALEX BLAKE,** and **BEN RILEY** in tow. Mondays are claimed by trumpeter Tex Allen's sextet. Music from ten. . . . ¶ The roomy upstairs bar and restaurant called Joanna (675-7900) has big mirrors, photomurals of flowers, real flower-size flowers, and a grand piano, which is in the hands of **RICHARD WYANDS** (*with bassist* **LISLE ATKINSON**) *through Sunday,* Nov. 2, and **JUNIOR MANCE** (with bassist **MARTY RIVERA**) starting Tuesday, Nov. 4. Mondays, **HUGH LAWSON** does the honors. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and expert musicians in it. Pianist **JACK WILSON** and bassist Ed Schuller work together through Saturday, Nov. 1. Monday through Thursday, Nov. 3-6, and Saturday, Nov. 8, **HILTON RUIZ** and **JIMMY ROWSER** provide piano-bass music. On Sundays, guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE** play inspiring chamber jazz. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays *from seven.*

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

LIONEL RICHIE—With Sheila E. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 29-30, at 8.)

LIBERACE—With the Rockettes, in the final performances of the engagement. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 757-3100. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8; Thursday, Oct. 30, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2:30 and 8; and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

HIGHLIGHTS IN JAZZ—Clark Terry, Ray Barretto, Rufus Reid, and others in a tribute to Pepper Adams. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-2027. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8.)

AMERICAN JAZZ ORCHESTRA—A tribute to Benny Goodman. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 529-5694.)

SILLY WIZARD—Triplex Theatre, 199 Chambers St. 618-1980. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.

EARL KLUGH—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8.

NEW MUSIC FOR JAZZ ENSEMBLES—The New York Composers Orchestra. (Greenwich House, 27 Barrow St. Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 5-6, at 8:30. Tickets at the door.)

R.E.M.—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Nov. 6-7, at 8.

HILTON RUIZ TRIO—Great Hall. Saturday, Nov. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.

FELA ANIKULAPO KUTI & THE EGYPT 80 ORCHESTRA—Felt Forum. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.

JAZZ CENTER OF NEW YORK—Saturday, Nov. 1, at 9:30 and 11: Fred Houn & the Afro-Asian Music Ensemble. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 3, at 9 and 10:30: Pierson Orchestra. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 9: Sumi Tonooka trio. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 9: Ran Blake. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 9: James Jabbo Ware & the Me We & Them Orchestra. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

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BENEFIT CONCERTS—Two concerts to benefit the Crack-Down Fund: With Crosby, Stills & Nash, the Allman Brothers band, Run-D.M.C., and others. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 31, at 7.) . . . With Rubén Blades, Santana, Tito Puente, and others. (Felt Forum. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.) . . . ¶ Bobby Short in a concert to benefit the N.A.A.C.P. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 481-4100.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ALICE BABER (1928-82)—Lyrical abstractions, most of them dating from the seventies. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Perlow, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Collages. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 417 E. 75th St.)

FRITZ BULTMAN (1919-85)—Painted-paper collages from the sixties. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Schlesinger-Boisanté, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JUDY CHICAGO—Pencil drawings, oil paintings, bronze reliefs, hand-cast paper works, and tapestries from a new series of symbolic portraits entitled "Powerplay." Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (ACA, 21 E. 67th St.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Paintings and works on paper, including designs for typography, sketches for costumes and fabrics, and studies for murals. Through Dec. 31. (La Boetie, 9 E. 82nd St.)

WALTER DE MARIA—Two sculptural installations, both recent works. Through Nov. 22. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

STEPHEN DE STAEBLER—Large bronze and ceramic columns suggesting human figures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (CDS Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.)

SEYMOUR FOGEL (1911-84)—A memorial show of sand paintings and wood constructions (some of which incorporate sand, too). Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

MORTON KAISH—A new series of paintings of views from the artist's studio on West End Avenue, and other works. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Sixty paintings, plus works on paper and sculptures. Through Nov. 20. (Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St.) . . . ¶ Another show of paintings and works on paper. Through Nov. 29. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

ROGER MÜHL—Floral landscapes by an artist who uses a palette knife. Through Nov. 15. (David Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Open Mondays.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—Chair parts figure prominently in a group of recent assemblages. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Bernard, 33 E. 74th St.)

JOHN PEARSON—Painted nonobjective constructions. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1859-1924)—A benefit loan show of watercolors of Italian, French, and American scenes which were executed between 1896 and 1906. Through Dec. 6. (Coe Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St. Open Mondays.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Three shows. More than sixty drawings completed between 1958 and 1968. Through Dec. 6. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Photographs and photocollages from the late seventies and early eighties. Through Nov. 15. (Visual Arts Museum, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, 9 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . ¶ Brand-new metal wall constructions. Starts Saturday, Nov. 1. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

EDDA RENOUF—Abstractions in mixed mediums on paper. Through Nov. 22. (Hamilton, 19 E. 71st St.)

BRIDGET RILEY—Op Art paintings from the sixties, plus works done more recently. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Hoffeld, 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Open Mondays.)

JUDITH SHEA—Bronzes: a coat, part of a thigh. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

ELENA SISTO—Emblematic paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Vanderwoude Tananbaum, 24 E. 81st St.)

DAVID SMITH (1906-65)—Works on paper and five metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ARTHUR WEYHE—An installation, made with hand-stripped white-cedar logs, that includes two large structures resembling lookout towers and numerous tall tripod forms. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ARMAN—Bronzes of classical Greek and Roman deities which were cast, cut into vertical strips, reassembled, and recast. Through Nov. 15. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

LUIS CRUZ AZACETA—Wall-mounted unstretched canvases by an artist whose grisly metaphorical self-portraits are a continuing theme. Through Nov. 20. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

HYMAN BLOOM / LEONARD BASKIN—Still-life and landscape paintings. / Carved-wood sculptures; portrait monotypes. Through Nov. 12. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

JIM BUTLER—Paintings. Through Nov. 20. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

HELEN FRANKENTHALER / AL HELD—Her first show of new paintings since late 1983. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. / Large geometric drawings on paper. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

JOSEPH GLASCO—Large-scale collage paintings incorporating fabrics the artist acquired while travelling in India. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Gimpel, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

JOHN HARTELL—Soft-colored paintings of landscapes and figures in interiors. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

PAOLO ICARO—Freestanding, elongated plaster

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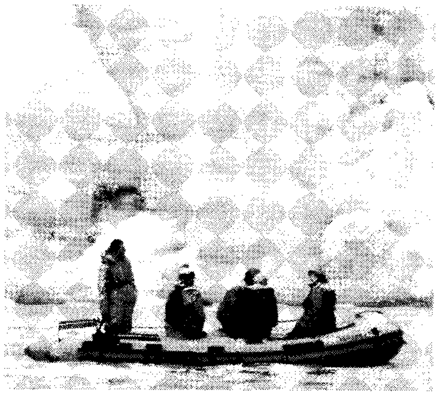

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sculptures. Through Nov. 15. (Tilton, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lee Krasner *(1908-84)—Collages. Through Saturday,* Nov. 1. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Fernand Léger (1881-1955)—More than fifty prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Donson, 24 W. 57th St.)

John Martin (1789-1854)—Mezzotints. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Peter Todd Mitchell—Landscapes of India. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Eric, 25 W. 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Mike Parr—Large pastel-and-charcoal drawings of portrait heads that are distorted (often elongated) and, occasionally, horizontal. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Siegel, 24 W. 57th St.)

Peter Poskas—Landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (French, 41 W. 57th St.)

George Rickey / Mark Cohen—Kinetic steel sculptures dating from 1967 to 1986. / High-contrast photographs of everyday life in Italy, Mexico, and the United States. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. Open Mondays.) . . . ¶ The Davidson gallery, which recently moved to 415 West Broadway, is showing twenty-five sculptures done by Mr. Rickey from 1959 to this year. Through Nov. 15.

Larry Rivers—New relief paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

George Segal—Painted-plaster sculptures, including a portrait of Jacob Javits; reliefs in homage to the Cubists; drawings; and photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Janis, 110 W. 57th St.)

David True—A new set of paintings, each with a thin wash poured on its surface. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

Lawrence Weiner—Five ideas ("Some objects taking the place in the sun of some other objects," *for instance*) painted on the walls of the Marian Goodman Gallery. Through Nov. 11. (24 W. 57th St.; open Mondays.) . . . ¶ Castelli, 142 Greene St., will open a show of the artist's notations on Saturday, Nov. 1.

Noh Theatre Masks—Masks carved in cypress by contemporary artisans Nyosetsu Iwai and her daughter, Aya. Through Friday, Nov. 7. (Gallery Urban, 500 Park Ave., at 59th St.)

Viennese Design and the Wiener Werkstätte—Nearly two hundred objects, including furniture, books and posters, decorative objects, and paintings and prints. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Galerie St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **GALLERY INTERNATIONAL 52**, 150 E. 52nd St.: Graffiti art by, among others, Daze, Crash, and Toxic. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WASHBURN**, in a new location at 41 E. 57th St.: Museums and private collectors have lent paintings that they acquired originally from this gallery, now beginning its fifteenth season. Works by Ammi Phillips, Stuart Davis, Georgia O'Keeffe, and others. Through Saturday, Nov. 1.

Sculpture—Some new works by Mary Frank, Pat Lasch, and Winifred Lutz are in a tenth-anniversary exhibition at the Marilyn Pearl Gallery. Through Nov. 15. (38 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Robert Anderson—Paintings in which airbrushed Photo-Realist figures are juxtaposed with traditionally painted copies of classic and modern art works. Through Nov. 22. (Littlejohn-Smith, 133 Greene St. Opens Sundays at 1.)

Dotty Attie / Mary Grigoriadis—Inventive stories conveyed through hand-colored prints and texts. / Paintings of compact patterns in brilliant colors. Through Nov. 22. (A.I.R., 63 Crosby St.)

Joseph Beuys (1921-86)—Environmental sculptures, such as "F.I.U. Car" (1985) and "Mannloch" (1977), plus drawings, blackboards, and a steel-and-glass vitrine containing a hearthstone. Through Nov. 29. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.) . . . ¶ Posters the artist made to publicize his exhibitions. Through Nov. 19. (Gibson, 568 Broadway.)

Louis Finkelstein—Thickly painted figure and landscape compositions. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Ingber, 415 West Broadway.)

Cristos Gianakos—Freestanding black-granite sculptures and acrylic paintings on Mylar. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Oscarsson Siegeltuch, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Elizabeth Harms / Fontaine Dunn—High-intensity color abstractions. / Nonobjective drawings. Through Nov. 22. (Condeso-Lawler, 76 Greene St.)

Jenny Holzer—Messages spelled out on digital electronic signs and engraved in granite benches. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Jim Huntington—Abstract metal-and-granite sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Erpf, 568 Broadway, entrance on Prince St.)

Donald Judd—Sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

R. L. Kaplan / Ken Kiff—Paintings symbolizing, for instance, the path to retirement or the roads to devotion and authority (which seem interchangeable). / The artist's fantasy world is the subject of these new paintings; color is his forte. Through Nov. 29. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Gloria Kisch / Bill Sullivan—Freestanding abstract steel sculptures. / Small landscape paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Schreiber-Cutler, 171 Spring St.)

Louis Lieberman—Wall reliefs in mixed mediums. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Davis, 568 Broadway.)

Robert Longo—Large sculptures combining a vast assortment of materials—wood, chrome-plated steel, oil paintings, bronze. Through Nov. 15. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Mike Metz / Judy Linn—Vertical slablike sculptures made by adhering acrylic fibre to Styrofoam. / Photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Robert Murray—Sculptures in which angular colored-bronze sheets are supported by bronze or wood feet; the sizes vary. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Green, 152 Wooster St.)

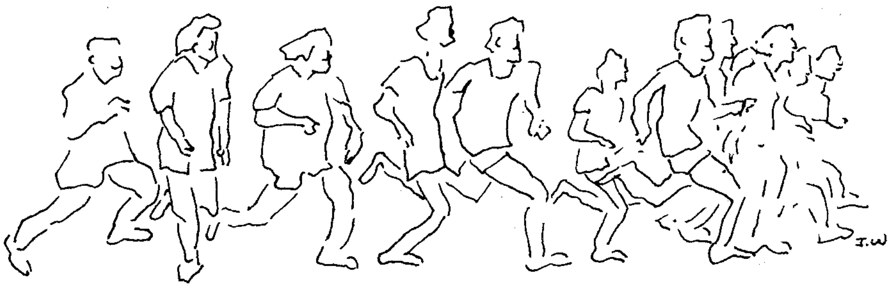
Naomi Nemtzow—Paintings of Brooklyn row houses and thoroughfares. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Bowery, 121 Wooster St. Opens daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

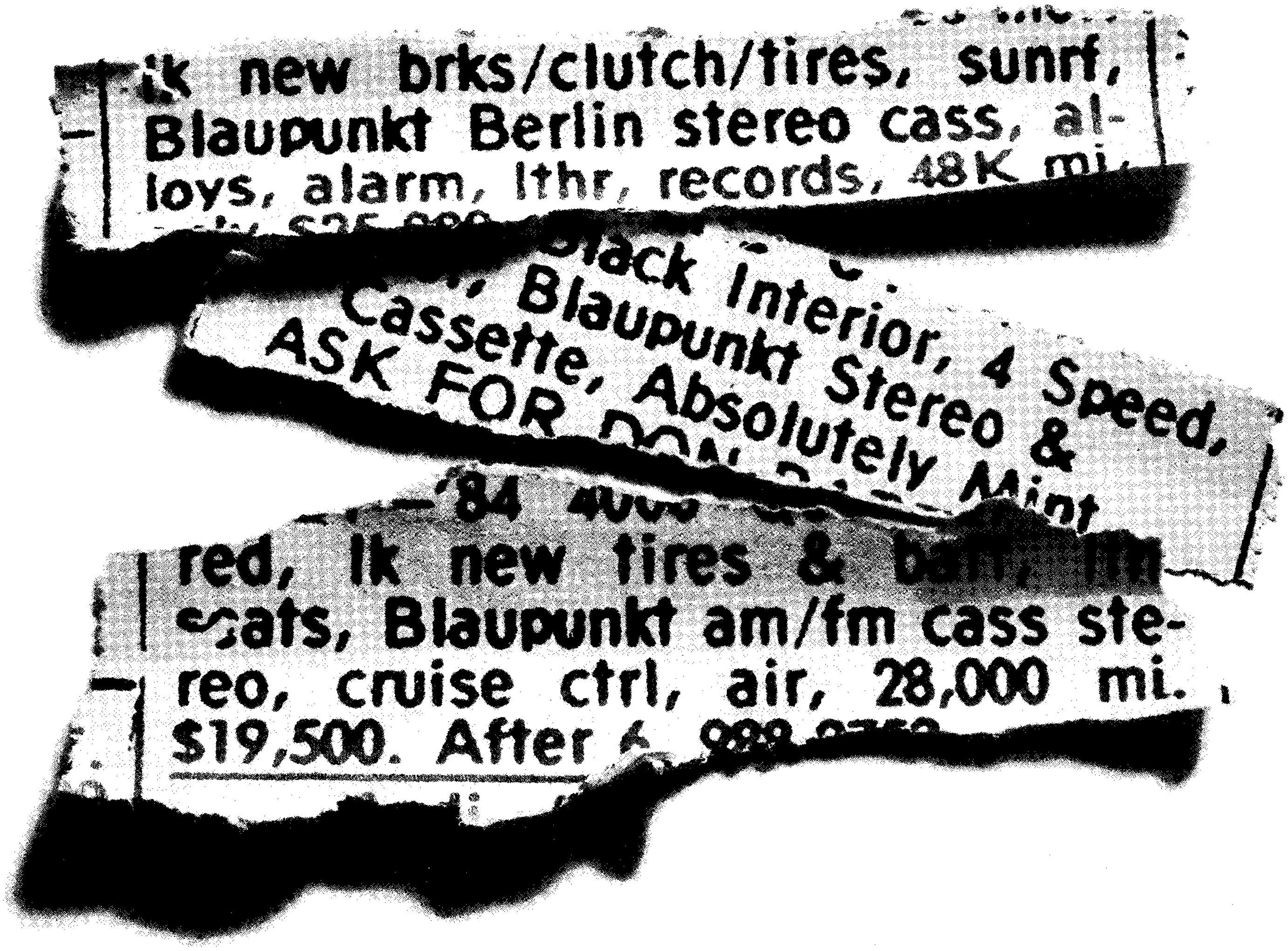
John Okulick—Painted-wood sculptures and constructions that appear deeper than their six or eight inches. Through Nov. 12. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Mimmo Paladino—New bronzes and paintings on wood. Through Nov. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

A. R. Penck—Portrait drawings done in East Germany in the late fifties and early sixties, *when the artist used the name Ralf Winkler.* Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Margaret Pomfret—Hard-edge paintings in pas-





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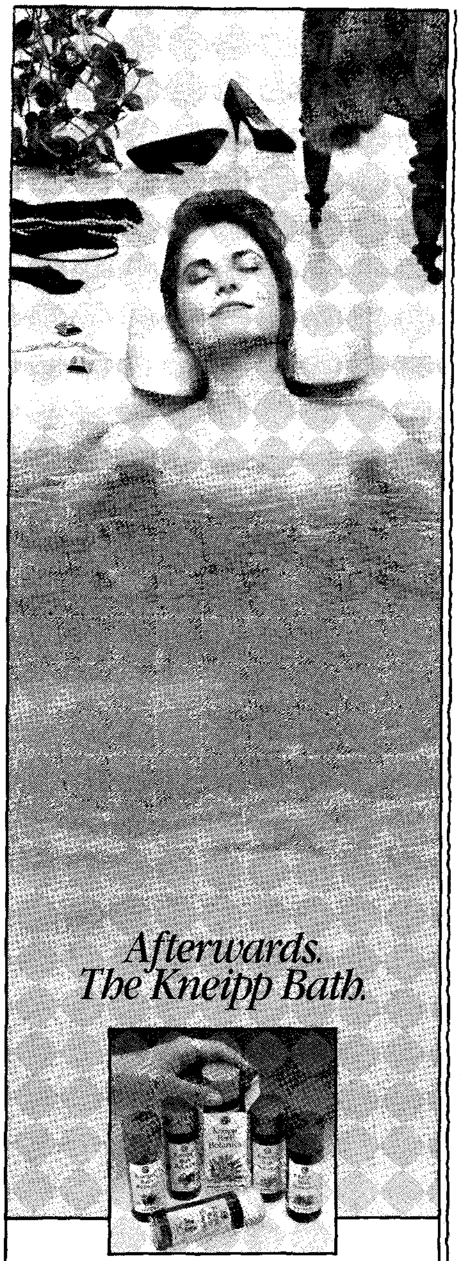

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tel colors. Through Nov. 15. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway.)

Jaune Quick-to-See Smith and Peter Agostino—Pastels of horses by the former and sculptures of horses in plaster, ceramic, and bronze by the latter. Through Nov. 22. (Steinbaum, 132 Greene St.)

Gary Stephen / Frederick Childs—Bronzes. / Figurative oils. Through Wednesday, Nov. 5. (Brown, 100 Greene St.)

Tom Wesselmann / Eugene Brodsky—A new series of laser-cut steel drawings of nudes, portraits, and still-lifes. / Each work is composed of several stretched canvases assembled in layers of varying depth. The collective title of the paintings is "Preparing for War." Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Michael Young—Studied carefully, the brilliant circles that uniformly punctuate these nonobjective acrylic-and-sand paintings can cause spots before your eyes. Through Nov. 15. (Lorence-Monk, 568 Broadway.)

Group Show—Paintings by Peter Halley and Meyer Vaisman; stainless-steel reproductions of kitschy objects by Jeff Koons; and painted wall constructions by Ashley Bickerton. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Vera Lehndorff and Holger Trülzsch—Very large Polaroid Polacolor prints of photographs taken in a factory in Italy where, typically, Miss Lehndorff is made to seem part of the woodwork, as it were. Through Nov. 29. (Stoler, 13 White St.)

John McCracken—Sixty sculptures dating from 1965 to this year by a West Coast artist known for his colored planks in wood, fibre glass, and lacquer. Through Dec. 21. (P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Sam Messer—Bronzes colored with chemical patinas and enamel. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Burgin, 270 Lafayette St.)

Christy Rupp—New didactic sculptures. Through Sunday, Nov. 2. (P.P.O.W, 337 E. 8th St., near Avenue C. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Atelier 17—Prints by S. W. Hayter and by artists who worked with him in New York and Paris. Through Nov. 22. (Ryan, 452 Columbus Ave., at 81st St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 7; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Brassaï (1899-1984) / **Dennis Farber**—A dozen vintage prints. / Paintings on photographs. Through Saturday, Nov. 8. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

Jed Devine—Palladium prints of Bethesda Terrace, in Central Park, before its restoration. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Robert Frank—Prints, including his most recent, which have been altered with collage, text, and drawing. Through Nov. 29. (Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St.)

David Hockney—Fifty photocollages, including works of summer, 1986. Through Nov. 9. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Denny Moers—Hand-finished silver prints of Near Eastern wall reliefs. Through Saturday, Nov. 1. (Lamagna, 50 W. 57th St.)

Richard Prince—Photographs. Through Nov. 23. (International with Monument, 111 E. 7th St. Opens at noon Wednesdays through Sundays.)

Rosamond Wolff Purcell / Jaschi Klein—Photographs of animals from displays in natural-history museums around the world. / Silver prints of figures that are only partially revealed. Through Nov. 20. (Pfeifer, 568 Broadway.)

Rosalind Solomon—Photographs taken in Nepal, Peru, India, Guatemala, and lower Manhattan. Through Tuesday, Nov. 4. (Lieberman & Saul, 411 West Broadway, entrance on Spring St.)

Philip Trager—Photographs of Palladio villas in Northern Italy. Through Nov. 29. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A large show of antiquities which illuminates life in the Holy Land from prehistoric times to the end of the Byzantine period, in the seventh century. The best preserved of the Dead Sea Scrolls, the Habakkuk Commentary; a bronze of Hadrian; Tyrian and Jewish shekels; pottery and metal objects from cities of the Canaanite period; and numerous other artifacts. . . . ¶ Drawings by French masters of the fifteenth century to the eighteenth, including recently acquired works by Boucher and Le Brun as well as works by Watteau and Fragonard. Both shows through Jan. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of the paintings Morris Louis did after 1954. Through Jan. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of maps, photographs, printed texts, and sculptural works by Richard Long, a British artist who documents the extensive walks he has taken in various parts of the world with various parts of the earth. Mud from the River Avon, for instance, is used to make a circle of handprints on the wall. . . . ¶ An exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations representing the styles of ten contemporary French artists. Both shows through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A large retrospective of paintings and drawings by John Singer Sargent. Through Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Mary Lucier's 1983 video, "Ohio at Giverny" (18½ minutes), is showing continuously in the lobby gallery through Jan. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—"The Machine Age in America 1918-1941," a display of paintings, sculptures, photographs, decorative objects, and appliances that reflect the fascination the machine held for American artists and designers during the period of the great industrial leaps between the World Wars. . . . ¶ Monumental-scale drawings by twenty-two American artists—Elfi Schuselka, Diane Olivier, Robert Stackhouse, Michael Zwack—each of whom has several on display. Through Nov. 10. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A show of late-Ice Age art (which has been called "the childhood of art but not the art of children"), consisting of a hundred decorated stone, ivory, and bone objects, including the characteristic statuettes known as little Venuses. Also, a reconstruction of a hut made with mammoth bones. Through Jan. 18. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—A blazing show of handmade objects which befits the opening of a new home for the museum. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St—"Art of Japan," an exhibit of paintings, ceramics, scrolls, folding screens, and sculptures dating from the eighth century to the nineteenth and taken from the Mary and Jackson Burke collection. Through Dec. 7. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—Dance notations recorded in manuscripts and first editions over the centuries—from a 1586 French book, "Orchésographie," by Thoinot Arbeau,

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to original manuscripts by Alwin Nikolais and Merce Cunningham. Through Nov. 29. (*Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 5.*)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An exhibit of more than a hundred Mary Granville Delany paper collages that depict in detail a variety of flowers. The eighteenth-century works are on loan from the British Museum. Through Sunday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ A show of nineteenth-century French works on paper, including a Degas self-portrait done in oil, and a pencil study for "The Card Players," by Cézanne. Through Nov. 9. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A display of clothes worn by the smartest of the smart set, all of whom have appeared on the Best Dressed List—the Duchess of Windsor, Diana Vreeland, Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, and others. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

The New Museum, 583 Broadway—A show of sculptures, photographs, and installations by fourteen European artists whose work, not known here, reflects the influences of Minimalists and Conceptualists. Through Nov. 30. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Fridays, noon to 10; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of graphics by Max Ernst, among them prints, drawings, and books, more than three-quarters of which were the artist's personal property. Through Jan. 17. (Open daily, except Sundays and Election Day, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—A selection of fourteen contemporary sculptures from the museum's permanent collection, including works by Betye Saar, Louise Nevelson, and Houston Conwill. Through Dec. 28. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—"White Water," a video-theatre piece by John Jesurun. Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 29-31, at 8:30, and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8:30 and 11. . . . ¶ Jawole Willa Jo Zollar (dance), Thursday through Sunday, Nov. 6-9, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Mimi Goese (performance), Friday through Sunday, Oct. 31-Nov. 2, at 9. . . . ¶ Manna's (performance), Friday through Sunday, Nov. 7-9, at 9.

Artists' Films—Programs of films that are by or about artists. Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7: Films about Georgia O'Keeffe, Lee Krasner, Brice Marden, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 7: Films about Asger Jorn, Marcel Duchamp, and others. (White Columns, 325 Spring St., at Greenwich St. No tickets necessary.)

Note—John Kelly will present "Pass the Blutwurst, Bitte (The Egon Schiele Story)" at the Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Opening performances Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 6-8, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 9, at 3.

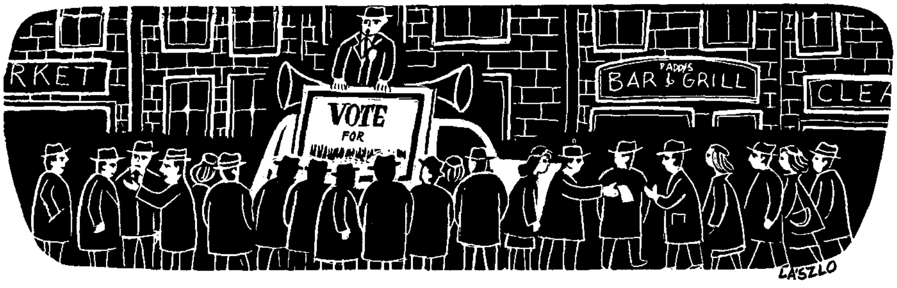
MUSIC

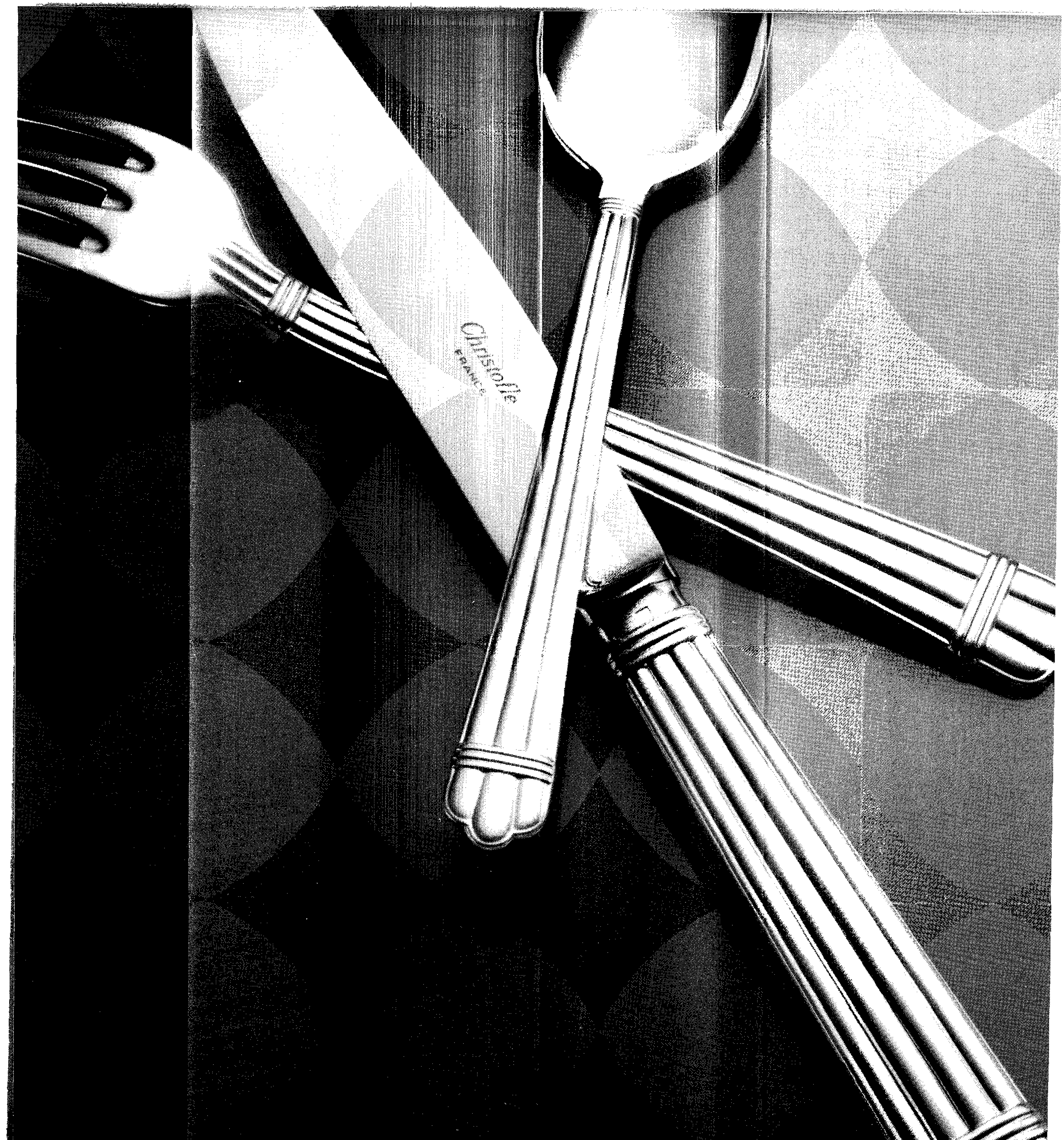
(The box-office number for Alice Tully Hall is 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; *for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street* Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; conducted by Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 31, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Bruno Sebastian, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 1:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Hilda Harris, Thomas Hampson, and José van Dam; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Monday, Nov. 3, at 8: "Aida," with Martina Arroyo, Grace Bumbry, Bruno Sebastian, and Cornell MacNeil; Nello Santi. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Cecilia Gasdia, Alfredo Kraus, Brian Schexnayder, and Paul Plishka; Placido Domingo. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 7, at 7:30: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Elisabeth Söderström, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Vernon Hartman, and José van Dam; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 2: "Tosca," with Eva Marton, Placido Domingo, and Juan Pons; Garcia Navarro. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7:30: "Der Rosenkavalier," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Barbara Hendricks, Brigitte Fassbaender, and Artur Korn; Jeffrey Tate. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday evening, Oct. 29: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Joseph Evans, and Richard McKee; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 30: "Cendrillon," with Faith Esham, Erie Mills, Lucille Beer, and Jane Shaulis; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 31: "Faust," with Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Leech, Kurt Link, and William Stone; Alessandro Siciliani . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Edith Davis, Jane Bunnell, John Stewart, and Adib Fazah; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 1: "Mefistofele," with Frances Ginsberg, Harry Theyard, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 2: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Claudia Cummings, Sheryl Woods, Harry Theyard, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, Nov. 2, at 7: "La Bohème," with Louisa Jonason, Carol Sparrow, Robert Grayson, and David Hamilton; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 4: "The Love for Three Oranges," with Diana Walker, Joyce Castle, Joseph Evans, and Richard McKee; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 5: "La Traviata," with Leigh Munro, Mark Thomsen, and Adib Fazah; Neil Varon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 7: "Mefistofele," with Frances Ginsberg, Harry Theyard, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8: "La Bohème," with Louisa Jonason, Carol Sparrow, Robert Grayson, and David Hamilton; Scott Bergeson. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Claudia Cummings, Sheryl Woods, Harry Theyard, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Nov. 16.)

American Chamber Opera Company—Two fully staged one-act operas: Paul Hindemith's "Hin und Zuruck" (in English) and Dominick Argento's "A Water Bird Talk." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 30-Nov. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 781-0857.)

Amato Opera Company—Presenting "Carmen." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Friday, Oct. 31, and Saturdays, Nov. 1 and 8, at 7:30.)

Ensemble for Early Music—Frederick Renz directing a performance of "Daniel and the Lions," a twelfth-century musical drama. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 749-6600.)

Guggenheim Museum Works and Process Series—Excerpts from a new opera, "Nixon in China," by John Adams, performed by seven singers and pianist Alan Feinberg, with intermittent commentary by the composer, librettist Alice Goodman, and director Peter Sellars. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7, and Monday, Nov. 3, at 8. For information about tickets, call 360-3503.)

After Dinner Opera Company—Three one-act American comedic operas in concert form: "Leo," by Michael Ching; "The Willowdale Handcar," by Frank Wigglesworth; and "The Ruined Maid," by Seymour Barab. All three composers will be present. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, New York Public Library at Lincoln Center, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Monday, Nov. 3, at 4. Free tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Zubin Mehta conducting—Thursday, Oct. 30, at 8; Friday, Oct. 31, at 2; and Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8: A Liszt-Haydn-William Schuman program, with Sherrill Milnes, baritone; Joseph Robinson, oboe; the Crane Chorus; and the New York Choral Artists. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 7:30: A Haydn-Strauss program, with Mr. Robinson. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8; Friday, Nov. 7, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8; and Tuesday, Nov. 11, at 7:30: A varied program, with Eugene Levinson, double bass; Charles Rex, violin; and Mr. Robinson.

Philadelphia Orchestra—Riccardo Muti conducting a Rachmaninoff-Strauss program, with Andrei Gavrilov, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Orchestre National de Lyon—Serge Baudo conducting, with Gérard Poulet, violin; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; and Pascal Rogé, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Orchestra of St. Luke's—James Levine conducting and playing the piano in an all-Mozart program, with Ken Noda, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.)

Nordic Chamber Orchestra—Göran Staxäng conducting, with Håkan Hagegård, baritone; Ann Christine Biel, soprano; Staffan Scheja, piano; Håkan Hardenberger, trumpet; the Nordic Chorale; and Viveca Lindfors, narrator. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Yakov Kreizberg conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Juilliard Orchestra—Zubin Mehta conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8. Free tickets available at the box office.)

Note—The opening concerts of the Brooklyn Philharmonic season are being presented in conjunction with the Next Wave Festival, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, which is listed under "Theatre Miscellany."

RECITALS

Grant Johannesen—Piano, in the first of three Fauré-Schumann programs, this one with Gaby Casadesus, piano. (Merkin Concert Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 8.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Marya Martin, flute; David Jolley, horn; Richard Fitz, percussion; and members of the society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 2, at 5.)

Itzhak Perlman—Violin. (Lehman College Concert Hall, the Bronx. 960-8833. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Alexander Markov—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8. For information about tickets, call 586-4680.)

William Black—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Ludwig Olshansky—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet and Emanuel Ax—String quartet and piano, in a Schumann-Bartók program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 1, at 8.)

New Sounds—The third in a series of five concerts, this one with Mieczyslaw Litwinski, vocalist/hurdy-gurdy; Stephanie Gelfand, viola; and others. (Merkin Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 2.)

David Starobin—Classical guitarist, with assisting artists. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3.)

Music from China—A program of Chinese classical and traditional folk music, with zheng soloist Tang Yan and pipa soloist Tang Liangxing. (Schimmel Center for the Arts, Pace University, Spruce St. between Nassau and Gold Sts. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3. For information about tickets, call 962-5698.)

North / South Consonance—A program of new American music, with Lauren Weiss, flute. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 3. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Music Before 1800—The second in a series of concerts, this one with Marion Verbruggen, recorder, and Mitzi Meyerson, harpsichord. (Corpus Christi Church, W. 121st St., just east of Broadway. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 4. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

American Festival of Microtonal Music—Johnny Reinhard directing. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7. For information about tickets, call 864-2951.)

English Concert—Trevor Pinnock conducting and playing the harpsichord and organ, with Sylvia McNair, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 8.)

Chamber Players of the League-ISCM—Robert Black conducting, with Barbara Martin, mezzo-soprano; William Sharp, baritone; Christopher Oldfather, piano; Ronald Borror, trombone; and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, Nov. 3, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Tafelmusik Quartet—A program of American music from the past three centuries. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 2.)

Musical Elements—Robert Beaser and Daniel Asia conducting, with Paul Sperry, tenor. The first of three concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—With Morton Gould as guest conductor, and oboe soloist James Ostryniec. (Merkin Concert Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8.)

Marlow Fisher and Friends—The violist and six others in a program of twentieth-century American music. (St. Stephen's Church, 122 W. 69th St. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

Carlo Bergonzi and Piero Cappuccilli—Tenor and baritone, with Edoardo Müller, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Thursday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Carol Wincenc and Heidi Lehwalder—Flute and harp. (Vélez Blanco Patio, Metropolitan

ESPRIT KIDS

Kristina Koehler
Kindergartner, Age: 5
Quentin Huillard
Nursery Schooler, Age: 3
Living in Hong Kong

I'm only 5, but I've already been to 7 countries in S.E. Asia to swim competitively. I train 6 hours a week and I'm the youngest swimmer they've ever had from Hong Kong. I have an octopus, Elena, that I named for my best friend, and a white and silver rabbit, Lace. We all play in my garden where there are fig trees and mango trees. Quentin and I just met and he started singing to me right away. He could be a writer because he has a big imagination and likes telling funny stories. When I'm older I want to be a woman because I like to go everywhere by myself.

Photo: Toscani

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President and CEO, Gates Learjet Corporation

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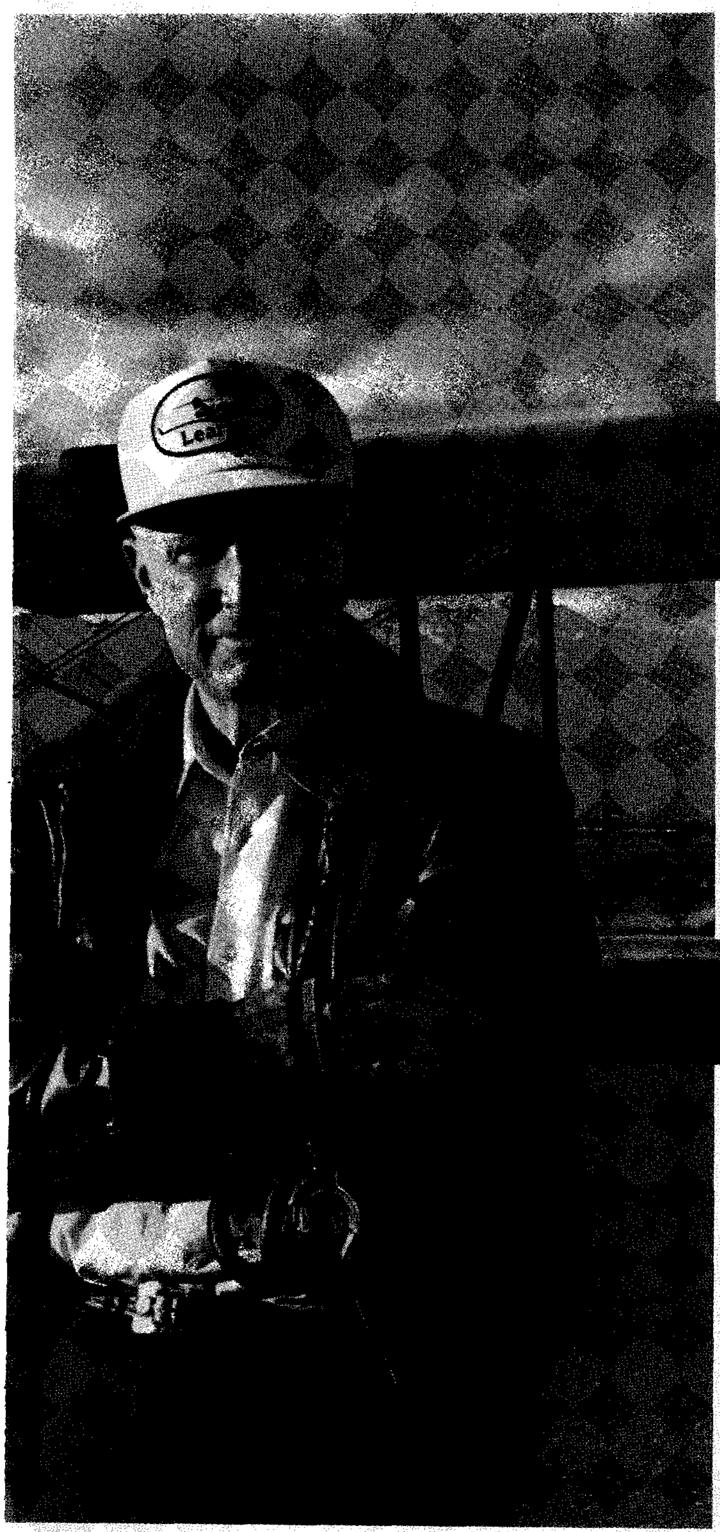

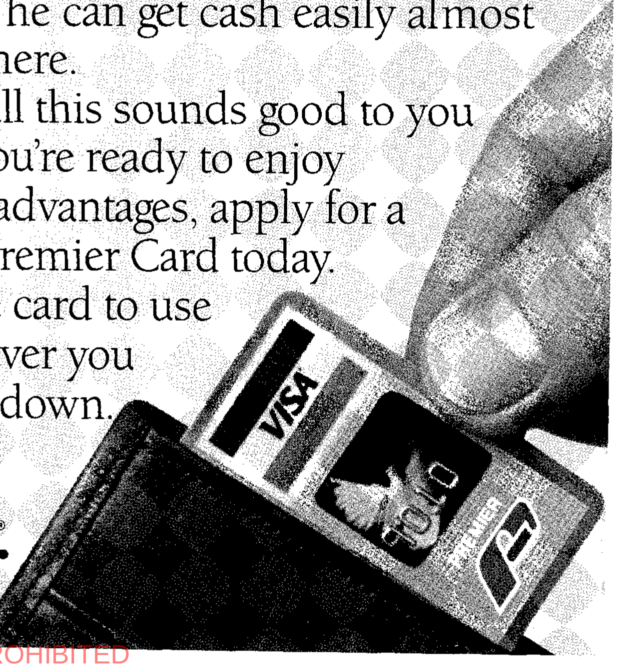

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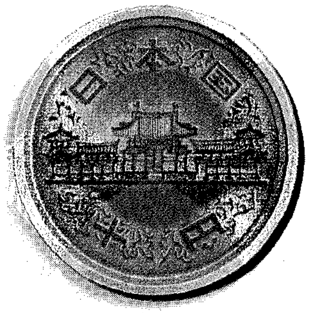
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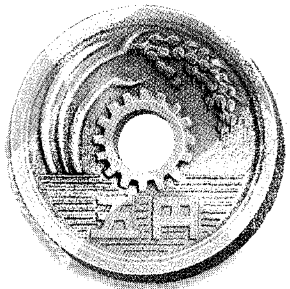
AUSTRALIA


JAPAN

NEW ZEALAND

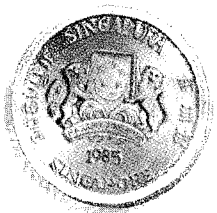
TAIWAN

KOREA

PEOPLES REPUBLIC OF CHINA

HONG KONG

PHILIPPINES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Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 570-3949. Friday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—The second in a series of four concerts, this one a performance of Bach's "Art of the Fugue." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 3.)

Menahem Pressler and the Emerson String Quartet—A Haydn quartet, a Brahms piano quartet, and a Shostakovich piano quintet. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Yale Chamber Music Series—The first in a series of four concerts performed by various faculty members of the Yale University School of Music. (Merkin Concert Hall. Saturday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Note—The Kuijken Quartet will give a recital at the Frick Collection (1 E. 70th St.) on Sunday, Nov. 16, at 5. Free tickets, limited to two per applicant, will be issued starting Monday, Nov. 3, in the order that written applications are received on that day (not before). A self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed.

MISCELLANY

Benefit Program—Among participants at a concert for the American Guild of Musical Artists' Relief Fund will be Beverly Sills, Tatiana Troyanos, Natalia Makarova, Samuel Ramey, Alvin Ailey, and dancers from fifteen companies. (New York State Theatre. Monday, Nov. 3, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 265-3687.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400, for the Meadowlands 1-201 935-3900, and for Nassau Coliseum 1-516 587-9222.)

Basketball—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Nets vs. Knicks, Friday, Oct. 31, at 7:30; San Antonio Spurs, Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 7:30; and Milwaukee Bucks, Friday, Nov. 7, at 7:30. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Knicks vs. Chicago Bulls, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 7:30.

Football—Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Nov. 2, at 1.)

Hockey—At **BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA:** Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday, Oct. 30, at 7:35; Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 7:35; and Philadelphia Flyers, Thursday, Nov. 6, at 7:35. . . . **NASSAU COLISEUM:** Islanders vs. Winnipeg Jets, Saturday, Nov. 1, at 7:05; Washington Capitals, Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 8:05; and Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Nov. 8, at 7:05. . . . **MADISON SQUARE GARDEN:** Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Sunday, Nov. 2, at 7:35.

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Competitions Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 1 and 7:30, and Wednesday through Sunday, Nov. 5-9, at 1:30 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **AQUEDUCT:** Daily, except Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 12:30. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 13.

Running—The New York City Marathon, with the course winding through all five boroughs, will start at 10:50 on Sunday, Nov. 2, at the toll-booth plaza of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge in Staten Island and end in Central Park, near the Tavern on the Green. The lead runners will cross the finish line at approximately 1.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8; through Sunday, Nov. 2. . . . **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Nightly at 8 and Wednesdays at 1, from Monday, Nov. 3, through Wednesday, Jan. 7.

ET ALIA

Election Day—Tuesday, Nov. 4; the hours for voting are from 6 A.M. to 9 P.M.

Poetry and Prose Readings—Deborah Digges and Richard Katrovas reading from their own poetry. (West Side Y, 5 W. 63rd St. 787-6557. Friday, Oct. 31, at 8.) . . . ¶ Howard Moss and Mark Strand reading from their own poetry. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 7. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Susan Minot reading from her own prose. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

National Postage Stamp Show—The thirty-eighth annual exhibit will feature special showings by thirty-one governments. (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Thursday, Oct. 30, from noon to 7; Friday, Oct. 31, from 11 to 7; Saturday, Nov. 1, from 10 to 6; and Sunday, Nov. 2, from 11 to 5.)

Auctions—At **SOTHEBY'S,** York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 2, from 1 to 5.) Friday, Oct. 31, at 2: French furniture. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 1, at 2: The Patiño collection of furniture and decorations. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 10:15: Silver. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 6, at 10:15: Paperweights. Exhibition starts Saturday, Nov. 1. . . . **CHRISTIE'S,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sunday, Nov. 2, from 1 to 5.) Wednesday, Oct. 29, at 10 and 2: Nineteenth-century paintings and drawings. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 4, at 10: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 5, at 10: French and other Continental furniture and sculpture. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A calendar for readers who plan a month or so ahead.)

Tennis—At Madison Square Garden: Virginia Slims Championships, Nov. 17-23. . . . ¶ Nabisco Masters, Dec. 3-8.

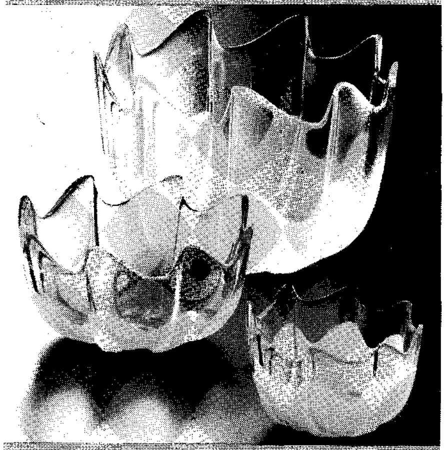
Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (362-6000): The season continues through April 18. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 30. . . . ¶ Nathan Milstein, violin, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Philip Glass Ensemble, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim, piano, Nov. 23 and Dec. 5, 7, and 14. . . . ¶ Martha Argerich, piano, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Richard Tucker Music Foundation Concert, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Dec. 7. . . . **ALICE TULLY HALL** (362-1911): Peter Wiley, cello, Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Jupiter Symphony, Nov. 10 and Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Dawn Upshaw, soprano, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, Nov. 13 and 15. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, Nov. 16-18 and Dec. 5 and 7. . . . ¶ King's Singers, Nov. 16. . . . ¶ Tokyo String Quartet, Nov. 23. . . . ¶ Teresa Berganza, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Academy of Ancient Music, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist, Nov. 30. . . . ¶ Robert Wilson's "The Knee Plays," Dec. 2-3. . . . **KAUFMANN CONCERT HALL,** 92nd Street Y (427-4410): Judith Blegen, soprano, and Håkan Hagegård, baritone, Nov. 15-16. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, Nov. 18-19. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, Nov. 22-23 and 29, and Dec. 6-7. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (570-3949): Waverly Consort, Nov. 14. . . . ¶ Mischa Maisky, cello, Nov. 20 and 23. . . . ¶ Rafael Puyana, harpsichord, Nov. 21. . . . ¶ Guarneri Quartet, Dec. 6. . . . **TOWN HALL** (840-2824): Philharmonia Virtuosi, Nov. 25.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "Smile," a musical taken from a 1975 film of the same title, with music by Marvin Hamlisch and a book and lyrics by Howard Ashman, who is also the director. . . . ¶ A revival of "Oh Coward!," a musical revue devised by Roderick Cook, and first presented Off Broadway in 1972. The Coward in the show's title is Sir Noël, and the music and the lyrics are his. . . . ¶ John Lithgow and Richard Thomas head the cast of a revival of "The Front Page," a comedy by Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur. . . . ¶ "Broadway Bound," the final installment in Neil Simon's alliterative trilogy of semi-autobiographical plays.

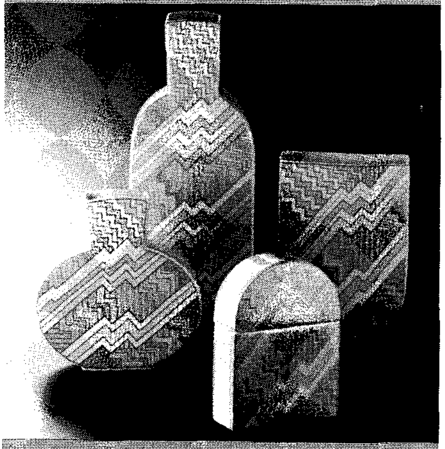
Dance—The New York City Ballet, at New York State Theatre, Nov. 18-Feb. 22. . . . ¶ Moiseyev Dance Company, at Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Nov. 25-27. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at City Center, Dec. 2-28.

Other Dates—Veterans Day is Tuesday, Nov. 11. . . . ¶ "Van Gogh in Saint-Rémy and Auvers" starts at the Metropolitan Museum on Nov. 25. . . . ¶ Thanksgiving Day is Nov. 27. . . . ¶ The Guggenheim Museum will open an Oskar Kokoschka retrospective on Dec. 9.

"Flash" Tea Service. Designed by Dorothy Hafner, USA.



"Icedew." Crystal bowls, designed by Nanny Still McKinney, Finland.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through Nov. 6: "Mozart–A Childhood Chronicle" (1980; directed by Klaus Kirschner; in German), a nearly four-hour film; and "Mephisto" (†).
From Nov. 7: Shown as three separate programs: "In a Jazz Way: A Portrait of Mura Dehn" and "The Spirit Moves: A History of Black Social Dance on Film 1900-86, Part 1" (Mura Dehn), both documentaries; "The Spirit Moves, Parts 2, 3, and 4;" and "Mephisto" (†).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "'Night, Mother" (Tom Moore), with Sissy Spacek and Anne Bancroft. Oct. 31-Nov. 6: "Aliens" (†) and "The Fly" (1986 †). From Oct. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys). From Oct. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 3: Through Nov. 6: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese. From Nov. 7: "Half Moon Street" (Bob Swaim), with Sigourney Weaver and Michael Caine.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Nov. 6: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.
From Nov. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Oct. 30: "The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita.
From Oct. 31: "Sky Bandits" (Zoran Perisic), with Scott McGinnis.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"True Stories" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields. From Oct. 31: "Aliens" (†) and "The Fly" (1986 †).
Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews. From Nov. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: "The Color of Money" (†).

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Blue Velvet" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo. From Oct. 31: "The Mission" (Roland Joffé), with Robert De Niro and Jeremy Irons.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Down by Law" (†). From Nov. 7: "Betty Blue" (Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Jean-Hugues Anglade and Béatrice Dalle.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 2: "Ratboy" (Sondra Locke), with Locke.

NOW SHOWING
BUSTER K
Anne Burgess

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 32.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.

Loews New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Clockwise" (Christopher Morahan), with John Cleese.
Theatre 2: "Stand By Me" (†).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
Through Nov. 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
From Nov. 2: "Rouge Baiser" (Vera Belmont; in French), with Charlotte Valandrey.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

U.A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 6: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon).
From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 30: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields. From Oct. 31: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams), with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 4: "Rate It X" (1985; directed by Lucy Winer and Paula de Koenigsberg). From Nov. 5: "Dead End Kids: A Story of Nuclear Power" (JoAnne Akalaitis), with the Mabou Mines.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 30: A program, almost four hours long, of ten Laurel and Hardy two-reelers. From Oct. 31: "Dust" (Marion Hansel), with Jane Birkin and Trevor Howard.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sherman's March" (Ross McElwee).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 30: "Stand By Me" (†). From Oct. 31: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"True Stories" (†).

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Caravaggio" (Derek Jarman), with Nigel Terry.
Theatre 2: "Round Midnight" (Bertrand Tavernier).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews. From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 3: "Matter of Heart" (Mark Whitney), a documentary about Carl Jung.
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 30: "Matter of Heart." Oct. 31-Nov. 6 (tentative): "Stand By Me" (†). From Nov. 7 (tentative): "Down by Law" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas.
Theatre 3: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tough Guys" (Jeff Kanew), with Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas. (No performances on Thursday, Oct. 30.)

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"Sid and Nancy" (Alex Cox), with Gary Oldman and Chloe Webb.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Nineteen Nineteen" (1985; Hugh Brody), with Paul Scofield and Maria Schell.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"A Room with a View" (†).

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through Oct. 30: "Dancing in the Dark" (Leon Marr).
Oct. 31-Nov. 6: "Otello" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Plácido Domingo.
From Nov. 7: "Marlene" (Maximilian Schell), a documentary.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Children of a Lesser God" (Randa Haines), with William Hurt and Marlee Matlin.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "Police" (Maurice Pialat; in French), with Gérard Depardieu. From Nov. 7: "The Sacrifice" (Andrei Tarkovsky; in Swedish), with Erland Josephson.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Summer" (Eric Rohmer; in French), with Marie Rivière. From Nov. 7: "Police."
Theatre 3: "Men . . ." (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Ménage" (Bertrand Blier; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Michel Blanc, and Miou-Miou.
Theatre 2: "Down by Law" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "The Color of Money" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 1: "My Beautiful Laundrette" (†). From Nov. 2: "Happily Ever After" (Bruno Barreto; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.
Theatre 2: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Name of the Rose" (Jean-Jacques Annaud), with Sean Connery and F. Murray Abraham.
Theatre 5: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with

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Harry's Bar & American Grill announces its Tenth International Imitation Hemingway Competition. The prizes are Fame, Immortality and some nice food in Florence, Italy. But first, you must face The White Bull that is Paper With No Words On It.

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Show the judges grace and daring. Give them scholarship. The world is watching.

Now is the moment of truth.

It is raining and that is good because without rain there would be no writing. You would sit at an outside table in the sun and talk and laugh and feed the little birds.

But the tables have been taken inside. The little birds are gone, and so is the sun.

Winter is coming. Fame is a bitch. Writing is Playing Hurt.

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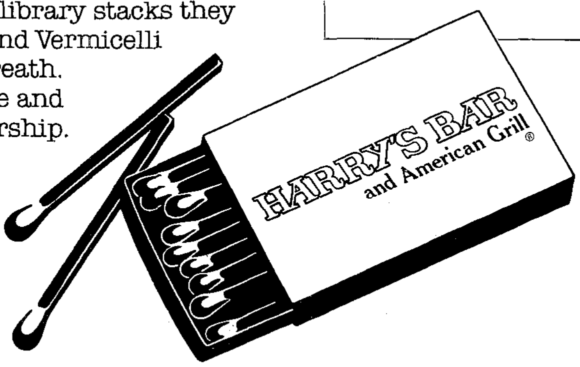
Entries must be postmarked by February 16, 1987. The decision of the judges will be final and will be announced before May 1, 1987. All entries become the property of Harry's Bar & American Grill.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 6: "Top Gun" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "True Stories" (†).
Theatre 2: "Blue Velvet" (†).

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through Nov. 6: "She's Gotta Have It" (†). From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.
Theatre 2: Through Oct. 30: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon). From Oct. 31: "Sky Bandits" (Zoran Perisic), with Scott McGinnis.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 30: "That's Life!" (Blake Edwards), with Jack Lemmon and Julie Andrews. From Oct. 31: "Stand By Me" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Oct. 30: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields. Oct. 31-Nov. 6: "Trick or Treat" and "From Beyond." From Nov. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "The Fly" (1986 †). From Oct. 31: "Aliens" (†) and "The Fly" (1986 †).
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "Deadly Friend" (directed by Wes Craven). From Nov. 7: "Tai-Pan" (Daryl Duke), with Bryan Brown.
Theatre 3: Through Oct. 30: "Extremities" (Robert M. Young), with Farrah Fawcett. From Oct. 31: "Running Scared" (Peter Hyams) with Gregory Hines and Billy Crystal.
Theatre 4: "Back to School" (†).
Theatre 5: Through Oct. 30: "Manhunter" (Michael Mann), with William Petersen. From Oct. 31: "Blue Velvet" (†).
Theatre 6: "Avenging Force" (Sam Firstenberg), with Michael Dudikoff.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"The Color of Money" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, Seventh Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Top Gun" (†).
Theatre 3: "Ruthless People" (†).
Theatre 4: "Stand By Me" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Crocodile Dundee" (Peter Faiman), with Paul Hogan.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Soul Man" (Steve Miner), with C. Thomas Howell and Rae Dawn Chong.
Theatre 2: "Friday the 13th, Part VI—Jason Lives" (Tom McLoughlin); and "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (1985; Jack Sholder).

New Embassy 49th Street, 49th St. near Seventh Ave. (757-7003)
"The Karate Kid: Part II" (John G. Avildsen), with Ralph Macchio and Noriyuki (Pat) Morita. (No performances Wednesday, Oct. 29.)

R.K.O. National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Jumpin' Jack Flash" (Penny Marshall), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 2: "Peggy Sue Got Married" (†).

R.K.O. Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (315-8425)
Theatre 1: "She's Gotta Have It" (†).
Theatre 2: "Trick or Treat" (Charles Martin Smith), with Marc Price and Tony Fields.

U.A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Oct. 30: "Crawl Space." Oct. 31-Nov. 6: "Sky Bandits" (Zoran Perisic), with Scott McGinnis. From Nov. 7: "Something Wild" (Jonathan Demme), with Jeff Daniels and Melanie Griffith.
Theatre 2: Through Nov. 6: "From Beyond" (Stuart Gordon). From Nov. 7: "52 Pick-Up" (John Frankenheimer), with Roy Scheider and Ann-Margret.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Oct. 30: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; directed by Marcel Ophuls), a documentary on the German Occupation of France.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "The Company of Wolves" (1985; Neil Jordan), with Angela Lansbury and David Warner; and "Night of the Living Dead" (1968; George A. Romero), with Duane Jones.

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Nov. 2-4: "The Mad Adventures of 'Rabbi' Jacob" (1973; Gérard Oury; in French), with Louis de Funès; and "Mr. Hulot's Holiday" (1953; Jacques Tati; in French), with Tati.
Nov. 5-6: "Joshua Then and Now" (1985; Ted Kotcheff), with James Woods; and "Little Murders" (†).
Nov. 7-8: "Unfaithfully Yours" (1948; Preston Sturges), with Rex Harrison and Linda Darnell; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton and Eddie Bracken.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Oct. 29: "Confidentially Yours" (1984; François Truffaut; in French), with Fanny Ardant and Jean-Louis Trintignant; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.
Oct. 30-Nov. 1: "The Big Sleep" (1946 †); and "Klute" (1971; Alan J. Pakula), with Jane Fonda and Donald Sutherland.
Nov. 2-4: "High and Low" (†) and "Stray Dog" (†).
Nov. 5-6: "Nick Carter, Master Detective" (1939; Jacques Tourneur), with Walter Pidgeon and Donald Meek; "Eyes in the Night" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Ann Harding, Edward Arnold, and Donna Reed; and "Kid Glove Killer" (1942; Fred Zinnemann), with Marsha Hunt and Van Heflin.
Nov. 7-8: "A Shot in the Dark" (1964; Blake Edwards), with Peter Sellers and Elke Sommer; and "The Late Show" (1977; Robert Benton), with Art Carney, Lily Tomlin, and Bill Macy.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Oct. 29: "Backstage at the Kirov" (1984; Derek Hart), a documentary; and "The Bolshoi Ballet" (1957; Paul Czinner), a documentary.
Oct. 30-31: "The Raven" (1963; Roger Corman), with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff, and Jack Nicholson; "The Little Shop of Horrors" (1960; Roger Corman), with Jonathan Haze, Jackie Joseph, and Jack Nicholson; and "The Terror" (1963; Roger Corman), with Boris Karloff, Sandra Knight, and Jack Nicholson.
Nov. 1: "Subway" (1985; Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani; and "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei.
Nov. 2: "The Decameron" (1971; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian), with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini himself; and "The Arabian Nights" (1973; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
Nov. 3: "Little Women" (1933 †); "Little Men" (1940; Norman Z. McLeod), with Kay Francis and Jack Oakie; and "Little Men" (1934; Phil Rosen), with Ralph Morgan.
Nov. 4: "The Red Badge of Courage" (†); "Let There Be Light" (1945; John Huston), a documentary; and "The Battle of San Pietro" (1945; John Huston), a short documentary.
Nov. 5: "The Hit" (1985; Stephen Frears), with Terence Stamp and John Hurt; and "The Long Good Friday" (1982; John Mackenzie), with Bob Hoskins and Helen Mirren.
Nov. 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (1985; John Huston), with Jack Nicholson, Kathleen Turner, William Hickey, and Anjelica Huston; and "Terms of Endearment" (1983; James L. Brooks), with Debra Winger, Shirley MacLaine, and Jack Nicholson.
Nov. 7: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The Big Sleep" (1946 †).
Nov. 8: "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; Federico Fellini; in Italian; and "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Oct. 29: "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien; "Trapped" (1949; Richard Fleischer), with Lloyd Bridges; and "House by the River" (1950; Fritz Lang), with Louis Hayward, Jane Wyatt, Lee Bowman, and Dorothy Patrick.
Oct. 30: "Things to Come" (1936; William Cameron Menzies), with Raymond Massey and Ralph Richardson; and "Transatlantic Tunnel" (1935; Maurice Elvey), with Madge Evans and Richard Dix.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "Death in Venice" (1971; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Damned" (1969; Luchino Visconti), with Dirk Bogarde, Ingrid Thulin, and Helmut Berger.
Nov. 2: "Yesterday, Today, and Tomorrow" (1964; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni; and "My Widow and I" (1945; Carlo Ludovico Bragaglia; in Italian), with Vittorio De Sica and Isa Miranda.
Nov. 3: "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "A Married Woman" (†).
Nov. 4: "Night and the City" (†) and "Pickup on South Street" (†).
Nov. 5: "The Return of the Soldier" (1982; Alan Bridges), with Alan Bates, Julie Christie, Ann-Margret, and Glenda Jackson; and "Don't Look Now" (1973; Nicolas Roeg), with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland.
Nov. 6: "Watership Down" (1978; Martin Rosen), an animated film; and "Animal Farm" (1954), an animated film.
Nov. 7-8: "Strangers on a Train" (1951; Alfred Hitchcock), with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, and Ruth Roman; and "Stage Fright" (1950; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jane Wyman, Marlene Dietrich, Richard Todd, and Michael Wilding.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Oct. 29: "Romance" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent; and "Inspiration" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo and Robert Montgomery.
Oct. 30: "Terror by Night" (1946; Roy William Neill), the thirteenth in the Basil Rathbone–Nigel Bruce, Sherlock Holmes–Dr. Watson series; and "Dressed to Kill" (1946; Roy William Neill), the fourteenth, and last, in the Rathbone-Bruce Holmes-Watson series.
Oct. 31-Nov. 1: "The Blue Gardenia" (1953; Fritz Lang), with Anne Baxter, Richard Conte, and Ann Sothern; and "The Woman in the Window" (1944; Fritz Lang), with Edward G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea, and Raymond Massey.
Nov. 2-3: "The Threepenny Opera" (†) and "The Blue Angel" (1929 †).
Nov. 4: "The Fugitive Kind" (1960; Sidney Lumet), with Marlon Brando, Anna Magnani, and Joanne Woodward; and "One-Eyed Jacks" (†).
Nov. 5: "Separate Tables" (1958; Delbert Mann), with Rita Hayworth, Deborah Kerr, David Niven, Burt Lancaster, and Wendy Hiller; and "Brief Encounter" (†).
Nov. 6: "Dancing Lady" (†); and "San Francisco" (1936; W. S. Van Dyke), with Clark Gable, Jeanette MacDonald, and Spencer Tracy.
Nov. 7-8: "The Red House" (1947; Delmer Daves), with Edward G. Robinson, Lon McCallister, and Judith Anderson; and "D.O.A." (1949; Rudolph Maté), with Edmond O'Brien.

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ed number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

THEATRE 1: Oct. 30 at 12:30: "On the Waterfront" (1954; directed by Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, Rod Steiger, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb, produced by Sam Spiegel. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 2:30: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, produced by Spiegel. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "Lawrence of Arabia" (1962; David Lean), with Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, and José Ferrer, produced by Spiegel. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 2:30: "The Lautars" (1972; Emil Lotyanu; in Moldavian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6 and Nov. 1 at 2: "Here You Won't See Paradise" (1982; Tofik Ismailov; in Azerbaidjan, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 5: "Blue Mountains" (1984; Eldar Shengelaya; in Georgian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 2: "The Lautars." . . . ¶ Nov. 2 at 5: "The Unmarked Load" (1985; Vladimir Popkov; in Ukrainian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 2:30: "Blue Mountains." . . . ¶ Nov. 3 at 6 and Nov. 4 at 2:30: "Tango of Our Childhood" (1985; Albert Mkrtchian; in Armenian, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Nov. 4 at 6: "Blue Mountains." . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 2:30: "Grosse Freiheit nr. 7" (1944; Helmut Käutner; in German, with an English synopsis), with Hans Albers. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 6: "Wir Machen Musik" (1942; Helmut Käutner; in German, with an English synopsis). . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2:30: "The Queen of Spades" (1949; Thorold Dickinson), with Anton Walbrook and Edith Evans. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 6: "Black Narcissus" (1947; Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger), with Deborah Kerr, Sabu, David Farrar, Flora Robson, and Jean Simmons. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2: "The Man in Grey" (1943; Leslie Arliss), with Margaret Lockwood, Phyllis Calvert, James Mason, and Stewart Granger. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 5: "The Wicked Lady" (1945; Leslie Arliss), with Margaret Lockwood, James Mason, Patricia Roc, and Griffith Jones.

THEATRE 2: Oct. 30 at 3 and 6:30: "Come Back, Africa" (1960; Lionel Rogosin), a documentary. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 3 and 6:30: "The Crab" (1917; Walter Edwards; a silent film), with Frank Keenan and Thelma Salter, produced by Thomas H. Ince. . . . ¶ Nov. 1 at 2:30 and 5:30, Nov. 2 at 2:30 and 5:30, Nov. 4 at 3 and 6:30, and Nov. 6 at 3 and 6:30: Four different programs of short animated films made by Lotte Reiniger. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 3 and 6:30 and Nov. 8 at 2:30 and 5:30: Two different programs of films shown at the seventh World Festival of Animated Film in Zagreb, Yugoslavia, in June, 1986.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Nov. 7: "American Dreams" (1983; James Benning) and "O Panama" (1985; James Benning), shown Tuesday at 2, Wednesdays through Saturdays at noon, and Sunday at 1; and "Landscape Suicide" (1986; James Benning), shown Tuesday at 6, Wednesdays through Saturdays at 3, and Sunday at 4. Mr. Benning will be present on Wednesday, Oct. 29, at noon. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 8: Two documentaries by Trinh T. Minh-ha—"Reassemblage" (1982), shown Saturday at noon, and "Naked Spaces: Living Is Round" (1985), shown Saturday at 2:30. Closed Mondays.

MARK GOODSON THEATRE, 2 Columbus Circle. (489-6716)—A program of films made in New York City. Oct. 29 at 3: "Rosemary's Baby" (1968; Roman Polanski), with Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, and Ruth Gordon. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 6: "The Hospital" (1971; Arthur Hiller), with George C. Scott and Diana Rigg. . . . ¶ Oct. 29 at 9: "Wolfen" (1981; Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney, Diane Venora, and Gregory Hines. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at noon: "Gloria" (1980; John Cassavetes), with Gena Rowlands and Buck Henry. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 3: "The World of Henry Orient" (1964; George Roy Hill), with Peter Sellers and Paula Prentiss. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 6: "Taking Off" (1971; Miloš Forman), with Buck Henry and Lynn Carlin. . . . ¶ Oct. 30 at 9: "Little Fugitive" (1953; Morris Engel and Ray Ashley), with Richie Andrusco. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at noon: "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Ron Leibman. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 3: "Bananas" (1971; Woody Allen), with Allen and Louise Lasser. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 6: "Night Shift" (1982; Ron Howard), with Henry Winkler and Michael Keaton. . . . ¶ Oct. 31 at 9: "Putney Swope" (1969; Robert Downey).

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ALIENS—An inflated sci-fi action-horror film, this sequel to Ridley Scott's 1979 "Alien" is really a combat film set in the future, in space. The writer-director James Cameron pits a platoon of United States Marines (ethnically assorted, of course) against a family of extraterrestrial monsters—a queen and her slimy brood. He does it with an action director's gusto, and a shortage of imagination. As Warrant Officer Ripley, the only human survivor of the spaceship that voyaged forth in the earlier picture, Sigourney Weaver seems to take over by natural authority and her strength as an actress. She gives the movie a presence. But at two hours and seventeen minutes this is just a very big "Boo!" movie, with bum dialogue. With Michael Biehn, Paul Reiser, Lance Henriksen, Jenette Goldstein, and Carrie Henn. (Reviewed in our issue of 8/11/86.) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex; Oct. 31-Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Manhattan, and Criterion Center; starting Oct. 31.)

BACK TO SCHOOL—Rodney Dangerfield, the complaining loser, plays a winner here—a jovial, avuncular multimillionaire merchant; he discovers that his son (Keith Gordon) is miserable at college, and enrolls as a freshman so he can change things for the kid. It's Dangerfield's movie, and when he can't say a line directly to the camera he seems worried that he's not doing enough, and so he does some eyeball mugging. The picture's inertia is overpowering. With Robert Downey, who gives the film its only airy touches, and Sally Kellerman, Paxton Whitehead, and Sam Kinison. Directed by Alan Metter. (7/28/86) (Criterion Center.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty, incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement, but it's the dialogue and the entertaining qualities of the individual sequences that make this movie. It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city, where sensation is all. The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. The characters are a collection of sophisticated monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls, drug addicts, nymphomaniacs, murderers. Howard Hawks directed—and so well that you may even enjoy the fact that, as he said, "Neither the author, the writer, nor myself knew who had killed whom." With Lauren Bacall, Martha Vickers, and Dorothy Malone. (Regency; Oct. 30-Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Thalia; Nov. 7.)

THE BLUE ANGEL (1929)—The director Josef von Sternberg had been working in Hollywood for more than fifteen years when he went to Germany, at Emil Jannings' request, to direct this film. Jannings plays the inhibited, tyrannical high-school instructor who is prudishly indignant about his students' visiting Lola Lola (Marlene Dietrich), the singer at the Blue Angel; he goes to the café to put a stop to it and instead succumbs to her callous, impassive sexuality. Dietrich is extraordinary, and "The Blue Angel" is a movie you can admire sequence by sequence, because it's made in an imaginative, atmospheric style, yet you may feel that you don't really like it on an emotional level. With Hans Albers. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2-3.)

BLUE VELVET—Written and directed by David Lynch, this is possibly the only coming-of-age movie in which sex has the danger and the heightened excitement of a horror picture. The film is consciously purplish and consciously funny, and the two work together in an original, down-home way. The setting is an archetypal small, sleepy city in an indefinite mythic present that feels like the past, and Kyle MacLachlan is Jeffrey, the clean-cut young man who's scared of his dirty thoughts (but wants to have them anyway). He commutes between the blue lady of the night (Isabella Rossellini, who's a dream of a freak) and the sunshine girl he loves (Laura Dern). The movie has so much aural-visual humor and poetry that it's sustained despite the wobbly plot and other weaknesses. With Dennis Hopper, who gives the movie a jolt of horrific energy, and Dean Stockwell, who is a smiling wonder as Ben the sandman. Also with Hope Lange, Priscilla Pointer, Brad Dourif, and Jack Nance. (9/22/86) (D. W. Griffith, Waverly, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Criterion Center; starting Oct. 31.)

BRIEF ENCOUNTER (1946)—David Lean directed this romantic expansion of Noël Coward's one-act play "Still Life"—an evocation of the emotions that lie dormant in respectable, middle-class existence. Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard play the pair who fall passionately in love but agree not to see each other again and return to their responsibilities. A celebrated, craftsmanlike tearjerker, and incredibly neat. Coward's material is implicitly condescending even while he's making the two heroic. With Stanley Holloway, Joyce Carey, Cyril Raymond, Irene Handl, and Valentine Dyall. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 5.)

THE COLOR OF MONEY—With Paul Newman and Tom Cruise, directed by Martin Scorsese. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, 23rd St. West Triplex, Embassy 72nd St., and Embassy 1.)

DANCING LADY (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at becoming a star overnight. Vivid and fun. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 6.)

DOWN BY LAW—Jim Jarmusch's follow-up to his 1984 "Stranger Than Paradise" is also a low-key minimalist comedy about American anomie shot in black-and-white—this time by Robby Müller. The setting is New Orleans, where two deadbeats—Jack, an ineffectual pimp (John Lurie), and Zack, an itinerant disk jockey (Tom Waits)—become the victims of frameups and are put in the same prison cell, where they vegetate in hostile silence. And the moviemaking itself shares in their lethargy; that's what gives the film a cachet of modernism. Everything changes when a little, life-loving Italian, Roberto (Roberto Benigni), is put in with them; the three become pals, grinning and talking together. And, eventually, Roberto devises an escape plan. Jarmusch's passive style has its wit, but the style is deadening here until he brings in Roberto—a character out of folk humor. And without the boredom of the first three-quarters of an hour Roberto wouldn't be so funny. The best scene in the movie is the least characteristic of Jarmusch: it comes almost at the start, when Ellen Barkin, as Zack's girlfriend, throws a tantrum, quiets down, then gets sore again, and—wham-wham-wham!—his possessions land in the street. That's the most active the movie ever gets. With Billie Neal, Nicoletta Braschi, Rockets Redglare, and Vernel Bagneris. The music is by Lurie, the songs are by Waits. (10/20/86) (Cinema Studio. . . . ¶ Cinema II; through Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting Nov. 7, tentative.)

THE FLY—Jeff Goldblum is the brilliant loner scientist Seth Brundle, who turns into Brundlefly, in David Cronenberg's remake of the 1958 horror film. Cronenberg gives the B-picture material new weight, and for what this version is it's very well done. But Cronenberg narrows the film down to one man's decaying body, and concentrates your attention on one stage after another of poor Brundle's becoming bent over double and deformed. And if the movie has a power, it's simply in our somewhat prurient fixation on watching a man rot until finally he's pleading for a coup de grâce. With Geena Davis and John Getz.

Based on a short story by George Langelaan; the script, by Charles Edward Pogue, was reshaped by Cronenberg. (10/6/86) (Criterion Center. . . . ¶ Movieland 8th Street Triplex; Oct. 31-Nov. 6. . . . ¶ Manhattan; starting Oct. 31.)

High and Low (1963)—A first-rate detective thriller about a kidnapping. It happens to have been made in Japan, but it is very like the best Hitchcock. Directed by Akira Kurosawa, and starring Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Regency; Nov. 2-4.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's 1967 play was a wisp of a satirical comedy about the American adjustment to random violence—to assassinations on the national and local levels. In this movie version, which Feiffer also wrote, and which was directed by Alan Arkin, the dialogue has comic authority, and there are some strong scenes of rabid farce, yet things keep going out of kilter and the humor slides into something ugly and slightly rancid. The film seems to be a collection of ideological points—it's pious about its anti-establishment attitudes. With Elliott Gould as the catatonic hero—a saintly dropout; and Marcia Rodd, Vincent Gardenia, Elizabeth Wilson, Arkin, and Donald Sutherland. (Cinema Village; Nov. 5-6.)

Little Women (1933)—There are small flaws—a few naïve and cloying scenes, some obvious dramatic contrivances—but it's a lovely, graceful film, and surprisingly faithful to the atmosphere, the Victorian sentiments, and the Victorian strengths of the Louisa May Alcott novel. Katharine Hepburn gives an inspired performance as willful Jo. Joan Bennett is very amusing as vain, selfish, pretentious Amy. With Frances Dee, Edna May Oliver, Douglass Montgomery, and Paul Lukas. Directed by George Cukor, for the most part imaginatively and with unusual delicacy. (Thalia; Nov. 3.)

A Married Woman (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's peculiarly abstract treatment of a young married woman (Macha Meril), her dissatisfactions, her patterns as a consumer, and her infidelities. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 3.)

Men . . .—When the handsome, self-centered Julius (Heiner Lauterbach), a Munich advertising executive, discovers that his wife (Ulrike Kriener) has been having an affair with the oafish Stefan (Uwe Ochsenknecht), a long-haired bohemian, he wants to know what Stefan's attraction is, so he assumes a false name and moves in with him. Julius takes some kind of revenge by turning Stefan into an orderly bourgeois with a regular job; while that happens, whimsical gags are tossed together with a jocular feminist exposé of men's attitudes toward women. The picture is harmless and insipid, in the mode of French farces such as "Cousin, Cousine;" it sags in the middle and then collapses in an absurdist ending. Written and directed by Doris Dörrie. In German. (9/8/86) (Lincoln Plaza.)

Mephisto (1982)—István Szabó's indictment of a soulless actor, Hendrik Höfgen (played by Klaus Maria Brandauer), who, because he wants to go on performing, truckles to those in power and becomes the leading actor in Nazi Germany. Szabó sets up Höfgen as a symbolic actor—a man who is merely the sum of the roles he plays offstage and on—and at the outset Brandauer, who has gleaming cat eyes and a seductive smile, suggests a baby-faced killer-genius, like the young Orson Welles. Höfgen isn't allowed to be a great actor, though, and he seems too small for the epic scale of the attack. The film is gripping, but its stern air of rectitude produces discomfort; essentially Szabó seems to be condemning Höfgen for being an actor. With Rolf Hoppe and the superb, feline Karin Boyd, and a multinational cast—some of them dubbed. In German. (Public Theatre.)

My Beautiful Laundrette—A startlingly fresh movie about life in South London among the surly white street gangs and the Pakistani immigrants. In the foreground is a love affair between a dark-eyed, softly handsome, almost flowerlike Pakistani teen-ager, Omar (Gordon Warnecke), and a young blond street lout, Johnny (Daniel Day Lewis). They become partners when Omar persuades his slumlord uncle (Saeed Jaffrey) to let him have a ratty-looking failed laundrette, and

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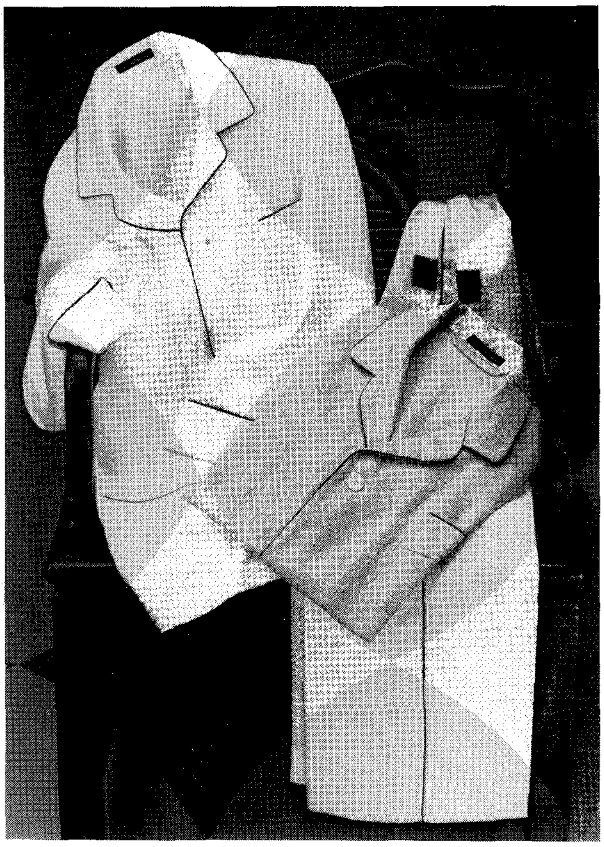

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the two boys, using stolen money, turn it into the laundrette of their dreams. Directed by Stephen Frears, from a witty script by the young playwright Hanif Kureishi, the film catches you up in the racketeering and decay of modern big-city life; you feel that your blinders have been taken off. It's an enormous pleasure to see a movie that's really about something, and that doesn't lay on any syrupy coating to make the subject go down easily. (It's down before you notice it.) The cast includes Shirley Anne Field, Roshan Seth, Rita Wolf, and Souad Faress. (3/10/86) (Bleecker St. Cinema. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 1.)

Night and the City (1950)—Jules Dassin's shocking specialty—a kind of stifled violence that one fears will explode—finds the right milieu in the Gerald Kersh novel, a complex view of the underside of London entertainment. An Anglo-American cast is headed by Richard Widmark, who has possibly his best role as Harry Fabian, a tout with a creative passion for fantastic, shady schemes. The victims of his double-crossing artistry include Googie Withers, Francis L. Sullivan, Gene Tierney, Herbert Lom, and, as the old-time wrestler pitted against Mike Mazurki, Stanislaus Zbyszko. With Hugh Marlowe. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 4.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose in life is to kill his former partner. As the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a lovely young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. Also with Slim Pickens, Timothy Carey, Ben Johnson, and Elisha Cook, Jr. The picture has some visual grandeur; it also has some bizarrely brutal scenes. It isn't clear why Brando made this peculiarly masochistic revenge fantasy, or whether he hoped for something quite different from what he finished with. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 4.)

Peggy Sue Got Married—Distressed by her marital troubles, Peggy Sue (Kathleen Turner), the mother of two grownup children, collapses at the twenty-fifth reunion of her high-school class, and when she wakes up she discovers that she has gone back in time to the spring of 1960. Directed by Francis Coppola, this is a dream movie that asks whether Peggy Sue, knowing what she does at forty-three, should marry the same boy—passionate Charlie (Nicolas Cage), the only man she ever dated, and the one who got her pregnant on her eighteenth birthday—knowing that he won't go on to have the singing career he talks about, that he'll go into his father's business and turn into the man who introduces himself on television as Crazy Charlie, the Appliance King. (It's perfectly clear what Peggy Sue will do because, of course, if she doesn't marry Charlie her children will never be born.) The underlying question is: Should Peggy Sue reconcile with her husband or go ahead and get a divorce? And the picture answers it the way Hollywood movies used to, by showing us that as teen-agers Peggy Sue and Charlie were physically attracted to each other—as if that meant that they were destined to live together forever, in the best of all possible worlds. The script, by Jerry Leichtling and Arlene Sarner, lacks the mechanical ingenuity of a "Back to the Future," yet the characters are almost as superficial, and Coppola's efforts to bring depth to this material that has no depth make the picture seem groggy. It's as if he were trying to reach through a veil of fog. With Barbara Harris, Barry Miller, Kevin J. O'Connor, Catherine Hicks, Joan Allen, Don Murray, Maureen O'Sullivan, Sofia Coppola, Leon Ames, and John Carradine. (10/20/86) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gemini, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. National Twin.)

Pickup on South Street (1953)—Richard Widmark as a scroungy petty gangster who sneaks a look into a woman's handbag, turns up some microfilm, and finds himself dealing with Communist agents. Samuel Fuller directed, in his fast, flashy, essentially empty-minded style. The film isn't boring—there's always something going on—but you come away with nothing. (It isn't that Fuller's insensitive, exactly; it's that he's totally unconcerned with sensitivity—it would get in his way.) With Jean Peters, Thelma Ritter, Richard Kiley, Murvyn Vye, Milburn Stone, and George E. Stone. (Thalia SoHo; Nov. 4.)

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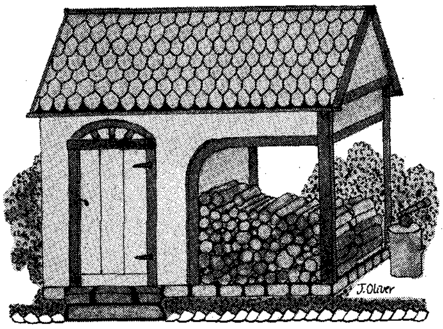
The Red Badge of Courage (1951)—Despite the mutilation (recorded in Lillian Ross's "Picture"), some seventy minutes remain of John Huston's film version of Stephen Crane's Civil War classic, and much of it is breathtaking. Audie Murphy plays the hero and Bill Mauldin is his sidekick; with Royal Dano, John Dierkes, Andy Devine, Douglas Dick, and Arthur Hunnicutt. The script is by Huston. (Thalia; Nov. 4.)

A Room with a View—Adapted from the early novel by E. M. Forster, this is a whimsical social comedy about a muddled young English girl (Helena Bonham-Carter) who desires yet fears sexual love; she runs away from the man (Julian Sands) who stirs her emotions, and becomes engaged to a rich twit (Daniel Day Lewis). Bonham-Carter lacks the carriage and presence of a trained actress, and Sands is playing Forster's flimsy—almost abstract—dream of a natural, uninhibited lover, and is rather vague. But the movie is well paced, and it never loses its hold on a viewer's affections, because it's so thoroughly inhabited. It's more than a little precious, but it's a piece of charming foolishness. With Denholm Elliott, Maggie Smith, Judi Dench, Simon Callow, and Rosemary Leach. It was directed by James Ivory, from a script by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala that pares down the text skillfully and takes much of its lively, dizzy dialogue directly from Forster. (3/24/86) (Paris.)

Ruthless People—A cheesy low farce, with Danny DeVito as a thieving millionaire who wants to kill his heiress wife (Bette Midler) and is overjoyed when she's kidnapped. With Judge Reinhold and Helen Slater (who has good eyes for rolling) as the warmhearted kidnappers; Anita Morris as the husband's mistress (she looks as if she could do considerably better); Bill Pullman as the mistress's ninny of a lover; and William G. Schilling as the police commissioner. Directed by the "Airplane!" threesome—Jim Abrahams, David Zucker, and Jerry Zucker. (7/14/86) (Embassy.)

She's Gotta Have It—The voluptuous, easygoing Nola (Tracy Camila Johns), a graphic designer who lives in the black bohemian world in Brooklyn, is happily juggling three lovers when she's faced by a mock crisis: each of the three men has turned possessive and wants to be her one and only. That's the premise of this quick-witted sex comedy written, directed, and edited by the twenty-nine-year-old Spike Lee, who shot it in 16-mm. in twelve days, on an almost nonexistent budget. Nola, her three lovers, and her family and friends explain themselves directly to the camera, and the film's basic set is Nola's bed; you can't shoot a movie much cheaper or faster than that. Lee's economies become part of what's enjoyable about the film, and he keeps it all sparking and bouncing along. With Tommy Redmond Hicks, John Canada Terrell, and Lee himself. (10/6/86) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin, Quad Cinema, and R.K.O. Warner Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Nov. 6.)



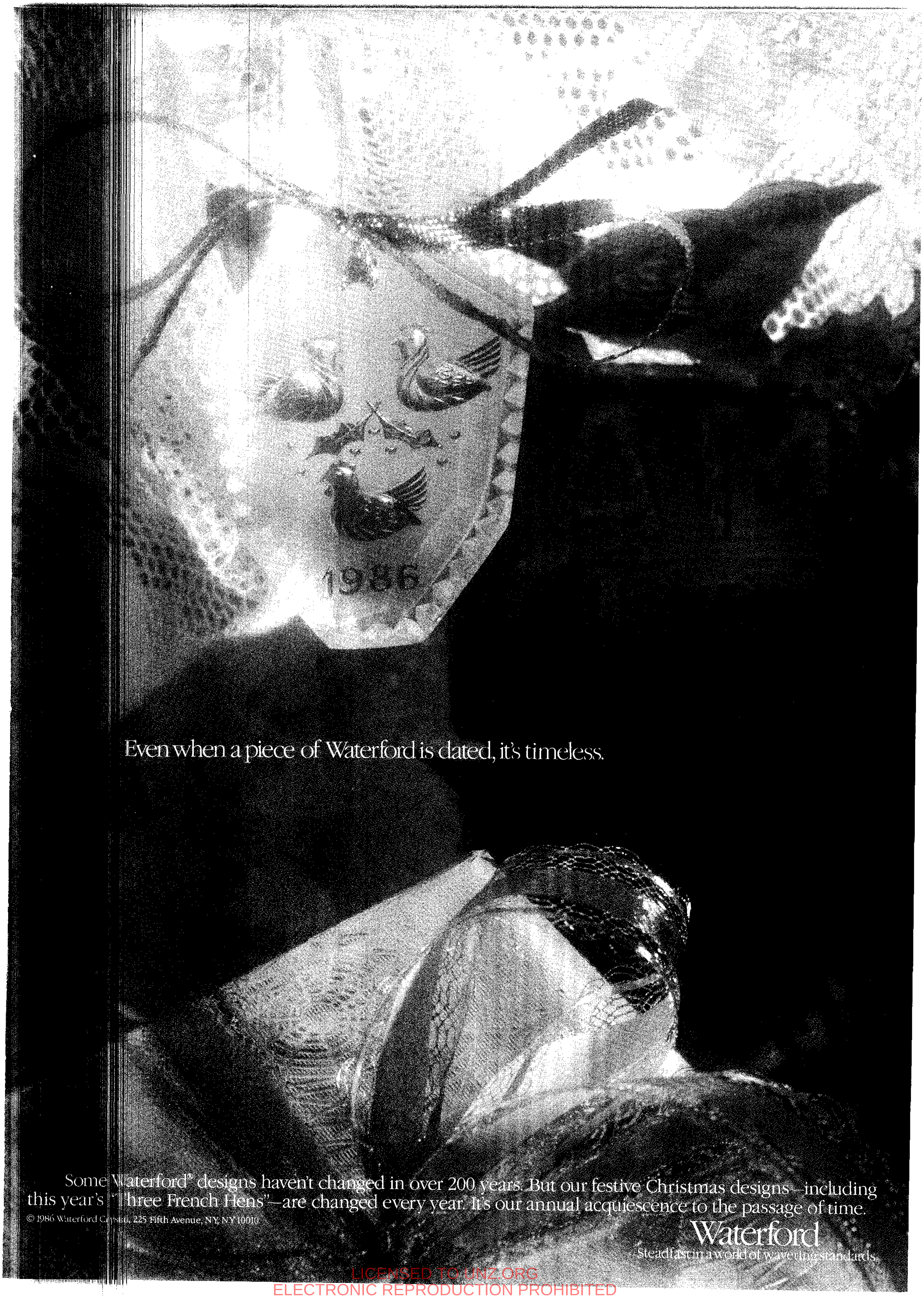
Stand By Me—On a summer weekend in 1959, four twelve- and thirteen-year-old boys from the fictional Castle Rock, Oregon (pop. 1,281), go on an overnight hike in the woods outside town to look for the body of a boy their age who has been missing for several days. The four, misfits who feel rejected, keep intuiting one another's emotions, and they're plucky—when they get in tight spots, they stand by each other. Rob Reiner's film, taken from Stephen King's autobiographical novella "The Body," overdoses on sincerity and nostalgia. Seeing it is like watching an extended Christmas Special of "The Waltons." With Wil Wheaton, River Phoenix, Jerry O'Connell, Corey Feldman, Andy Lindberg, and, as the narrator, Richard Dreyfuss. (9/8/86) (Loews New York Twin, and Embassy. . . . ¶ Waverly; through Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; Oct. 31-Nov. 6, tentative. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Oct. 31.)

Stray Dog (1949)—A classic Kurosawa thriller, starring a youthful Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (Regency; Nov. 2-4.)

The Threepenny Opera (1931)—G. W. Pabst made this somewhat phlegmatic version of the Bertolt Brecht–Kurt Weill opera. With Lotte Lenya. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 2-3.)

Top Gun—The strapping Kelly McGillis is an astrophysicist employed to teach the élite fighter pilots in training at San Diego's Miramar Naval Air Station; her co-star, the relatively diminutive Tom Cruise, is supposed to be the most daring of her students. When McGillis is offscreen, the movie is a shiny homoerotic commercial; the pilots strut around the locker room, towels hanging precariously from their waists. In between the bare-chested maneuvers, there's footage of ugly snub-nosed jets taking off, whooshing around in the sky, and landing while the soundtrack calls up Armageddon and the Second Coming. What is the movie selling? It's just selling, because that's what the producers, Don Simpson and Jerry Bruckheimer, and the director, Tony Scott, know how to do. Selling is what they think moviemaking is about. With Val Kilmer, Anthony Edwards, and Tom Skerritt. (6/16/86) (Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Embassy.)

True Stories—This first feature directed by David Byrne, of Talking Heads, is laid out like a musical-comedy documentary about a town, except that the town—Virgil, Texas—is imaginary. Byrne, the narrator and observer, introduces us to the townspeople who are about to take part in the pageantry of the Texas Sesquicentennial with their own "Celebration of Specialness." Byrne is looking for a true mythic image of America; Virgil is Our Town, it's Anytown, U.S.A., and the movie is about banality and eccentricity and consumerism—it's about the manners and mores of the shopping mall, where fashion shows are staged and miming contests are held to see who is best at lip-synching to records. In his polite, formal, and slightly ghostly matter-of-fact way, Byrne is trying for something large scale; a postmodern "Nashville." Byrne sets up the material for satirical sequences, yet he doesn't give it a satirical spin. The picture's tone is often insecure, but, working with the crack cinematographer Ed Lachman, Byrne brings a new visual sensibility to the screen (a respect for pared-down plainness), and after a rather shaky opening the characters themselves begin to engage us—especially John Goodman as the big, friendly bachelor with a "Wife Wanted" sign on his lawn, who gets to sing the film's anthem, "People Like Us." Jo Harvey Allen is terrific as a crackpot liar and Tito Larriva's high-speed dancing has a comic dazzle. Singing "Papa Legba," Roebuck (Pops) Staples has a juicy richness about him; when he's onscreen a viewer can be completely happy. Also with Swoosie Kurtz, Spalding Gray, Annie McEnroe, and Alix Elias. The nine songs by Byrne are conceived as rock or country, Tex-Mex or gospel, depending on which character sings them. The Heads provide the instrumental work, and can be heard now and then on the words; it's their voices that the lip-synchers weave and sway to. The script is by Byrne, Beth Henley, and Stephen Tobolowsky. (10/20/86) (Sutton, 8th St. Playhouse, and Metro Cinema.)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RAFFLES HOTEL

We had come to Singapore to investigate some of the mysteries of the East and we were certainly not to be disappointed.

For just a trishaw-ride away from our hotel, which, incidentally, we found to be one of the finest in the colonial world, we encountered bazaars of the most modern standard, teeming with the spoils and riches of the Orient.

Items, both mechanical and exotic, anything from snakeskin shoes and silken saris to the most advanced technological apparatus available in our own land, most at prices that seemed to us a delightful absurdity.

Another pleasant surprise was the diversity of culinary fare: foods ranging from the spiciest of Indian curries to succulent seafood and tropical fruits of the most exotic type.

Surprising, too, was the fact that because of its multi-racial populace, Singapore offers all the cultural attractions of a hundred different festivals, rituals and ceremonies almost every day of the year. Furthermore, we were but hours away from such marvels as the blowpipe hunters of Sarawak, the majestic volcanoes of Java and the strange rites of the Balinese temples, which we were to experience in days to come.

All in all, it was a series of adventures too numerous to record here. What may be recorded, however, is the delight felt

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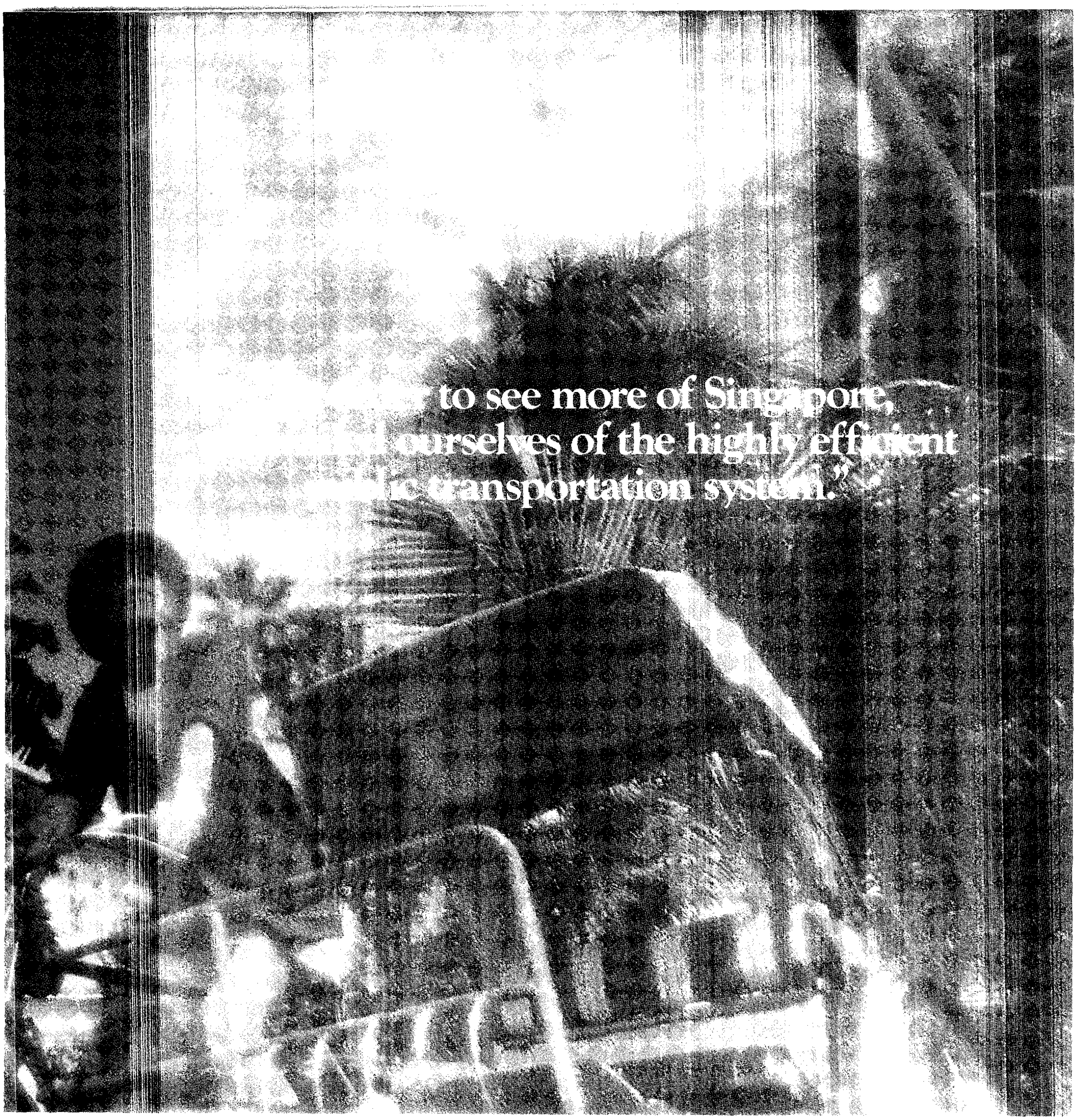
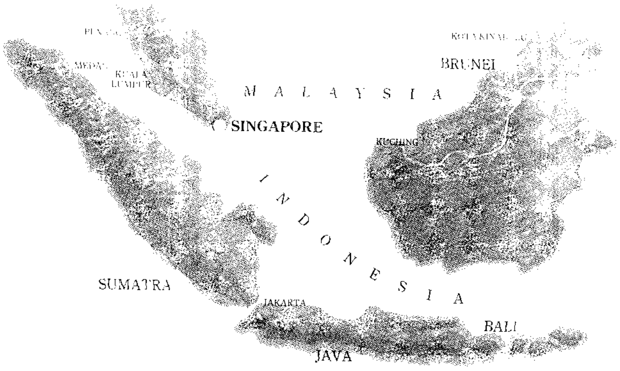


[illegible] to see more of Singapore, [illegible] ourselves of the highly efficient [illegible]lic transportation system.”

by all our part[illegible] [illegible]nds of the charmin[illegible] [illegible]pore [illegible] [illegible] gossa[illegible] the fact that, [illegible] mere $1,[illegible] we could continue [illegible] trans-global voyage on SIA's [illegible]und-The-Wo[illegible]d Fare.

Furthermore, to garner all these experiences merely at the flourish of a card, bestowed upon us by the good people of American Express, was a blessing without which we would never have undertaken our voyage.

A great way to fly
SINGAPORE AIRLINES


BRUNEI
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KUCHING
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SUMATRA
JAKARTA
BALI
JAVA

SURPRISING SINGAPORE
A magic place of many worlds

TBC8/86

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FROM LIMOGES.
ceralene
GUMP'S
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BEVERLY HILLS DALLAS
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

Some people were recently sitting in a room being nice to one another, here in New York, and someone said to the woman whose apartment it was that the room's dark rugs and light furniture were pretty; and she said she had discovered that now there was white dust and dark dust, and that the white dust went on dark things and the dark dust went on light things. I wanted to be clever and social and nice, and I said that when I was young, long, long ago, in Missouri, I had been told that if I had to be an artist I should be a writer, because writers were cleaner than painters were. Don't go to Europe if you can't stand dirt, I was told. Culture was less clean—dustier—than well-regulated ordinary life. Being patient with dirt was sophisticated and bohemian. My mother would say, "Picasso doesn't have to wash his hands, but you do." I said that household dirt seemed to me immediate evidence of entropy: a sad recognition. It often indicated personal tragedy, and it led to domestic melodrama when someone went after you for not picking up your clothes. And to comedy, too, of course. And to middle-class conversation, but more so in the old days, when you discussed servants, how they dealt with dirt. Men still didn't talk about it much except in relation to cars. One of the big social changes of the last forty years had been the disappearance of servants from most of the civilized world: the ebbing and dismantling of hierarchy and of the particular social distinctions that having servants led to. I could trace a lot of things to the disappearance of servants—the openness about sexuality, for instance: now you didn't have to impress the servants; you didn't have to worry about the example you set them.

The woman whose apartment it was, a grandmother, said she was old-fashioned—she still liked the word "meticulous." She said, "I don't think it's too much to aim for." Then she said, "I like people who aren't afraid to face dirt." Then she laughed, and said, "Many, many people are afraid to look dirt in the face and go after it. The ones who do are like a pianist—you praise him for his attack. I've seen people who go right down on their knees to scrape every piece of dirt off a kitchen floor."

"Scrape?" I said, surprised.

She said, "Oh, you, you're naïve about dirt. Your head is in the clouds. I'll tell you: if you step on a raisin, it flattens, it hardens, it dries—it's hard to get up."

"Do you eat a lot of raisins?" I asked.

She said, "It's just an example."

One of her daughters, a woman not yet thirty, said, "No one has time for that nowadays."

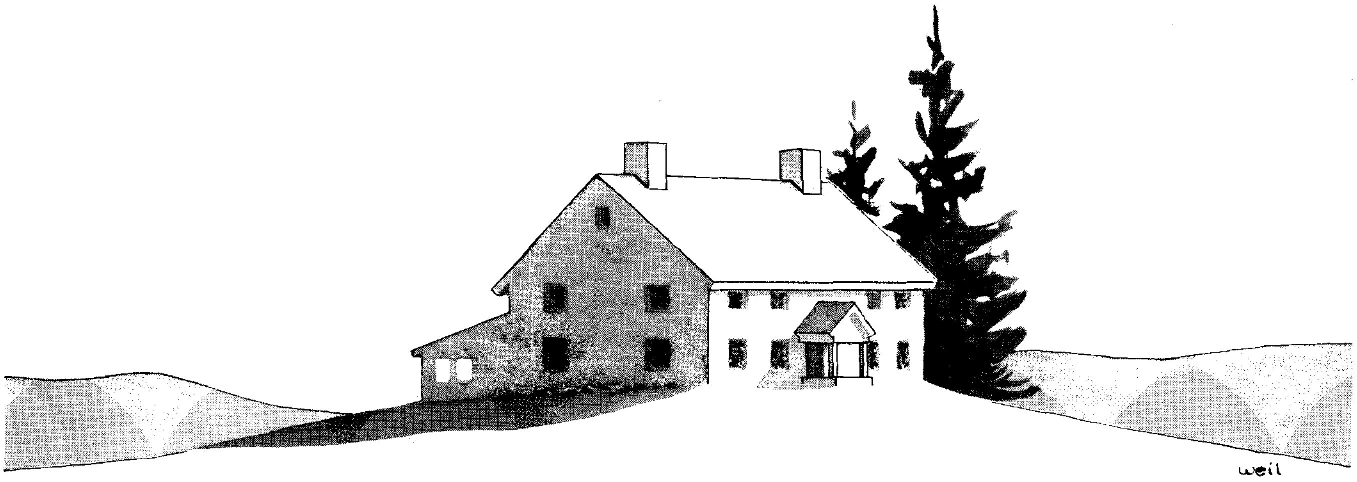
"I know," her mother said. "I'm just being foolish."

I asked her daughter if dirt was a subject she tended not to think about.

She said, "I think about it as a nine-hundred-dollar washing machine I want. It dries, too."

Silence. A certain tension. She then said, "Oh, I don't mind talking about it. We're thinking of moving to the country—we want nicer dirt and less noise."

I looked blank, and her mother said, "Dust in the country is powdery gray, almost never dark." Then the mother said suddenly, "I don't know how dust is created: I don't think it is a particularly interesting subject. Well, of course, I know it's pollution—a lot of it. None of it is healthy anymore. I'm not sure there's such a thing as healthy dirt anywhere in the world,



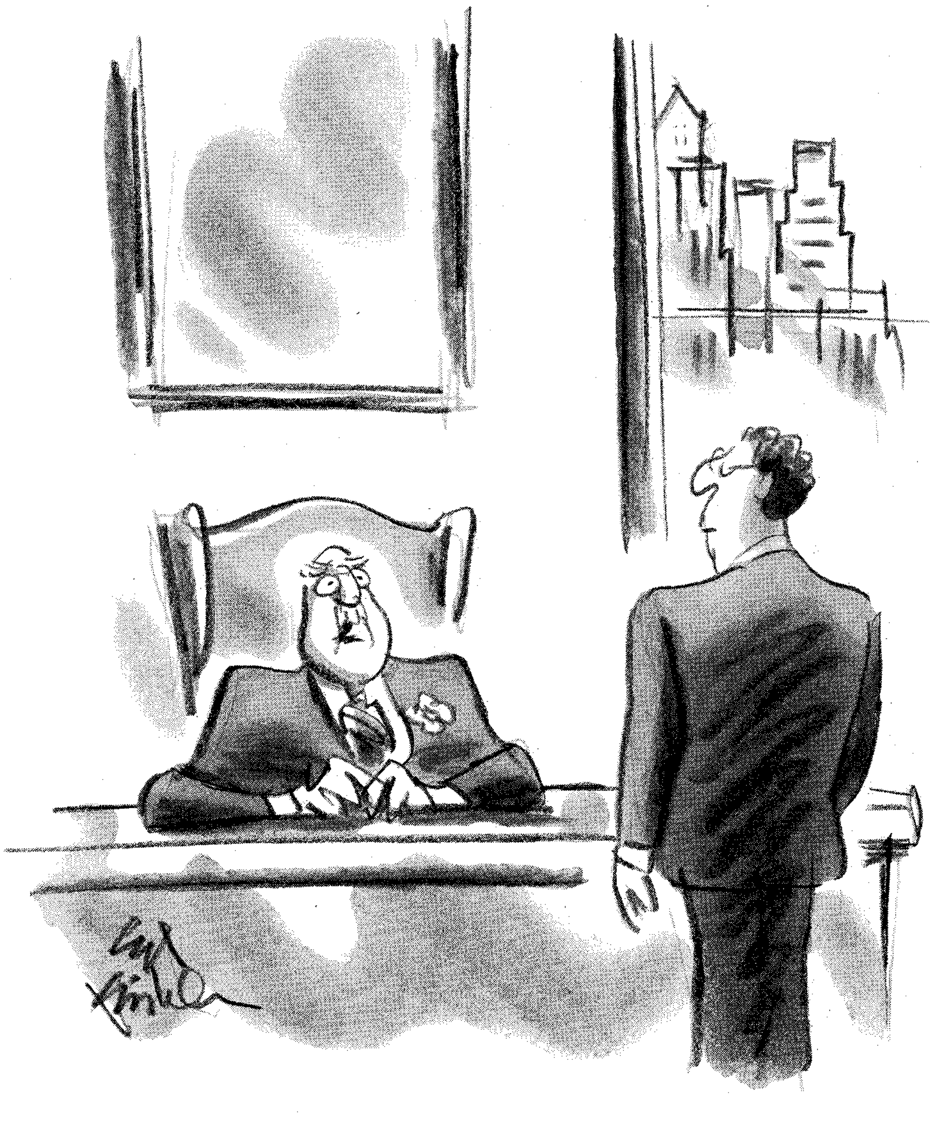
and it's hard for women, especially if they want to work, too." Then, also suddenly, she gave the following list of terms: "Dust, dirt, finger marks, grit, food particles, hair, and grease." She added, "Oily emission from diesels. Asbestos fragments. Acid particulates." Then she said, "I'm sorry."

Another daughter said, "Sand at the beach is all right. Who knows but if Chopin were alive he might write a mazurka against the tyranny of household dirt? Who knows what the music might be like?"

Another woman there, a young woman: "It's like starting over when something is clean, when it's clean at my house." And: "I think it comes from the sky, the household kind." She said, "Grease is food-oriented." She said she hated little carrot strips that stick to the floor, and she said that her name for an unpleasant degree of dirt was "nightmare." She said, "I had a nightmare last night. I got up and went to the kitchen and it was awful—sugar granules under my feet. I wanted to cry because of it." She said, "I have another word for dirt besides 'nightmare'—'revolting.' " She said, "I'm being sociable. I hate the dark topic."

Her husband, who works for a publishing company, said, "The stuff from pencil erasers is the worst thing—it's really gross. What are those things called? I suppose they're the unnamed." He said, "I feel that 'greasy' is the worst word ever invented." He said that when he was talking to himself the phrase he used instead was "really awful."

Is it always true that all subjects are intertwined? Had I been asleep and not noticing? I suppose not noticing allows you to get things done. That's called concentration. I guess everyone knows the importance of dirt ecologically and psychologically and economically and socially and militarily—the mud of Mother Russia, and the grit that grounded one of the helicopters that tried to rescue the hostages in Teheran a few years back. Women's stuff, and health, and class distinctions.



"I'm concerned about the rising tide of mediocrity. Your task, Kremble, will be to make sure it doesn't flow into this office."

The man from the publishing company said, "If I were a soap manufacturer, I would call my soap Start Again. And I would advertise it this way: 'Wash your hands. Be clean and ready. For, and until, the end of time. Act Today. Big Savings. Free Trial Offer. Act Now. Do it.' "

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Ice Age

WE went to a preview of a new exhibition at the American Museum of Natural History, called "Dark Caves, Bright Visions," which has now opened. It is about life in Ice Age Europe; it establishes that in the Upper Paleolithic, from thirty-five thousand years ago until ten thousand years ago, there was an explosion of culture that coincided with the appearance of modern man in southwestern Europe. The exhibit, which meanders through a dimly lit room as though it were inside a cave, is filled with scrapers, blades, and spear points; with spear throwers and small rods, called batons, made of reindeer antlers; with beads and shells pierced so that they could be strung together to make necklaces or bracelets; with bone needles as sharp as any needles made today; with musical instruments, including a flute and a drum; with figurines of voluptuous women, called Venuses; and with all sorts of odd bits of bone, many of them incised with the most delicate carvings and reliefs of animals—of mammoths, woolly rhinoceroses, horses, bison, and reindeer—all executed with an economy and freedom that a Chinese artist-calligrapher would envy. There are two hundred and thirty-two objects in the show, and they include some wall paintings and large carvings from caves (several from Lascaux are reproduced), but by far the majority of the works are small—palm-size. In a hunting society, early modern man wanted his art portable.

"What fascinates me is the way art is embedded in everyday life," Randall White, of the Department of Anthropology of New York University, who is the curator of the exhibition, told us. We found him talking to a group of anthropologists from France, whose institutions had lent most of the items on display. "Art was all around them—on everything they used. Even their spear throwers were elaborately decorated—yet they were absolutely functional, absolutely deadly." Dr. White, a lightly built man in his thirties who nevertheless looked as though he could hurl a weapon a long way, took us to a case containing the skull of a deer with a stone spear point still embedded deep in the bone. The spear throwers were among the most delicate works—often in the shape of the reindeer that were being hunted.

We asked Dr. White why he thought this cultural revolution had happened when it did and where it did, and he answered that he thought it was a combination of the diversity of the geography of southern France, which varies from mountains to plains, and the dynamics of a cold and changing climate. "When it was cold in southern Europe, the cold wasn't combined with three months of darkness, the way it is in the north now," he said. "Today, we equate a cold climate with a poverty of animal life—we think of it as something like the Canadian Arctic. But a better analogy would be the Serengeti. Ice Age Europe had the same profusion of animal life, and many of the same animals, that are in the Serengeti today."

The exhibition, he said, had been the idea of the president of the museum's board of trustees, Robert G. Goelet, and a few minutes later we saw Mr. Goelet walking around the show with a satisfied look on his face. He is a tall, attenuated-looking man who might have stepped out of a Lascaux mural. The exhibition, he told us, had its origins in a previous one, two years ago, called "Ancestors," which included skulls and artifacts from four million years of human history. "We think of this show as 'Ancestors II,' " he said. "At 'Ancestors I,' I met Professor Henry de Lumley, director of the Musée de l'Homme, in Paris. He invited me over to see an exhibition at the Musée de l'Homme called 'Art and Culture of Prehistoric Hunters.' I was so impressed that I sent the head of our Department of Anthropology, Ian Tattersall, over to see it. He liked it as much as I did, and we thought we would try and do a similar show here. The trouble was that the exhibit at the Musée de l'Homme used mainly reproductions—these objects are so delicate, and require such constant temperatures, that even in France the originals are rarely put on exhibition. We wanted the originals. In addition to Professor de Lumley, Tattersall talked to Henri Delporte, the chief curator of the Musée des Antiquités Nationales, at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, and to Jean Philippe Rigaud, the director of Antiquités Préhistoriques d'Aquitaine, in Bordeaux. They all got excited about the idea of doing a show in the United States, and they pitched in and agreed to send real things. Even in France, so much original material for an exhibit has never been put together as has been done here."

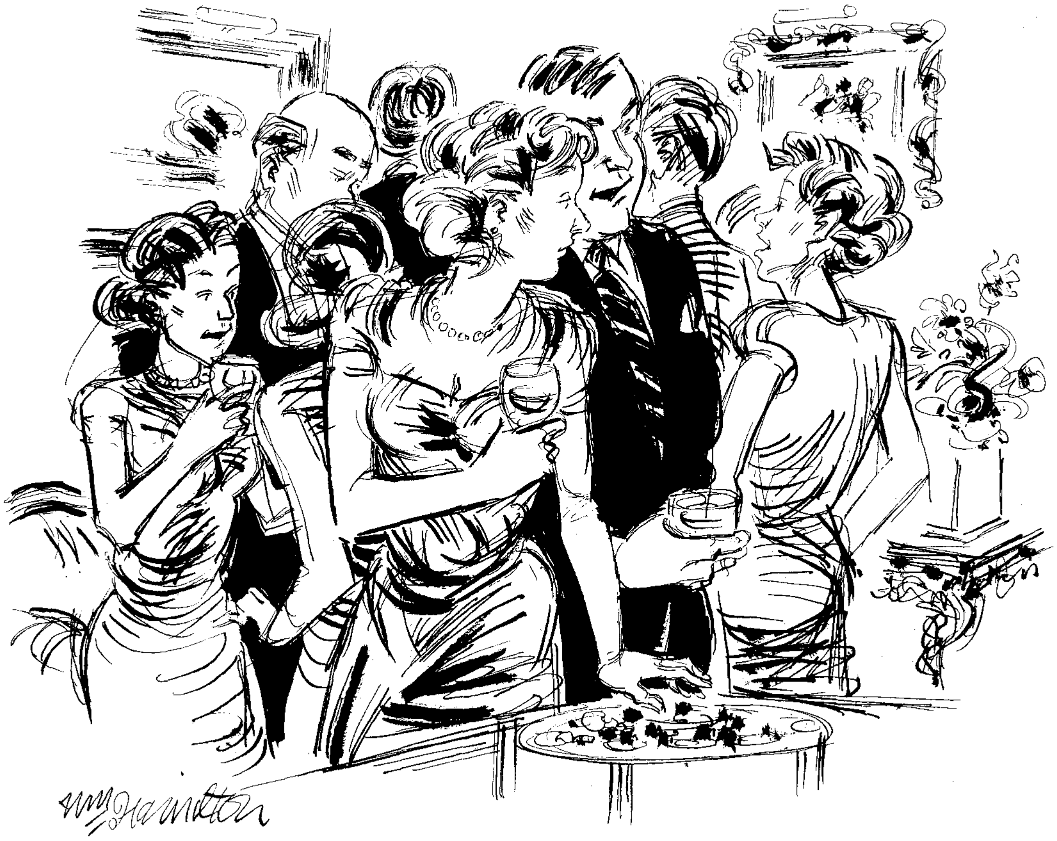
We asked Mr. Goelet what led them to do it.

"I don't think anyone had ever asked them before," he said. "It was clearly a good idea whose time had come."

Mr. Goelet introduced us to M. Rigaud, an athletic-looking man in his forties. M. Rigaud told us, in excellent English, that almost sixty per cent of the material in the show came from Aquitaine, which includes such well-known sites in the Dordogne region as Le Moustier, La Madeleine, and Lascaux. He raced us past half a dozen cases full of batons and spear throwers that had come from his area, and stopped in front of a case containing cores and blades that he himself had excavated at a rock shelter in the Dordogne called Le Flageolet.

We asked him if he had ever found any Upper Paleolithic art.

"I have found beads and shells and necklaces," he said. "And I have found some paintings. Once, in a cave, I came to an underground river—I couldn't see across, because a curtain of rock hung down over it. I dived under and came up on the other side. When I looked around, with my waterproof flashlight, I found a floor that had been untouched since Magdalenian times—at least twelve thousand years ago. I found a fireplace that looked as if the Magdalenian people, the ones associated with many of the reindeer batons, had just left it. And



"That's the couple rushing in to fill the void left by the Renfrews' divorce."

• •

on the wall overhead I found a painting of a bison and a painting of a horse. It gave me the most intense feeling of proximity to the past that I have ever had."

View

ONE day a few years ago, while the photographer Laura Rosen was working on a book about the rooftops of this city, she found herself alone on the top of a Wall Street tower with the only door locked behind her. "It was cold—it was in the fall—and I could look across to the Hudson and see this storm coming," she told us recently. "I said to myself, 'The only way I'll ever get down from here is to act like a nut, so someone will notice me and think I'm going to jump.' Luckily, I was wearing this bright-red Hudson's Bay jacket. So I went to the edge and made threatening gestures with my tripod, and generally acted like a maniac—which is not so hard. You even begin to believe it a little. And after about twenty minutes ten uniformed men kicked through the door and grabbed me. And all I had to do then was convince them I was entirely sane."

After a moment or two, Miss Rosen added, "I love grand gestures." She was showing us through Fort Tryon Park, in upper Manhattan, which was celebrating its fiftieth anniversary as a city park. A party included a showing of her photographs of the rugged park, whose heights command a noble Jersey view. "John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave this land to the city in 1931. He'd tried to give it to them in 1917, but the city said it was too undeveloped. So he put in paths, and all. *And* he bought hundreds of acres of the Palisades across the river, so the view would never be spoiled."

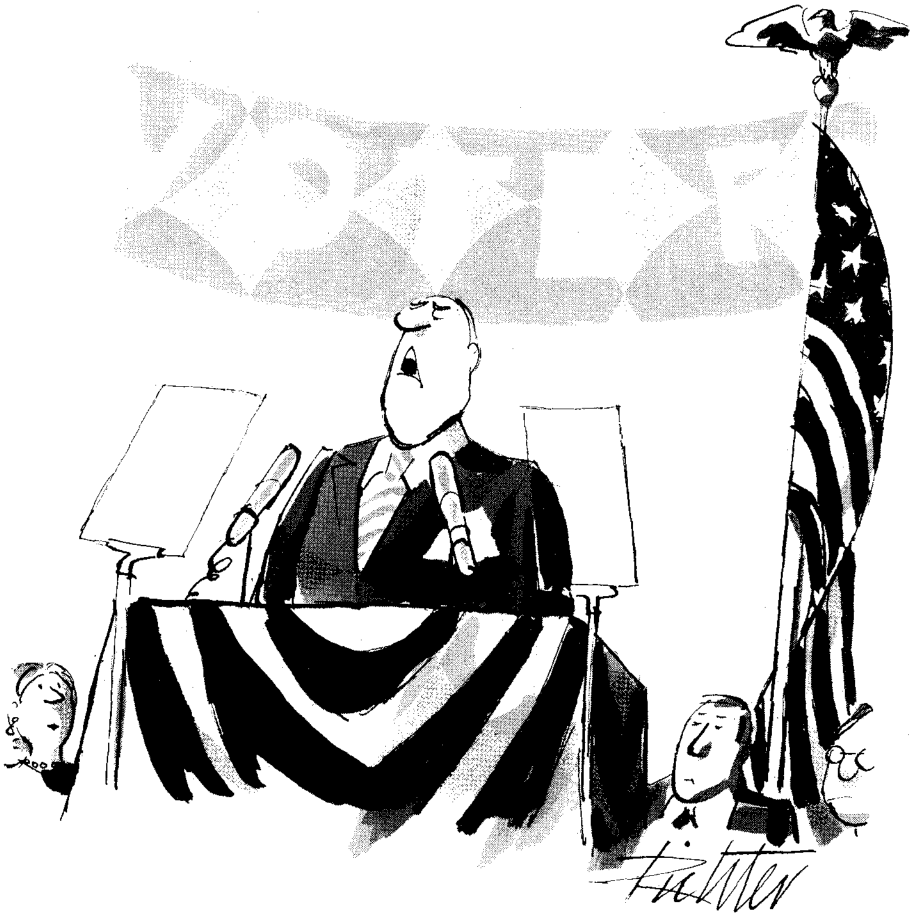
Miss Rosen, who lives nearby, led us up and down the hilly park, pointing out her favorite tree (a copper beech from the days of Boss Tweed, who had a ridgetop mansion there) and her "favorite tactile space," a banked two-lane cobblestone drive twisting up toward the Cloisters. Her pictures—some brooding studies of the great trees bare in winter, some fleshier shots of people under street lights—are crosscut again and again by the stone walls that run through the park. "They built them all with the stone from the blasting of the access roads, just as they built City College with subway schist," she said. At the moment, landscape architects are restoring the park, chopping back some of the undergrowth that has obscured sight lines to the river and scrubbing off graffiti that have grown up everywhere. "But it's not as if the park were in disrepair," Miss Rosen said. "This area is still largely European, filled with people who came here in the nineteen-thirties. If you are along the promenade on a Saturday, it's very Continental—the women in tweed suits, walking arm in arm with their husbands, who have perfect little beards."

Gap

WE have just made a brief socio-anthropological study of "The Present State of Generational Rock Music and the Influences of MTV," focussing on the fans of a-ha, the young three-man pop group from Norway (of all places) that recently made a sold-out appearance at the Radio City Music Hall. We attended the concert with a field consultant—Philip B., a twenty-two-year-old bass-guitar student, of the previous musical generation—and noted his observations and highly opinionated responses, along with those of five thousand eight hundred and forty-six early- and pre-early-adolescent girls and boys. The former outnumbered the latter by a ratio of about a hundred to one. Race, color, and creed appeared to be cross-sectional, but all who attended looked well heeled. (Tickets were eighteen dollars and fifty cents each, with extras like sweatshirts bearing likenesses of a-ha at twenty dollars, posters at five dollars, and buttons at three dollars.) Our primary sources were Heather S., of Great Neck (age fourteen), Joanna R., of Manhattan (fourteen), Stephanie G., of Park Ridge, New Jersey (fourteen), Lisa B., of Brooklyn (twelve), and Kevin T., of Brooklyn (fifteen).

Members of the nine-to-eleven age group were inaccessible to us for interviews, because their screams of approbation before, throughout, and after the concert were incessant and were measured by us at a hazardous-to-health decibel level. What we, and the fans, saw and heard: Morten Harket, lead singer; Pål Waaktar, composer-lyricist and electric-guitar player; and Mags (just Mags), on the synthesizer keyboard—all handsome, with hair puffy in front and almost short in back, all with uniformly moody, Ibsenesque expressions, and all clad in tight jeans, T-shirts, leather vests, and sneakers. Behind them, for the concert, were three backup players—guitar, electronic drums, and another synthesizer. The three Norwegians were in their mid- to late twenties, and, one way or another, had accumulated playing and composing experience since their first decade of life and at least half a dozen additional years of polishing and manager-acquiring in London. After a year of success, they were now solvent, thanks to their Pål Waaktar-composed song "Take On Me," which was No. 1 for a week last year on the Billboard one-hundred-top-pop-singles chart, and was a big number on their first album, "Hunting High and Low," which reached No. 15 on the two-hundred-top-pop-albums chart for *two* weeks last year. "Take On Me" was the number for their first music video, part live, part animation, showing Morten Harket as a motorcycle-race winner and winner of a beautiful young blond girl who has been reading a comic book. Their second album, "Scoundrel Days," has just been issued, and was No. 85, "with a bullet" (translation: going up fast), last week on the top-pop-albums chart. The concert seemed to imitate videos, with fast, fast cuts, acrobatics, and the performers coming teasingly close to the audience. Morten sang in a low voice and in a high voice, including a falsetto. The songs seemed to be about touching, holding, winning, losing, and drifting apart. There was also one, "Train of Thought," with a regular four-four beat under it, about an office worker doing a crossword puzzle, and it seemed pretty good to us: about words up and words down.

Our field consultant, Philip B., stated his thesis. "I've been around too long to go for a-ha," he said. "Ten years ago, the original English punk rockers wore black leather, the way Mags wears a black leather jacket for the photograph on the cover of a-ha's first album. All sorts of people wear black leather for all occasions, but it looks like Army uniform to me. I guess Mags wears it in order to look macho-rebel. But their songs aren't macho-rebel—they're conventional. About a guy longing for some girl, ar-



"I should like to depart from my prepared text and speak as a human being."

guing with her, drifting apart, saying goodbye, crying, yearning. Please. Spare me."

Stephanie G. (after running to the lobby to buy a sweatshirt, a poster, and a button: twenty-eight bucks): They're gorgeous. Their look. Their jeans, with a *belt!* Their sneakers. Their all-American look.

Heather S.: They've got a different sound. Madonna sings about sex. Mags and Pål and Morten have no bad thoughts.

Philip B.: They're boring. Morten sings about loving, and all he says is he feels lonely. What is he *saying*? He's saying he needs time on his *own* so he can leave his loneliness *alone*. You want to hear something good? Listen to Fine Young Cannibals, a British group, sing "Funny How Love Is." The singer says he thought he'd die without "you by my side," but he *knows* it's a cliché. Fine Young Cannibals sing about jealousy, getting dumped, time passing by, having to work in order to eat, and how unfair the British government is.

We: They are *different*?

Philip B.: a-ha is tiresome. The chorus of their song "Love Is Reason" says "Love is reason/ love is reason/ love is reason enough." Well, maybe that's O.K., but only for the first couple of playings.

Joanna R.: They're so clean-cut. They're gorgeous. They're in the groove.

Kevin T.: Some bands bomb out, but a-ha write their own music, and it's all upbeat. They sing, "Love goes free." I don't know what it means, but I like the way it sounds.

Philip B.: I like the Smiths. Morrissey, their lead singer, sings an intricate dirgelike melody in counterpoint against intricate guitar lines. The lyrics are bleak, witty, and direct. In "How Soon Is Now?" he says he is "the son and the heir/of a shyness that is criminally vulgar."

We: You like that?

Philip B.: You have to be there. It's like a spontaneous joke. And the Smiths' fans are louder and more aggressive than a-ha's. I like the Smiths' music precisely because I can't figure it out. The guitarist and bass guitarist play melodies that are related, I think, and the singer changes words and notes when he repeats the catchy verses and choruses and sometimes ends up improvising in falsetto.

Stephanie G.: Nobody else sings in a high voice. Only Morten.

Philip B.: I like Simply Red. I am obsessed with melody and lyrics. Other obsessions don't appeal to me. Simply Red do not hide behind a marketing campaign. They sing about unemployment. Mick Hucknall, the lead singer, has a great range. He can alter the volume, the pitch, the rhythm, and the mood of his voice and still sound good. Morten can only sing fluid, pleasant stuff. Please. Spare me.

Heather S.: Nobody sings as high as Morten; he's gorgeous.

Philip B.: I like Chris Stamey, especially when he was with the dB's. He sings "Ask For Jill," about a girl who will run and *hide* when you try to *confide* about what you feel *inside*. He sings about all those relationship subjects. But he doesn't make big statements about the world or the blue sky in relation to himself, the way a-ha does.

Kevin T.: I like the way Pål moves onstage with his guitar, like a marionette.

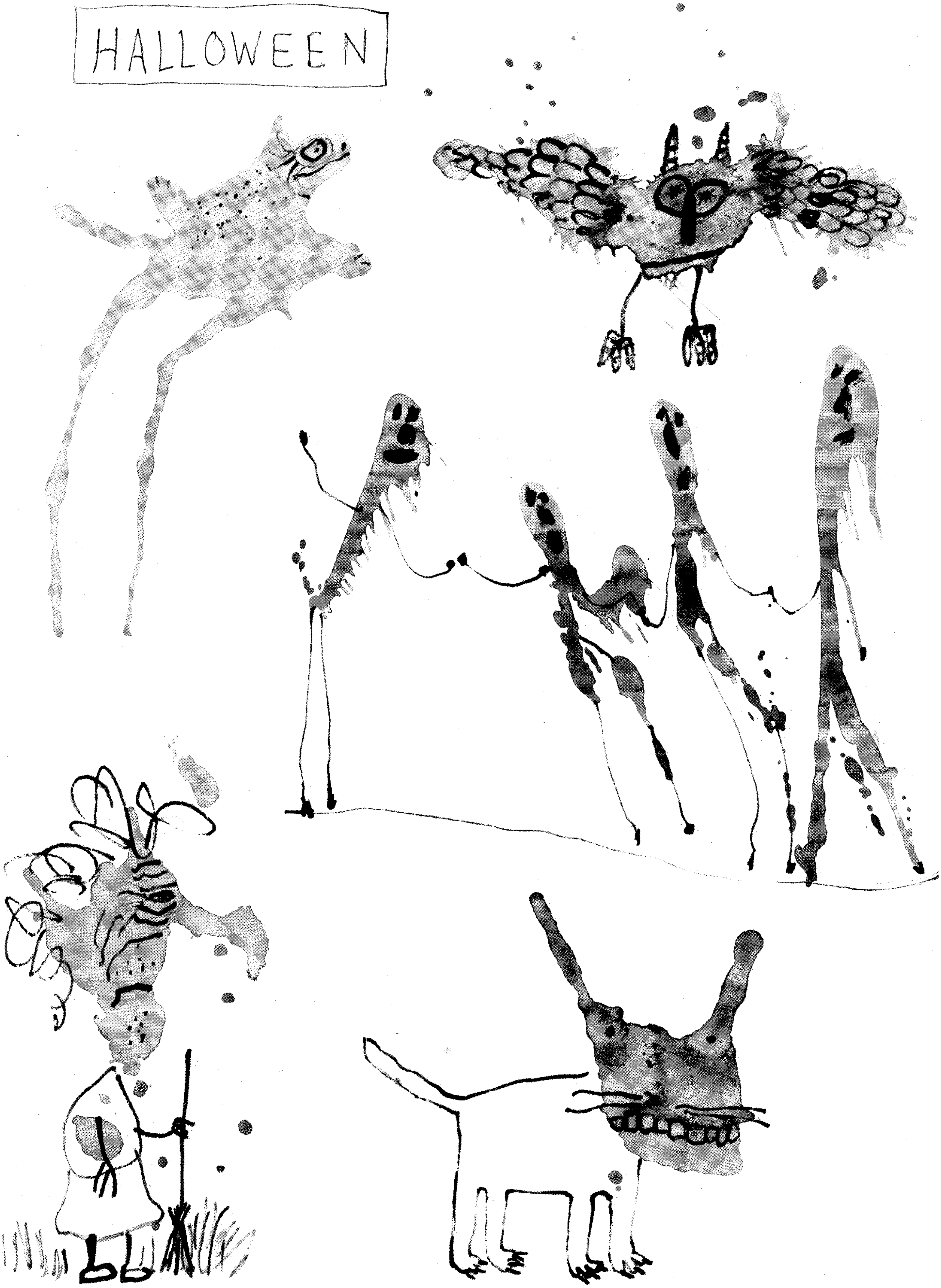
Philip B.: You can't pick up most synthesizers, jump around the stage with them, or twirl them over your head. There's no tradition behind synthesizers.

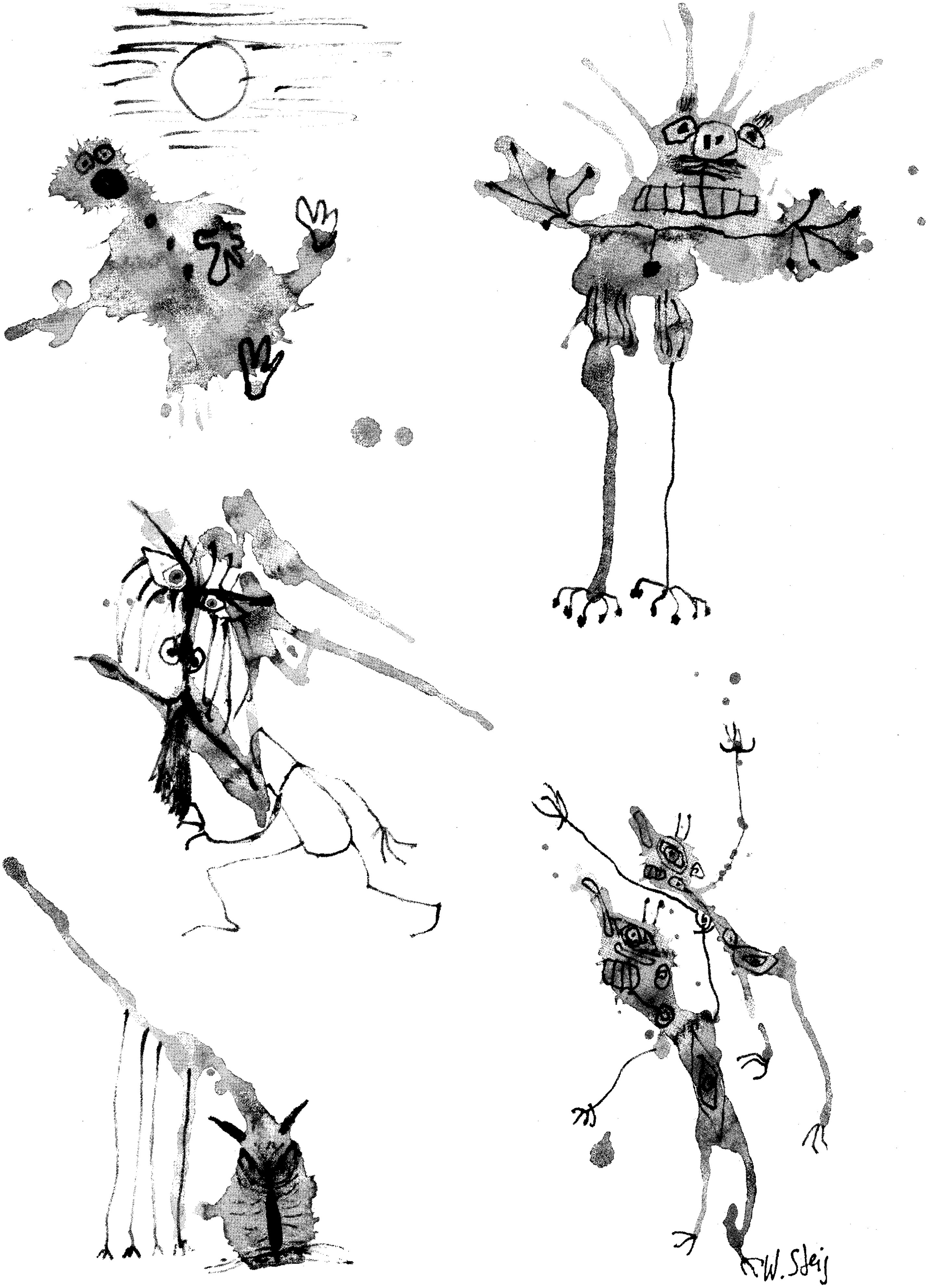
Lisa B.: Morten looks better in jeans than anybody.

Philip B.: I like the Feelies. A pop star should either dress well or dress as though he couldn't care less. On the Feelies' second album cover, they're wearing worn jeans, sweatshirts, old cardigans, basketball sneakers—stuff like that. Leather on men is tasteless to me. Also high-top sneakers, tank tops, shirts with too many buttons undone, ponytails, and sunglasses worn indoors—though a-ha wears none of that. I like the single-breasted off-white raincoat Paul Weller wears on the cover of The Style Council's first British LP, and I like ABC's jackets, ties, and loafers, and I like David Bowie's pleated beige pants on the Serious Moonlight tour of 1983. Hairwise, I like Paul Weller's long, straight hair, parted on the side. Morrissey's hair is the best—closely cropped on the side, thick on the top, and greased up a little. Well, maybe I'm like these kids here after all. Sometimes I think I don't know what I'm talking about.

Heather S.: I think Norway is the only country in the world that has synthesizers.

HALLOWEEN




W. Steig

FLAT CREEK ROAD

IT was a new house—only four years old. There was indoor plumbing—a fact of some note on Flat Creek Road—but it didn't work. Something to do with the pump, out in the well. The stones around the well had been taken down; there was just a round hole in the ground. My mother told me horrible things about that hole, and generally I stayed away from it. One day, while Mother was in the back of the house, I decided to go sneaky-peeping—to look where I wasn't supposed to look. The well was in the front yard, a few feet from the screen porch. I got down on my belly and inched across the dirt toward the hole. Even at five, I never felt completely certain of my footing, and crawling was a way of being sure I wouldn't fall now—pre-falling. I got closer and closer to the edge. Finally, very cautiously, I stretched my neck on the ground until just the top of my head and then my eyes were over the edge. The rest of my body was an anchor flat against the dirt. I looked down, saw the water, saw the bucket awash in it. That's all there was to that particular sneaky-peeping.

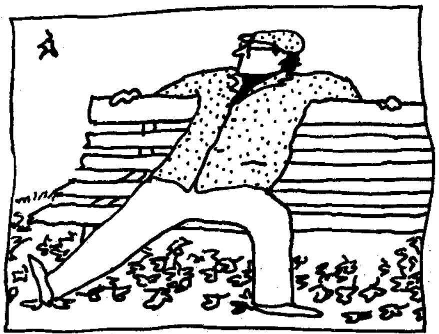
Because of the broken pump, my family needed the bucket to get the water into the house. To flush the toilet you had to pour a bucket of water into it, and somebody had to go outside and draw the water. I don't remember how we took baths. Hauling up the bucket wasn't easy. Mother did most of it. "I work like a *horse*, Teddy," she'd say to me. "Oh, Lord." Stuff like that. She seemed resigned to days of drawing water from a well. She had been the salutatorian at one of the largest high schools in Dallas. Class of '29. Her family, modestly respectable, had owned its own house. She played the lead and spoke French in the French Club play. Then she married a man who would turn out to be a drunk. There was more to him than that, but that was the gist of it. The Depression ruined all their plans. Then an uncle left her six unusable acres in East Texas, near Horace, and it was the only place they had to live. Three children and a worthless husband—not much to work with. But she was also to blame, because she didn't really seem to care. When "Gone with the Wind" was published, she told me later, she stayed up three nights in a row reading it straight through. She saw the movie, too. Scarlett said, "As God is my witness, I'll never be hungry again." But my mother, much as she admired that book—and she admired it more than any other—never said that, or anything like it. She'd say, "Oh, *damn!*" or "Pshaw!" and laugh at her own expense.

I don't know how they'd got the money to put up the new house. Some wartime windfall, I guess. My father, a construction worker, had finally begun getting jobs in various defense boomtowns—Galveston, Amarillo—and he'd be away for months at a time making fair money and sending part of it home. Before they built the house, they were living in a converted chicken house. I was born just before V-J Day, just before the new house. After the war, my father got a job doing construction work on Guam for the United States government, and was gone several years. He sent self-important letters saying his work was "secret" and he couldn't talk about it. This amused my mother. "You'd think he was building atom bombs over there."

Sometimes he sent money, apparently, and sometimes he didn't. The chicken house they had moved out of reverted to chickens, and as I got older my mother collected the eggs every day and every third day would walk down Flat Creek Road to the highway with a bushel basket in her arms. It was two and a half miles to town. She gave eggs to the A. & P. in exchange for groceries.

If money didn't arrive from my father, she'd say, "People aren't much." The same when neighbors didn't pick us up on Sunday morning to drive us to church. Or if my brother or sister let her down in some way.

SOMETHING was wrong with the way I talked. I would ask for a piece of cake, and my sister, who was fifteen, would say, "Not take, *cake!* Say cake."


d.ehrenberg

I would say it, and my sister would tell my mother, "He keeps saying 'take' for 'cake' and 'turch' for 'church.' "

"He'll get it some of these days."

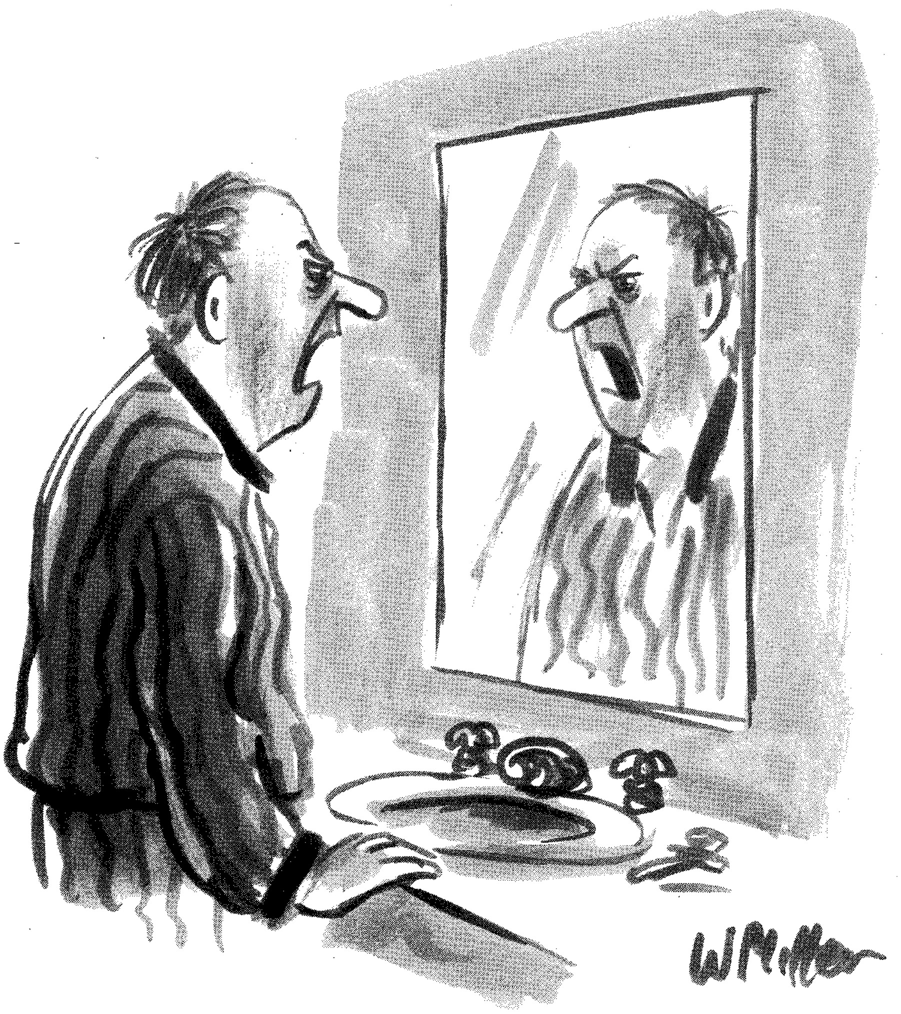
MY sister's boyfriends spent a lot of time at the house. The one I liked best was Roy. He was in his mid-twenties—a big guy who worked at the feed store in town—and he was very cheerful, always grinning in a pleasant way. He took me for a walk once. Just out into the back pasture, not far from the house. It was twilight. I guess my sister was still getting ready. He was smoking a cigarette. For some reason, I said, "God damn it to hell." It was probably something I'd heard my brother say. He was fourteen.

"Hold it, there," Roy said. He became serious. "Do you know what Hell is?"

I don't remember what I said.

"Well, you shouldn't use big words unless you know what they mean. And Hell is a big word." He bent down and held his cigarette pointed toward me. "Do you see the end of this cigarette?" he said. "See how it's glowing fiery red? See how hot it is? Well, that's what Hell is like, only it's much, much bigger—bigger even than this pasture, or even the whole town of Horace. And God is up in the sky. Sometimes you can see his face in the clouds. He has a white beard. And someday you're going to die—everybody has to die—and if you're bad God will send you to Hell, where you'll burn in pain just the way the tip of this cigarette would burn you if I were to touch your stomach with it. And you won't just burn for a little while—you'll burn forever."

Roy was ordinarily very happy-go-lucky. Other than being crazy about my sister and wanting her to marry him before she even graduated from high school, he never seemed to have much on his mind. He certainly wasn't religious. But he was serious now, and his seriousness impressed me. Today I wonder what was going on in his mind that he would talk that way to a child. Maybe somebody had once talked that way to him. Maybe he thought that by marrying my sister he would become my father, since my father was away. (This prospect thrilled me.) Maybe he was just killing time waiting for my sister.



"For God's sake, shape up! Is that the face of a power broker?"

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Roy had another claim to fame. One morning I woke up and pulled open my clothes drawer in my mother's bureau and found it filled with kittens. Fiddlesticks, the mother, was with them. I yelled, "Mama, come look!"

"Well, I'll be," she said. "You can keep 'em for a while."

That afternoon, my sister took the kittens out of the bureau drawer and put them in a milk box on the screen porch. As they grew, they began to climb out of the box. Eventually, they climbed through a tear in the screen. I was always afraid one of them would fall into the well hole. My favorite was a nearly all-white kitten. My brother named her: Snow Cup. The upshot of all this is that one day when Roy came to pick up my sister and was backing his car around the side of the house one of his tires crushed Snow Cup. Because of that, my sister broke up with him. For a while, my mother would see his car going down Flat Creek Road—an out-of-the-way place for him—but he never stopped.

MY mother had a thin face, but to me she seemed unusually beautiful. She was nearly forty then. She looked fifty or fifty-five. Later, relatives said she did all the aging in her life between thirty-five and forty. After that, she was so far ahead she didn't have to age anymore. She didn't seem to mind that her face was wrinkled. Her smile carried her through, I guess. When we went to church, and she was wearing her good dress, with shoulder pads, and her hair was carefully braided, she'd smile and laugh at the breakfast social after the service, but sometimes it wasn't her real smile. These socials were a big deal to her. Being with the ladies. There she didn't seem beautiful. She'd be edgy, and she'd snap at us.

ONE day, while I was standing on the screen porch looking at the trees down by the creek, I must have turned blue. I wasn't aware of it. My sister called for my mother to come quick.

"He looks pale," my mother said. "I can't see that he's blue."

"Well, he *was* blue," my sister said.

"Maybe he hasn't been eating. I'll get some hungry medicine at the store tomorrow."

The next day, my mother opened a bottle of brown syrup and held out a teaspoonful for me to swallow. "This don't taste good, but it's mighty good for you," she said. "It's a special medicine that'll make you hungry, so you'll have some appetite." The medicine had a bad taste.

FLAT CREEK ROAD had a blacktop surface. In the summer you couldn't really walk on it, because the tar burned your bare feet. In other seasons, it was good and hard. Somebody from the church had dropped off an outgrown tricycle, and for a long time I rode it in the house and on the screen porch while my mother sat in the kitchen during the day. When she began to take the eggs to town, after I turned five, I suddenly had more opportunities. I would drag the tricycle across the sand—our driveway, which was fifty or sixty yards, consisted of two ruts in the sand—and set it on the edge of the road and climb on it and pedal back and forth. People driving by would stop and chew me out, and I'd promise to stay off the road, but I didn't have to keep those promises. Considering that it was a country road, cars came down it fairly fast, but they always slowed when they saw me. I got to where I could hear them way back before they came into sight.

One day, a neighbor visited and chatted with my mother awhile and said, "I wouldn't let him play in the road if I was you."

I was annoyed that she was telling my mother this.

Mother took my side. "Well, he'll be starting first grade next year and catching the bus to school. He has to learn."

SHE must have done a lot of chores—hauling water, tending chickens—but she didn't do them early in the morning. She had to sit and have her coffee and smoke cigarettes for a couple of hours before she was awake enough to start wondering what needed to be done. She was a nighttime farmer, and was more likely to be feeding the chickens when the sun was

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT EACH OTHER

In the next room my youngest daughter
is practicing the piano. I don't know why
that halting scale has made me think
of writing to you, after so many years.
Isn't it always the weather one begins with?
Here there is still a little color left,
the bronze of the oaks, pale yellows
of the lesser trees. Three or four
warm days in October are what we believe
we're entitled to, but that turned into a week,
then another, until we felt blessed
and disconcerted. Today the children and I
discovered a small patch of ice
and we were excited to have found it,
bright and brittle, full of shapes.
I walked them out to the bus stop;
they ran on ahead, and back to me.
It was one of those mornings
when you feel the season change, and you think
tomorrow you'll have it again
even more keenly. I remembered others.
I thought of how, looking a long way back,
I expect always to uncover some personal design
in everything. And so it's there,
by chance, by mistake, by necessity.
All the moments that might have gone differently
become the scraps of stories I run through
while falling asleep, so similar
in their melancholy heroism, their few
predictable cruelties. For all I know
you may have given up thinking about me.
For all you know I may have died,
a sudden, tragic illness, or perhaps
the time my car spun out of control on the ice.
What they say is true—everything slows down
to a long arc, and though you do the right
or the wrong thing with the wheel, whichever
way you're supposed to turn it, the car
goes on as if you'd been abandoned, or released.
So there was an odd disappointment
plowing into that snowbank, the snap
of the seat belts telling me I was safe,
then the stupid difficulties of getting out.
Later, I could afford to be afraid,
when it didn't matter. Then I just stood there,
looking around me at the fields
and a small grove of pine trees
where snow was sliding off the heavy branches
very quietly and very slowly. That whole scene
was so sharp and certain, so *new*, I thought
I should feel as if I'd been given a second life.
Then would I decide to write to you,
hoping to explain how often I'd wished this
or that day had gone differently, and you or I
had spoken as we never did?
Now she's moved on to a song, "Waltz"
or "The Three Boatmen." You'd laugh
to think it was a song at all,
but inside those stiff, hesitant repetitions
I can hear the melody she's after. What we know
or don't know about each other—it doesn't matter,
except that I've moved beyond these careful inventions,
beyond the glittery trash and souvenirs of memory.
And that young woman you saw this morning
hurrying out of the library, fastening her coat,
looked like me only for a moment. There was
ice on the pathway, the sweet possibility
of snow in the air, all of the necessary
appearances of change—and yet the life
you've taken up to make this letter
could not be my life, just as this voice
was never mine, nor even yours.

—Lawrence Raab

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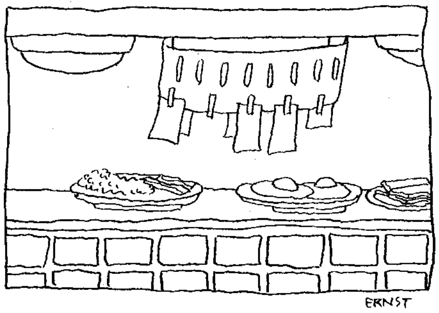
going down than when it was coming up. In my memory, she was always sitting in the kitchen smoking a cigarette and drinking coffee. There was an old upholstered chair there, my favorite chair of all we had—the pink fabric was torn, and the cotton stuffing could be pulled out and then pushed back in again. The chair sat right in the middle of the kitchen floor, where a table would ordinarily have been. She drank coffee all day long. Years later she told me, "I was twenty-seven years old before I tasted my first cup of coffee. That was the first day of my life, really."

OUR house was surrounded by huge pastures that we didn't own. Some of them had been neglected and were grown over with brush. One of the neglected fields had been an orchard, and was filled with gnarled plum trees. Those trees were easy to climb, and I'd get right to the top. Once or twice, my foot got caught in a fork in the branches and I had to wait until somebody came to find me. I always had to watch out for bull nettles—a plant that was a delicacy, provided somebody older was around to cut it open for you. I was afraid of bull nettles, because every time I got near them I would fall on them and get stuck all over with needles. I also liked something called sour dock; it had a long, grooved stem that you could insert gradually into your mouth and chew on a bite at a time. It had a lot of flavor.



I began to go farther and farther from the house. The fields that weren't neglected were planted with corn or watermelons. The summer I turned five, I probably cracked open one green watermelon for every day of the summer until, in what must have been July, I found a red one. There was nothing illicit about this. There were so many watermelons in those fields that it didn't make any difference. The cornfields weren't very interesting in early summer, but they became wonderful in July. In the beginning, I had to bend over to hide in them, but by July the stalks were taller than I was, and I could walk around in the rows until I was almost dizzy, and finally emerge with no sense at all of what side of the field I was on or even where the house was.

Once when this happened, I was completely bewildered. I was so far away, so deep in the pastures, that I couldn't hear cars on the road. I needed to find the road in order to find our house. I set off in what I thought was the direction of the road. I came to a pasture I'd never seen before. A farm machine stood in the middle of it. As I bent over to step through the barbed-wire fence, I ripped my shirt. After I got clear of the fence, I could see that the farm machine was an old plow, with rusted red disks and a bicycle-type seat without upholstery—a plow meant to be dragged behind a horse, I think. It was overturned—the seat post and the hitch formed a sort of V in the air. I remember thinking, Nobody wants this plow. It could be mine. If I had a horse, I could plow with it.

"Sweetheart, do we still watch 'Falcon Crest'?"

I started walking again. I saw an animal on the ground—a dead fox. Ants were crawling all over its head and back. It had been dead a long time. It was just a bunch of fur, really. I thought, It looks like it's still a fox but it's not still a fox. Something strange began happening to me, and I had to stop. I sat down in the dirt. I had lost my breath. After a while, I felt better.

Now I knew where I was. I was at the lake—a lake that we passed every time we went down Flat Creek Road—but I was at the wrong end of it. The road was clear across on the other side. The lake had dozens of fingers; its shore was jagged and sometimes marshy. Getting around it took me nearly the whole afternoon. At one spot, three bamboo fishing poles were stuck in the mud at the edge of the water. The corks on their lines floated on the surface. But no one was around. In the shade of a willow was a shiny tin washtub. It was filled with water, and two fish were alive in it.

I MAKE us sound poor, but there were niceties. We had a piano, for instance. I don't know if it was any good—it was an upright, in my sister's bedroom—but it was apparently in tune, because my sister used it for voice practice. She wanted to be an opera singer, and a woman in town who had had formal training gave her voice lessons in return for babysitting and housecleaning. At home, my sister would strike a note on the piano and sing up and down a scale.

There had once been a fancy dog in the household—a Sealyham terrier that my grandfather, a fire-truck salesman who served as judge at all the bigger Texas dog shows, had given the family years before. The dog's name was Blink, and everybody talked about it a lot, but it had run off before I was old enough to remember it.

My brother had rifles. One of them had a telescopic sight. During the summers, he worked for nearby farmers loading watermelons into trucks. When he was paid, he would go buy ammunition and stand out behind the house and shoot. He was handy with machinery.

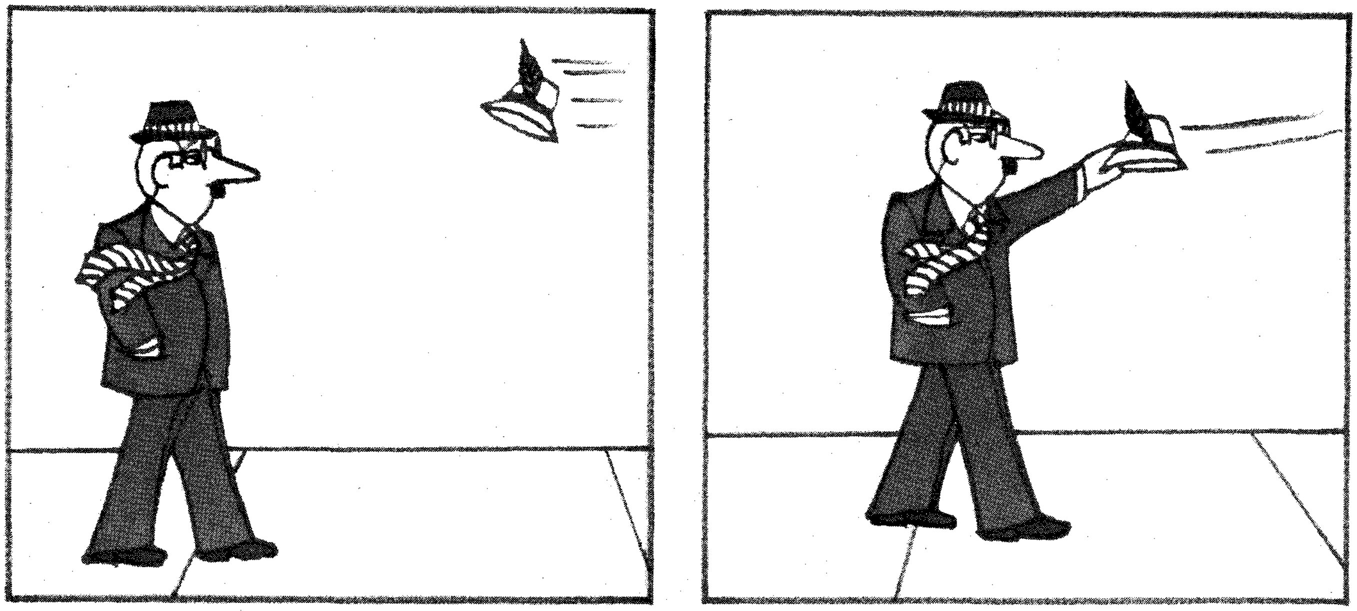
My mother had two Hummel dolls: a boy playing a violin and a girl sitting against a truncated tree. They were on a small corner shelf in the living room, out of my reach.

We had electricity. There was a radio in the living room. But I also remember coal-oil lamps. Maybe there were times when the service was cut off. The smell of the oil was rich and filled the room. These lamps were always being tinkered with: the wicks needed constant attention. But the light was extraordinary. If the lamp was in a corner, the shadow of the glass made a statuesque pattern on the walls and ceiling. Other corners became dark and inviting.

Years later, in talking about this period, I asked my sister if she and my brother had realized that we were poor.

She answered, "What do you think?"

ONE day, I decided to make poison. I went first to the dump. This was a large, lion-trap-size pit back beyond the chicken house. Every year, my brother would cover the hole over with dirt and dig another. As a hole became filled, its sides would erode, so that I could climb in and out. It contained mostly tin cans and broken glass, and it was blinding—reflecting an entire sky of sunshine. I



was looking for a container of some kind. What I found was a huge, lidless mayonnaise jar—it must have been something meant for a diner or a school lunchroom. The neck was extremely wide. I picked the jar up and held it against my chest and climbed out of the pit. Then I looked back and saw some coffee grounds in a soggy paper bag. I went back for them and put them in the jar.

I set the jar down by the entrance to the chicken house and stepped in. This was scary. The chickens flew all around, flapping their wings and squawking. I never liked being around the chickens. I reached in amid the fluttering and grabbed two eggs for my jar.

I went into the house. "Mama, can I have some baking soda?"

She was sitting in the chair. "You making poison?"

"Yes."

"There's no baking soda. It's all gone."

I walked outside and began looking around. On the way to the creek was an old tractor shed that my brother used as a garage for his car. He had bought a shot two-seater Chevrolet for five dollars and persuaded a friend to tow it to our house. He worked on it all the time, visiting junk yards to look for parts. It had a rumble seat, which I liked to sit in, and an engine crank, which I couldn't turn. What caught my attention now was a red tin gas can. The can made a swishing noise when I tilted it. I tried to wiggle it and shake it, but it was too heavy. Pouring some of the gas—or kerosene, or coal oil, or whatever it was—into the mayonnaise jar wouldn't be easy. It must have occurred to me to put my thumb in the pouring spout of the can to get a better grip. In any case, that's what I did, and when I moved the can my thumb suddenly hurt. I tried to pull it out but couldn't, and blood seemed to be flowing upward, all over my hand.

The shed was some distance from the house. I don't know how long I shouted. Suddenly my mother was there. "Don't pull on it!" she said. "Let me try to get it out." She took my hand in her fingers and pushed down on the skin at the base of my thumb and tried to work it out. The blood just got worse—the tin of the spout, which had appeared so rounded and smooth and safe, was simply curled under; the part you couldn't see was broken in jagged points. "I can't get it," she said. "Hold on. Now, don't move it. Stand stock-still!"

She ran to the house and returned with some rags from under the sink and knotted them around my hand. She opened the main cap on the gas can and somehow held me and the can in such a way that the fuel spilled out on the ground. She picked me up and lifted me over her shoulder with one arm while she held the empty can with the other. She carried me out to the road and began walking toward the Tyler highway, nearly a mile away. You took the Tyler highway to get to Horace. It also led, in the opposite direction, to Tyler, but Tyler was so far away I'd never been there. She had to stop and put me down every little while. There were other houses along the road—neighbors, people we knew, including the woman who had mentioned my playing in the road—but my mother didn't stop at any of those houses. The lake shone blue.

Where Flat Creek Road met the highway that went to Horace, there was a big clay pit—a huge pit, as big as a farm, a place I'd always wanted to play in, with hard red earth and water-filled craters and mountainlike peaks and caves. An old steam shovel was parked in the pit, but you almost never saw anybody working there. On the other side of the road was Tilson's trailer park—another dreamy place for me, because the people there lived close together, in houses that could roll on wheels from town to town. Lots of children lived in the trailer park; I'd always noticed them whenever we went past on the way to church.

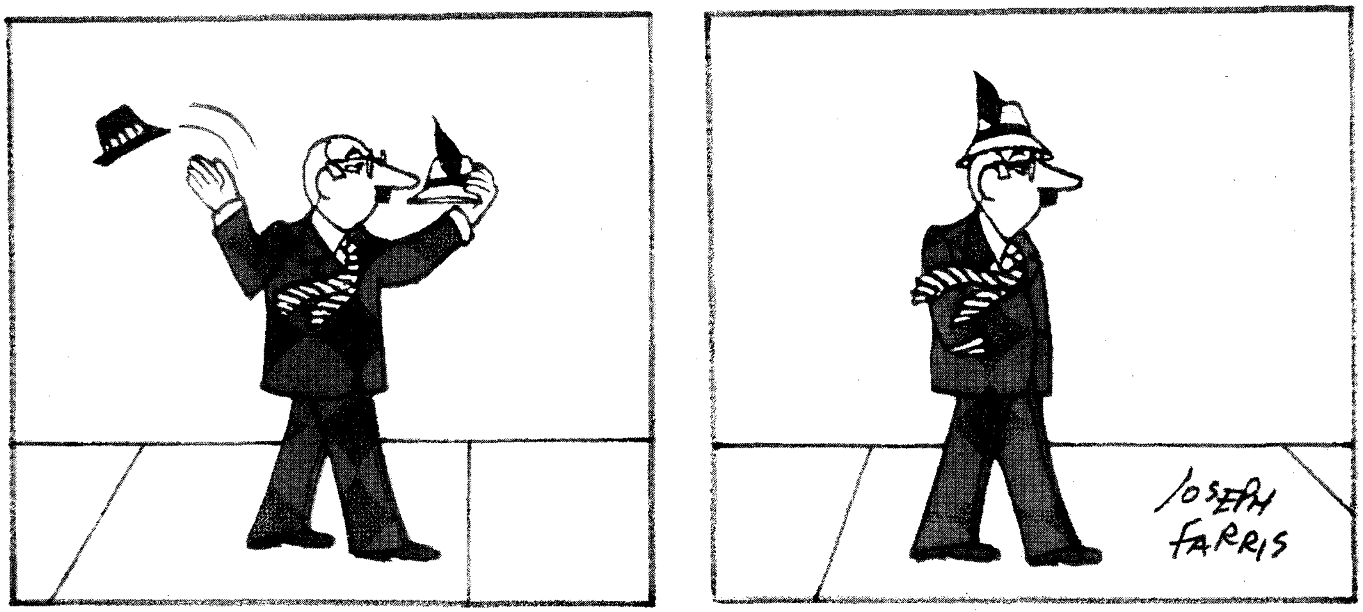
My mother set me down on the shoulder of the highway. "We're going to Dr. Hart's," she said.

"Where's Dr. Hart's, Mama?"

"On the Palestine highway."

That highway, which led from Horace to the town of Palestine (pronounced Palesteen), was on the other side of Horace. We would have to walk all the way through town. (I doubt if I understood this. All I probably knew was that town was someplace most people drove to, not walked to.)

A car pulled over. It belonged to Roy, my sister's old boyfriend. "Need some help?" he said. "Goodness gracious! Cain't get it off? Let me drop you at the doctor's." (As a result of this coincidence, my sister began going out with Roy again, and they went



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off to Oklahoma one weekend and secretly got married.)

MY love for my mother was absolute. It had no qualifications; nothing was held back. I loved her for every aspect of her nature. She was mindless of discipline, so there were practically no hard feelings between us—almost none of the hard feelings that ordinarily occur between a parent and a young child. I loved her for everything: for the way she wore her clothes, the way she drew water from the well, the way she said, putting an old horse collar around her neck, "If I'm going to *work* like a horse, I might as well *look* like one." (Years later, someone told me that that was a line from a Ma and Pa Kettle movie; my mother had probably seen it at the Dixie, on the square in town.) I loved her for the way I could persuade her to let me do things; if I kept at something long enough, she'd always give in. The freedom she gave me was a bond of our love, not a cause for sadness. Little as I knew about other families and other lives, I was vaguely aware, even then, that this was something special between us. Other kids in other families had to mind, and had to be in the house at suppertime and had to go to bed at a certain hour every night, but I didn't have to do any of those things. It's true I carried in my head a picture of a large house in town. It was a three-story house, with stairs, and through the windows you could see that the lights were turned on in every room. And on the stairs—softly carpeted stairs—kids, lots of kids, my age and maybe just a little older, played games in their pajamas while their mother and father, in fancy dressing gowns, stood by and gave encouragement. That house was a house of play. But the image of that house was a vague image. I really didn't know enough about such houses to pine for them. I knew that my days were very long and very boring—at home alone with my mother, my brother and sister not due until the afternoon school bus, if they chose to come home. I wanted lots of things that I couldn't have; the world outside came to me in scraps, in pages from the Sears catalogue—people in dressing gowns, kids on swing sets. But whatever I lacked, and knew that I lacked, I loved my mother. I never had bad thoughts about my mother. At least, that's how it seemed then and how I remember it now. I never thought, Mother's wrong, or Mother should have done this, or Mother shouldn't have done that. I never thought, as most children apparently do from time to time, I hate my mother.

DR. HART undid the rags and tried, gently, to work the thumb out. There was a large brown spot on the back of one of his hands. He spoke to his nurse: "Joyce, let's let you run over to Tom's"—a service station—"and ask him to give us some tin cutters or wire cutters. And a hacksaw." Then he turned to my mother. "How long has it been like this?"

"About an hour or so," my mother said.

"How come it took so long to get him here?"

"Well, I had to walk most of the way."

"Why didn't you call?"

"Phone's out."

"You couldn't ask a neighbor?"

My mother's voice took on a defensive tone. "I *carried* him here," she said.

When the nurse returned with the tools, the doctor took the hacksaw and began sawing through the spout on the gas can. After it was separated, he took the wire cutters and began cutting up from the base of the spout toward my thumb. It took him a long time. "I only like"—lack—"a few snips more," he said.

He washed my hand off under a faucet—it burned, and I told him so—and put in some stitches. He must have given me a local anesthetic, because I don't remember the stitches hurting. In any case, he had a very reassuring voice and he kept telling me that there was only a little bit more and it would all be over. He promised me an ice-cream cone if I would just hold still.

When he was finished and the thumb was bandaged, he told my mother, "I might as well look him over while he's here. I know you don't have a chance to get in that often."

"I don't really have any money, Dr. Hart."

"Don't worry about that."

Once more he fixed his entire attention upon me. "Open up your mouth, bub. Say *ahhh*. I guarantee that this won't hurt." He meant the tongue depressor.

Then he said, abruptly and not to

me, "How long has he been like this?"

"About an hour," my mother said again.

"I mean in here. Just look in here! Keep it open, boy—it's all right. Can't you see? His whole throat has filled with adenoids. Adenoids and tonsils. They've blown up like a balloon in there. No wonder he can't talk right. I've never seen anything like it. I'm surprised he can draw breath."

"I DON'T know *how* it happened," my sister said not long ago. She meant this whole period of impoverishment. She was driving me from the airport to the funeral home in Dallas where my mother's body was. Two years after my sister married Roy, she had left him and gone to the junior college in Horace and then to T.C.U., where she paid her tuition by working nights as a switchboard operator at the telephone company. She is now a professor of English literature. We weren't going to have a funeral. My brother, who lives in Oregon, couldn't come down.

"What can I say?" she went on. "We should have known better, but we didn't, that's all. I was just a fifteen-year-old kid. I suspected things weren't right, but what did I know? It was Mother who should have known. But she didn't. She just tuned it all out. She didn't want to face up to it."

"Come on, that was an incredibly hard life," I said.

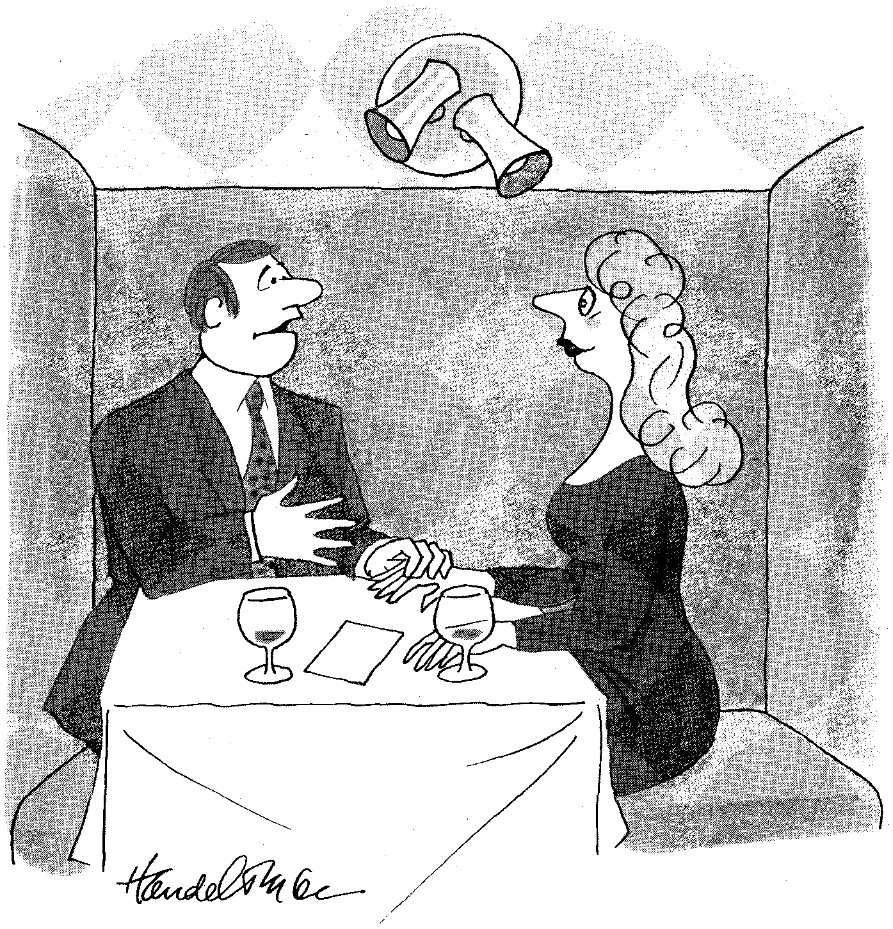
"She could have done something about it. She could have found a job in town. She could have divorced him and looked around for somebody else. Found a provider. My God, we were her kids."

DR. HART said, "He's got to go to Tyler to have all this removed. He has to go right now."

"All the way to Tyler?" my mother said. "Well, I can't take him. I'll get Dad to come down from Dallas and drive him." She meant my grandfather.

"No, he has to go right now, I'm afraid. I'll call Skip Cousins, over in the courthouse. He'll make the arrangements."

"I don't want that," my mother said. "I don't want the Welfare mixed up in it."



"I made a straightforward proposal, Moira, and all I ask is a linear response."

"You *must* agree to this." He picked up the phone.

"Thank you and goodbye!" my mother said.

Outside, she began talking to me. "Let's don't go by the square," she said. "Let's take a side street." She said a lot of other things—things I didn't really get.

To walk from the Palestine highway, on one side of the square, to the Tyler highway, on the other, without crossing the square itself involved a circuitous route. I didn't mind, because as my mother kept talking I began to realize something: if I asked her questions, she would answer in great detail and with obvious sincerity.

I asked her who she loved more—me, my brother, or my sister.

"Why, *you!* You're my *baby* boy. And, truly, I don't think much of them, either one."

I asked her why she was mad at the doctor.

"He's a big shot. Tried to high-hat us. Wants them to take you to Tyler and cut your tonsils out. Put you in with the polio kids."

I asked her if I would ever burn in Hell.

"Son, you might. But you shouldn't study it. If it's going to happen, it's going to happen."

Later, on the highway, a sheriff's car pulled up. The sheriff walked over and stood talking to my mother. He wore a gun, but he was not unfriendly. In a few minutes, a gray jeep with a canvas top pulled up. It belonged to the county, and a man and a woman got out. The man was heavy-faced and wore a white straw hat and a double-breasted suit. The sheriff called him Skip. The woman, who was a little older, was an assistant of some kind. She was thin and had a tight, pinched face. They were the Welfare. Both were gloomy; both wore pained expressions. They began telling my mother why I had to go to Tyler. I hid, enfolded in her skirts. The more they said, the more I loved her.

—JOHN BENNET

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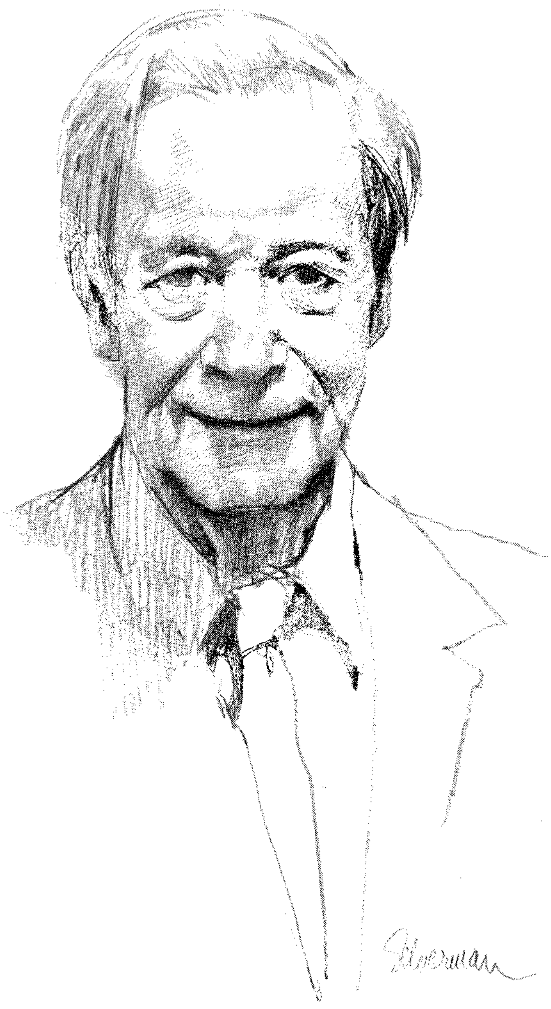
BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*Burt Solomon in the National Journal*]

This geography boomlet, piggybacking on the "back to basics" movement, is spearheaded by the National Geographic Society, which likely will spend $4 million next year to goad it along.

PROFILES

HISTORIAN



Sir Steven Runciman

I AM drawn to objects of history. I love having on my desk, on shelves, in drawers so I come across them unexpectedly, the handle of an amphora, a rusty key, a shell casing—stilled moments but moments that if they were put in motion by proper study would expand into years, decades, centuries. I can imagine, for example, a little silver box incised with a double-headed eagle as the inspiring center of a vast historical work.

The house of Sir Steven Runciman is like a beautiful provincial museum. I'm reminded of one in Cortona, Italy, where you are surprised to come across a glass case of small Egyptian faience statuettes, and you wonder how they ever got to a Tuscan hill town. You know there had to be a special reason, but only the informed visitor would know (as I was told) that there was in the eighteenth century in Cortona an Etruscan Academy, which saw links between the Etruscan cult of the dead and the Egyptian. Everything in Sir Steven's house is there for a reason of more than personal taste, or so I imagine; his collection, certainly, is there for historical reasons, though gaining the knowledge it would take to make sense of the presence of the Regency table harp, the Javanese one-stringed instrument, and the nose flute from Borneo, all propped in a corner of a room in a small castle in the Lowlands of Scotland, would require a lecture from him.

I suspect that the knowledge someone like Sir Steven has of his possessions is esoteric and cannot be communicated to people who are uninitiated. Wandering about his house while he works in his study, I stop to look at his eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century music boxes—one with a small mechanical elephant wearing pince-nez and pumping a bellows, another with a monkey with a lace ruff and cuffs and a wig playing a sprung harp—and I wonder why Sir Steven has them. He is not, I think, against being taken as someone who'd have such things for mysterious reasons; but what is odd is that the things make you consider not the mysteries of him as a person but the mysteries of history, of which he is a great keeper.

I ask him about a hubble-bubble, a water pipe of green glass with flowers painted on it.

"Do you really want to hear?" he says.

I'm not sure he isn't a little annoyed.

We are having tea in the drawing room. It is September, and the sunlight on the lawn, seen through the glass doors, is long. Sir Steven sits at the edge of his chair, his legs turned to the side, as if he were in a narrow space. He doesn't look at me as he talks, but at the walls of the room, and he smokes a thin cigarillo.

"When I went to Istanbul, in 1942, to teach Byzantine history at the university, I was allotted a handsome young lady to be my translator and assistant," he told me. "Her family, the Karaçalarlis, had been old, established tobacco magnates in Kavalla when it was Turkish. She was related, in the female line, to the founder of the line of the Egyptian khedives. Some generations before, a husband and wife—ancestors of those tobacco people in Kavalla—had an only daughter, admirably well endowed financially but not physically, and when she was married off to the son of a neighboring tobacco king and he unveiled her he couldn't face it, so an Albanian adventurer, having heard the story, went to the father and said, 'It's a good dowry, I'll take her on,' and he did, and they were the parents of Muhammad Ali, the first khedive of Egypt. For a long time, the Egyptian government kept up the house where he was born in Kavalla. Kavalla, as you must know, was transferred earlier in the century from the Turks to the Greeks, and all the Turks had to leave. The Karaçalarli family in Kavalla had always rather despised their relatives in Egypt. Muhammad Ali had assigned them large lands in Egypt, but they never bothered to go to Egypt or do anything about the land. It was only at the exchange of populations between Turkey and Greece, in 1922, that the Kavalla cousins remembered their rich cousins in Egypt. But it was too late. Everything had gone by default. They had to go to Istanbul."

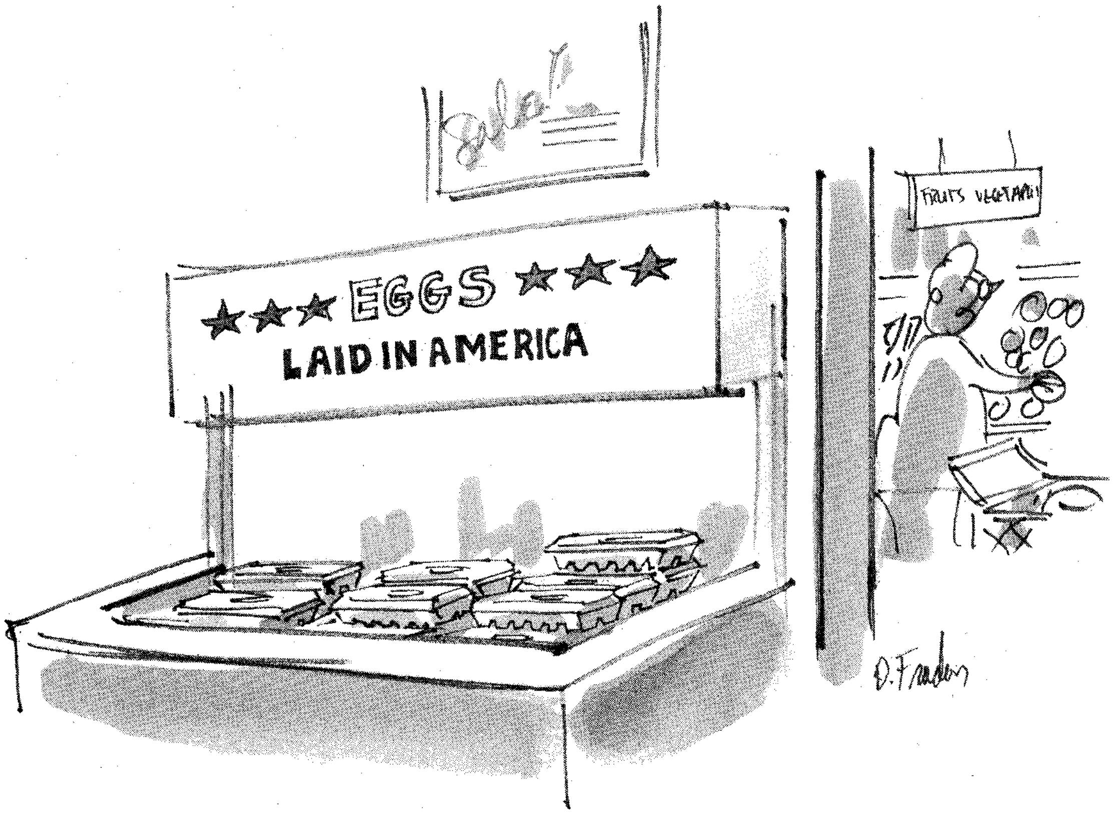
Sir Steven continued, "Her uncle was a great friend of Atatürk. Atatürk came to the house once while she was studying, and he asked her what she was studying, and she said, 'Old Hittite.' Atatürk wanted to prove the Turks Hittites. He said, 'It's just like old Turkish, isn't it?' She said, 'No, it's much more like Old Armenian.' The family were aghast. Atatürk giggled, and said, 'You know, sometimes I think I'll have to prove the Armenians

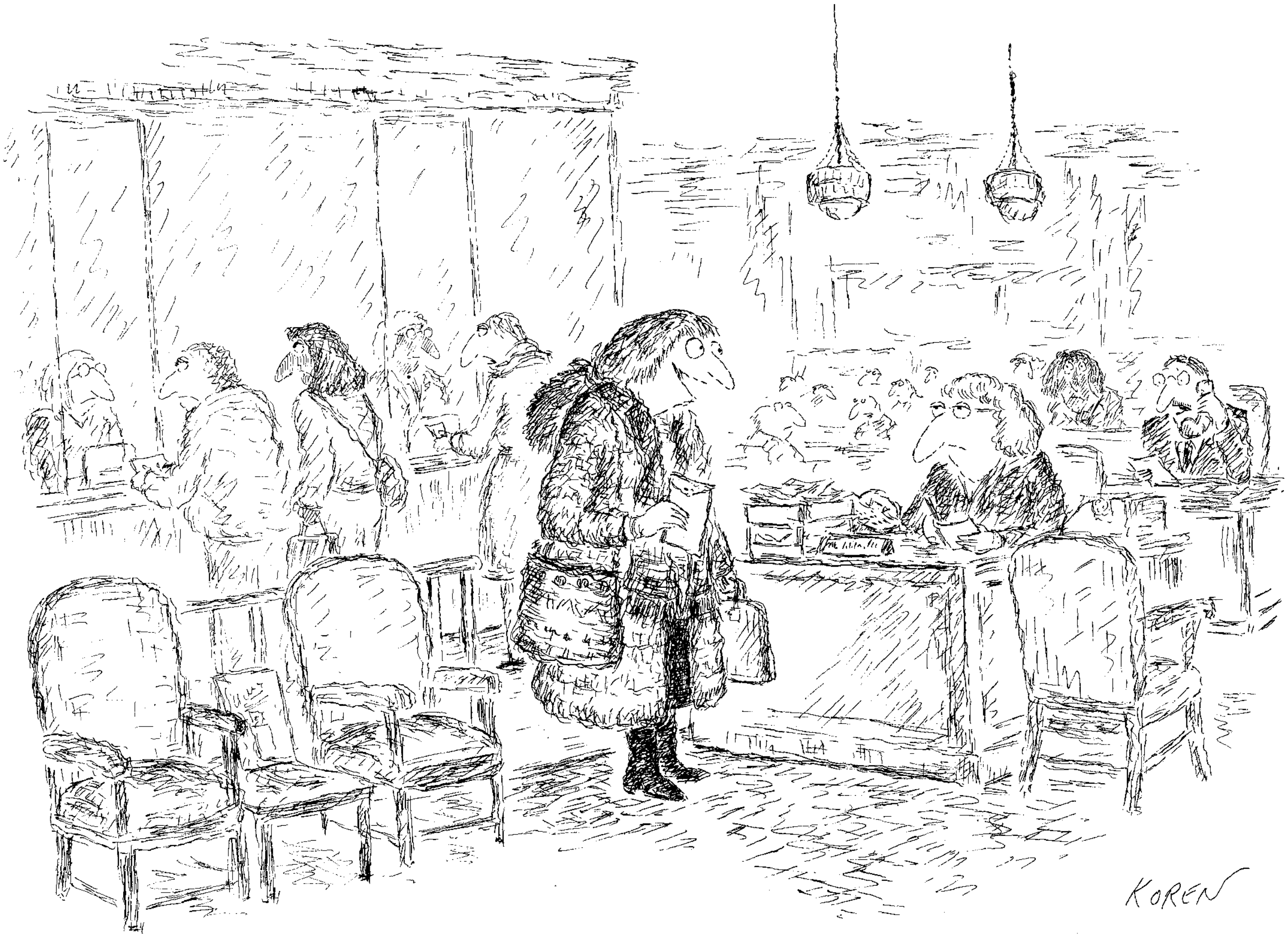
Turks.' She was a bright girl. She was married to His Highness the Çelebi Effendi. Of course, he wasn't allowed to use his title in Turkey, but he was the hereditary head of the whirling dervishes—the Mevlevi dervishes—descended in a direct male line from the founder, the great philosopher Jalal ad-Din ar-Rumi. Before the sultanate was abolished, in 1922, the whirling dervishes had a great many establishments all over Turkey, and, indeed, the hereditary head was one of the chief people in the Ottoman regime. He had to gird the sultan with the Sword of Islam, even though the Mevlevi dervishes were considered a little heretical, a little bit too tolerant, by strict Islamic standards. Then, with the revolution, Atatürk secularized and annexed all the Mevlevi establishments in Turkey and banned the use of titles. So the Çelebi Effendi moved to Syria and settled in Aleppo, where he still had his tekke, or monastery. Just before the Second World War, the Turks managed to force the French, who were then in charge of Syria, to yield the province around Antioch to Turkey. The Syrians were furious, and turned out all Turkish citizens living in Syria, including the Çelebi Effendi. He had to go back to Turkey and live there as a private citizen. He was out of touch with all his remaining establishments in Syria and Aleppo, and, of course, the war made him even more out of touch."

Sir Steven paused, and then said, "As he was the husband of my assistant, I saw him quite often. The first time I dined with them, he said that if I could smoke a hubble-bubble without being sick he'd give it to me. And there it is. Not a very beautiful one, as hubble-bubbles go. One day, he died, quite suddenly, leaving by an earlier marriage a son of sixteen, who was the heir. This was toward the end of the war, the beginning of 1944. The boy, in order to be accepted as head of the Mevlevi, had to go round the various establishments and have his knee kissed. That was the proper ceremony. But how could a boy of sixteen, in war conditions, get a visa to enter Syria? The Free French were in occupation, and I had a friend among them, Count Stanislas Ostrorog, who was of a Polish family that, in the eighteen-forties, had fled from Russia to settle in Istanbul. They had one of the most beautiful houses on the Bosporus, where Stanislas's elder brother lived, married to a daughter of Sir Basil Zaharoff, the arms magnate. Sorry for all these details. I had stayed with Stanislas in Damascus before the war, when he was the *Résident* there, and I knew he would understand, because he was interested in things like the whirling dervishes. I wrote to him. The immediate result: a huge envelope came back to the boy, addressed—never before had he been addressed like this—to 'Son Altesse le Çelebi Effendi,' with the visa and everything. So off he was able to go to Syria, blessing me. And when I followed, on leave, a month or so later, at every station a delegation of whirling dervishes came to greet me. They asked me if I would like them to dance for me, and I made them dance at Aleppo and Homs. I thought that perhaps twice was enough. Anyhow, they all said, 'You see, you are one of us.'

"In Istanbul, they were started up as a tourist attraction, which is really monstrous—like turning the Mass on in the cinema. We real ones consider this indecent. We don't approve. But we are in a very bad way, because the Syrians decided to close the tekke in Syria. One had a wonderful international situation—the Turkish government suing the Syrian for annexing the property of Turkish citizens, though they'd done it themselves several years before! Practically no tekke is dancing still. I'm not sure if the one in Cyprus dances."

What was extraordinary to me about this story was that each sentence could have gone off in a different direction, in time and space—and Sir Steven did travel off in the different directions for a while before he brought himself back to his story. And it *was* a story, the suspense sustained by one's wondering what would happen, not just because of the unexpected events but because of the unexpected connections the events made with history. I asked myself if the young Çelebi Effendi would be able to get out of Turkey to have his knee kissed; then I asked myself, with a greater degree of wonder, how it would happen historically. That I did not know, as Sir Steven seemed to have expected me to, that, for example, Kavalla had been Turkish added to my innocent wonder. I found it amazing that the boy saved the Mevlevi because of events that brought together in Istanbul a Polish count from Russia and a Scottish historian. The many worlds referred to—Turkish, Greek, Egyptian, Albanian, Hittite, Armenian,





"Is there someone here who is sensitive to the banking needs of women?"

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French, Syrian, Polish, Russian—were connected at odd points, so I was drawn in with expectations of the even more unexpected.

Of course, Sir Steven didn't mythologize when he told the story. He stated the names of people and places and the dates. To me, the story was suffused with the otherworldliness of the exotic because of my ignorance. But, as attractive as this suffused glow was, I was attracted more to the facts, because I was sure that if I knew enough of the facts some total awareness of the complex world would be revealed to me. Sir Steven made me think I should give up reading fiction to read only history, and I understood the people who do.

I asked, "What was Sir Basil Zaharoff, the arms magnate, doing in Istanbul?"

He waved a hand. "Another time."

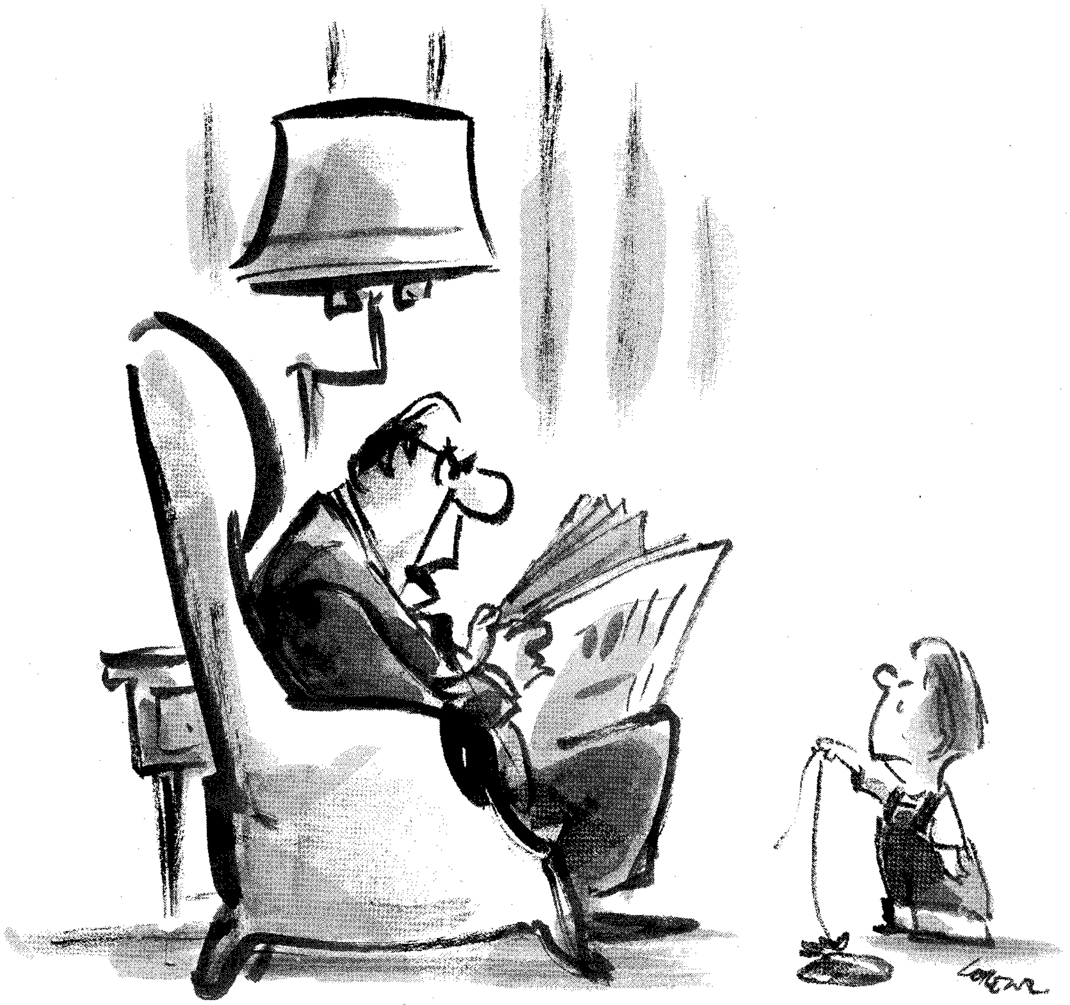
In his historical writing, Sir Steven tells stories. His three-volume "A History of the Crusades" begins, "On a February day in the year A.D. 638 the Caliph Omar entered Jerusalem, riding upon a white camel. He was dressed in worn, filthy robes, and the army that followed him was rough and unkempt; but its discipline was perfect." Considered in itself as writing, Sir Steven's prose is characterized by the use of the unexpected image to vivify an episode (he never uses metaphor): the white camel, or, later, the thumb of St. John the Baptist. There are few images, and perhaps because there are few the ones that he does use have a physical presence, as, in its way, the writing has a curious physical presence, so that one looks at each word in itself as much as one reads it in relation to others.

The opening continues:

> At his side was the Patriarch Sophronius, as chief magistrate of the surrendered city. Omar rode straight to the site of the Temple of Solomon, whence his friend Mahomet had ascended into Heaven. Watching him stand there, the Patriarch remembered the words of Christ and murmured through his tears: "Behold the abomination of desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet."
>
> Next, the Caliph asked to see the shrines of the Christians. The Patriarch took him to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and showed him all that was there. While they were in the church the hour for Moslem prayer approached. The Caliph asked where he could spread out his prayer-rug. Sophronius begged him to stay where he was; but Omar went outside to the porch of the Martyrion, for fear, he said, lest his zealous followers might claim for Islam the place wherein he had prayed. And so indeed it was. The porch was taken over by the Moslems, but the church remained as it had been, the holiest sanctuary of Christendom.

I FIRST went to visit Sir Steven one spring day with a friend, a publisher, who had commissioned from him a book on Mistra, the Byzantine capital in the Peloponnese. We arrived in darkness at the Lockerbie train station, from which a driver took us into deeper darkness and to Sir Steven's house, Elshieshields. There was no restaurant car on the train, so we'd arrived hungry, and Sir Steven served us plates of ham and salad in his study. "I'm not giving you water in your malt whiskey," he said.

He showed us to our rooms, mine



"It's exactly that kind of behavior that gives your generation a bad name."

• •

hung with paintings by his mid-eighteenth-century Scottish relatives John and Alexander Runciman—among those in his family who had "gone in fecklessly for the arts."

I was five minutes late for breakfast. Sir Steven, who does all the cooking and serving ("I don't allow anyone but myself in my kitchen"), was pacing up and down in front of the sideboard, on which were a silver teapot, a silver coffeepot, a silver water jug, silver toast racks, and porcelain egg coddlers. Then my friend came down. Sir Steven didn't sit with us as we ate but continued to walk up and down, talking. He snatched the plates away as soon as we put our knives on them, and set them in a hatch to the kitchen.

He said he would show us his house. It was a bright, cold morning. We went out into the garden, across a lawn mowed into stripes, from which there was a wide view of the back of the castle, which has at one end a square tower adorned with pepper pots, and at the other a watchman's tower. He said that when he decided to move from London to Scotland he looked at advertisements in *Country Life* and saw a bad photograph of this castle, but, since it sounded all right, he came to see it. It was small, yet had room enough for a library. The towers needed doing up a bit. The eighteenth-century and nineteenth-century additions were sound, however. He didn't look elsewhere.

I asked him if there were any family connections.

No, there were no direct family connections, but, some five generations before, his family came from this part of Scotland, Dumfriesshire.

The oldest part of the house is the square, plain tower, built about 1400. We walked around it, and Sir Steven pointed above, to the outlines of what had been a doorway high on one side, which was once reached by a ladder, and through which the inhabitants withdrew into safety when the English came over the border.

At the front of the house, we stopped at a wooden door studded with large iron nails; about the twisted iron handle was an iron ring, which Sir Steven rasped up and down the handle. He recited, singing a little, "Magdalen stood at heaven's gate, Turling at the pin. She is sorry, sorry, said the blackbird, Let her in, let her in." He looked at me. "Do you know who wrote that?"

"No."

"Henry Kingsley." He rasped the ring. "In the late Middle Ages, you did this to announce your presence at a door."

Elshieshields had once belonged to the Johnstone clan, the great family of Annandale. When, in the mid-sixteenth century, the owner of the house, a Johnstone Catholic, decided to remain Catholic in what had become a largely Protestant area, his nephew, a certain Gavin Johnstone, seeing opportunities in this, stirred up Protestant feeling against his uncle, so the uncle left for Norfolk and the nephew took over. He built the watchman's tower with the circular staircase. As we climbed the narrow stone steps winding up the tower, Sir Steven warned me, a Catholic, about menacing apparitions of the ghost of Gavin Johnstone when Catholics visited—for Gavin Johnstone doesn't like them in his good Protestant house.

"On one occasion, he appeared while a Bulgarian violinist was playing for a Catholic friend and me in the little room at the top of the stairwell tower," Sir Steven said. "I saw my friend suddenly stare, terrified, at something just to the side of the violinist as he played. Afterward, he said he'd seen a man standing there. I knew it was Gavin. On another occasion, Gavin left a noose hanging down the stairwell for a Catholic visitor to find on his way up to the tower room."

Going up and coming down, we noticed books piled on the floors of rooms off the staircase, and shelves upon shelves of books.

"My other ghost is that ghost's granddaughter-in-law—the wife of his grandson, a Miss Charteris of

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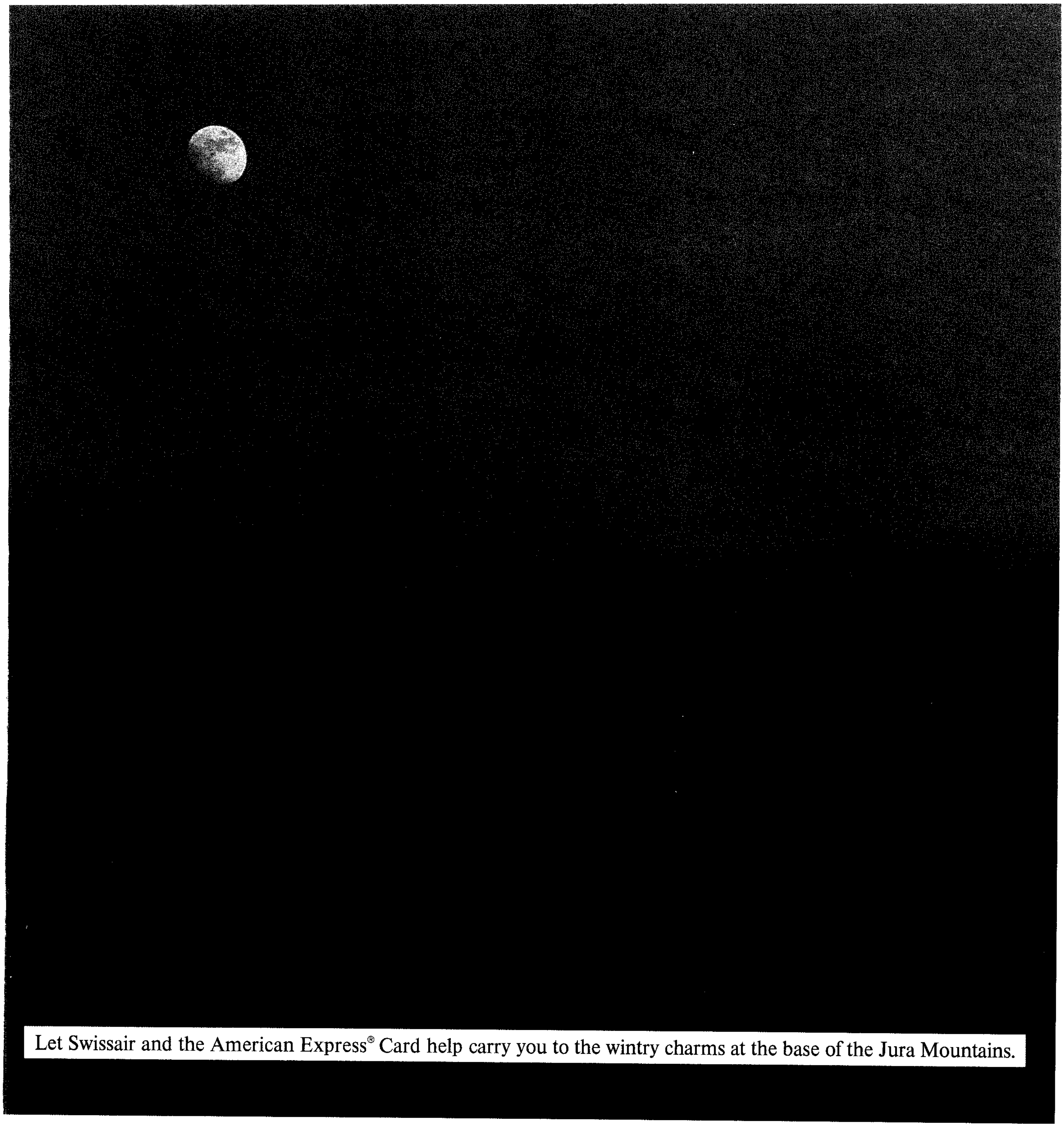

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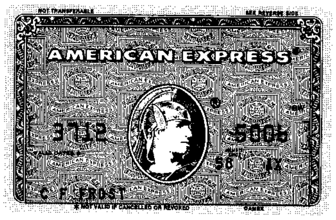

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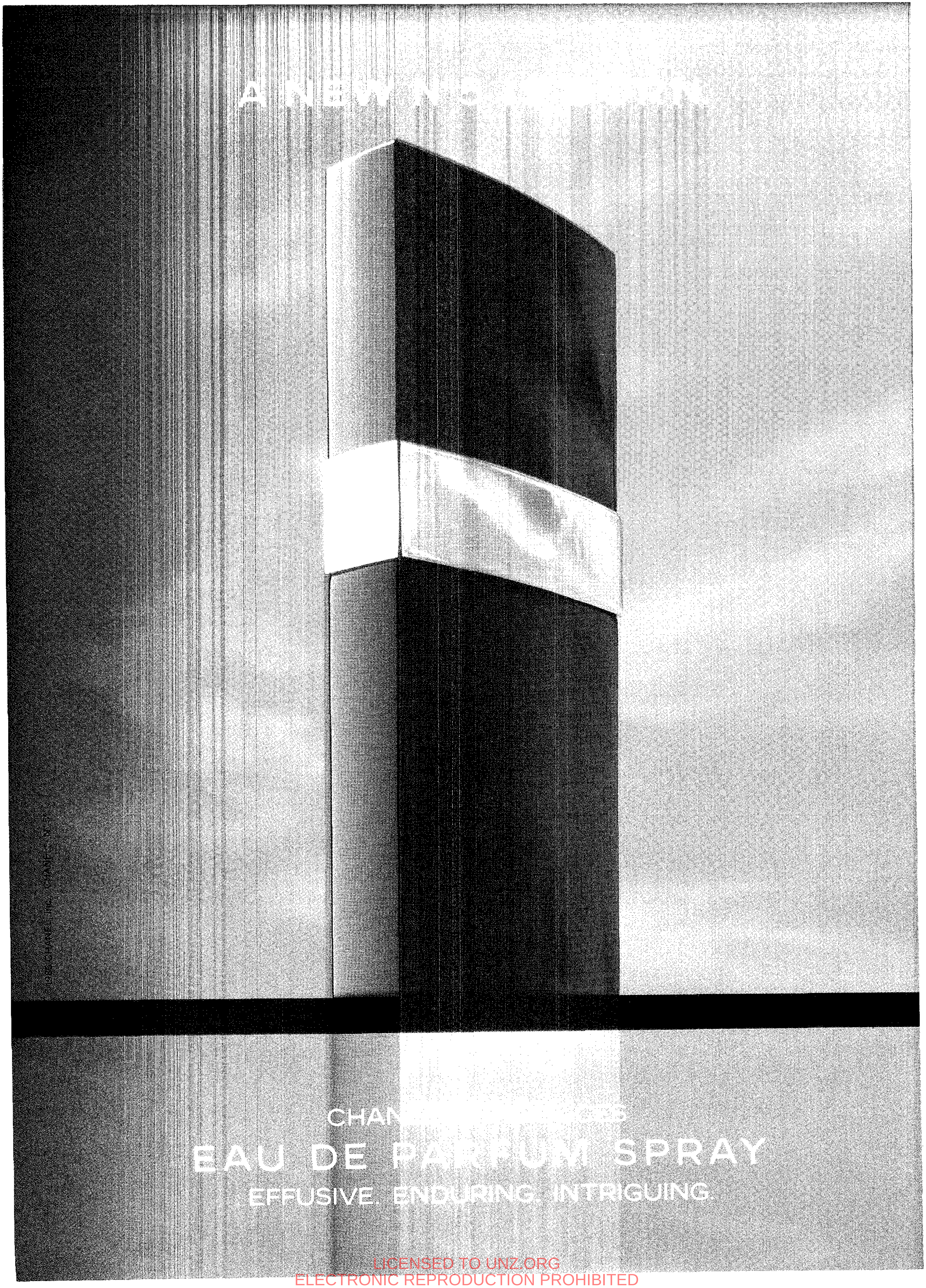
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Amisfield before she married into the clan," Sir Steven went on. "She is always looking for her baby, whom the Maxwells burned in a family raid in 1607. Baby was clearly in the outhouse, and her mother hadn't time to get her out before the Maxwells set fire to everything. The mother haunts only the eighteenth-century part of the house, which is, I suppose, where the outbuildings were when the baby was burned. But I rather think it's baby and not the mother who haunts the place, though I've never seen her. Her pranks are those of a child. There was a time when she learned to play one of my music boxes, and life was intolerable for about six weeks. She would turn on the box at quarter past ten at night, and because the mechanism for stopping it had broken I had to wait each time till the silly tune ran down. Then she learned to wind the box, and it would start up again. Mercifully, she got tired of that. Then she found that the house had electric bells—installed, I suppose, at the beginning of this century—which she still rings. She rings three times, so I recognize who it is. She does this but occasionally now."

Our tour over, we were standing in the entrance hall. Leaning close and whispering, as if his words were meant only for me, Sir Steven said, "Your President Johnson claimed to be descended from the Johnstone clan."

I asked Sir Steven why he had come to live in Scotland.

"Because I'm Scottish," he answered. "I've lived a great deal of my life in England, but I'm not English. You know, I can't say I understand the English. What country but England would celebrate, as it did in 1966, the nine-hundredth anniversary of its conquest by a foreign power? And what other country would commemorate, as it does in statues on either side of the National Gallery, in London, James II, whom the English threw out, and George Washington, a rebel? The English are immensely illogical. You've got to remember that the whole time. But it makes them rather endearing. We Scottish are quite different." He turned away slightly. "As Scottish as I am, however, I hate shortbread, porridge, and haggis—though I must say I'm fond of oatcakes."

Sir Steven said he would go to his study. My friend and I said we would go for a walk.

"You won't have difficulty walking," Sir Steven said. "The marshes were drained by the French prisoners of war captured from Napoleon's Army."

We waited.

Sir Steven continued, "I once looked at the Lockerbie archives—the parish archives—and there were numerous cases of girls' being readmitted to Communion after repenting sinful connections with the French. The poor girls, all their Scottish lovers were fighting in the Peninsular War, and there were these glamorous French boys, so naturally the girls had a lovely time. But they had to repent."

My friend and I walked along flat country roads. We were late for eleven-o'clock coffee, which Sir Steven had already had. He looked at us sternly, but he made another pot. Afterward, he returned to his study.

In my room, I read. The bars of my electric fire on the hearth glowed before a little sofa. There was a view of high fir trees, in which rooks cawed: "*Car-car, car-car.*"

I was right on time for lunch, as was my friend. The settings were beautiful. The napkins had poems by Burns printed on them. We had curried chicken livers. I salted my liver before tasting it, and Sir Steven leaned toward me, as he often does when he has something to say that you take to be addressed personally to you, and said, "I don't invite guests to come back who do that to my food."

"I'll try to be better behaved," I said.

"It will help to know you'll try," he said.

On the panelled dining-room walls were large paintings by John and Alexander Runciman.

"They're not really very . . ." Sir Steven raised a hand. "Of course, in these days of Scottish nationalism they're becoming, to the Scots, great painters. Uncle John might have been, if he hadn't died at twenty-four. Uncle Alexander, alas, after being a rather good landscape painter, went to Italy and started painting enormous classical-figure pictures. But they were the first artists really to make serious illustrations of literary passages. John did a little picture of King Lear in the storm—a serious painting illustrating a Shakespearean scene, as opposed to a mere engraving in a book." He pointed to a painting over the fireplace. "That picture is Uncle Alexander's illustration of a passage in Milton's 'L'Allegro.' It's absolutely literally done, set with a distant view of the city of Perth. Perth, Scotland, not Perth, Western Australia."

He and my friend talked—at tea, at five o'clock promptly, in the living room—about the book. I looked at the pictures and the objects on the tables: a *komboloi*—worry beads—made of big beads and a thick silk tassel; an ivory box; an illustrated book on garden roses, and a privately printed edition of Ruskin's letters, inscribed, on the title page, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch.

During a pause in the talk, I asked Sir Steven about the *komboloi*.

"That was given me by a lady-in-waiting to Queen Anne-Marie of Greece," he said. "It'd been made up by her sister—rather falsely made up, because the tassel comes from a hat."

I asked him about the musical instruments in a corner of the drawing room.

"They're among various things I've collected because I'm amused by odd instruments."

"You've collected everything yourself?"

"I didn't inherit very much," he said. "I inherited a few family pictures. I inherited those two chairs, which were wedding presents to my mother. I've had to re-cover them, but they are signed Directoire. Otherwise, it's more or less my own collection."

I found I was possessive of what I saw—not of the objects in themselves but of their associations, all those invisible yet startlingly syncretistic associations. The sense I had was similar to that which comes to me when I listen to people speak a language I don't know, and become determined to learn it.

Sir Steven was born on July 7, 1903. I am half his age. He is also of a culture entirely different from mine. I look on Sir Steven's culture with a double-sided appreciation of it: that somehow it should be mine, too, because it is the one to which an American aspires as a right, the vast European culture an American still feels he has inherited; and that it is a culture as different as, say, that of Edo Japan. And I realize that whereas Sir Steven's is basically a culture of associations mine is not.

It is not only history that Sir Steven's stories are attached to. Sometime later, he described being in Luxor, in Upper Egypt, in a hotel lobby filled with pushing and shoving schoolchildren. "Nasser had issued a proclamation that all Egyptian schoolchildren should visit the great monuments," he said. Unsure of getting any service in the hotel restaurant, he was delighted to see there the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, who invited him to dine at their table. The Duchess had gone down to the kitchen herself, cleared a space, and cooked the food for their dinner. What struck me about the anecdote was that Sir Steven was aware that the children were there for a reason, and he included that as a necessary dimension. The story was attached to politics. In his world, no event occurs in itself. If I had been in that hotel lobby, I would have thought, There are a lot of pushing and shoving children—and that would have been all.

As I consider it, I imagine that my lack of understanding of history has to do with more than poor memory. History, I imagine, is too complex for anyone to know it. It is a great cloud around us, a cloud that gathered in prehistory and has grown and grown, and today it conditions our lives by, as it were, forcing us to accustom ourselves to changes in temperature, and we are not quite sure how these changes occur. They do not depend on events that can be separated and remembered, much less be recounted; not this or that event but a mass of them, too many to be sorted out in terms of cause and effect, made us feel hot for a period, or cold. Unable to grasp the narrative sequence (assuming this to be a sequence of causality) of history, one must focus not on narrative at all but on images that—like historical objects—are surrounded by associations too dense to be explained by even the longest passages of exposition. I believe I live a life without associations, yet I am aware at every moment of infinite associations, their very infinitude a lack of any particular association. I wanted to know if Sir Steven had an overview of history.

In the afternoon, my friend and I took another walk. It was the end of April, and the sun remained high till late. We walked along the edges of fields, by old, deep ditches with gorse and broom growing on their banks. Submerged in the water of a ditch was a drowned sheep, seemingly standing still in water, only the top of its head above. Along a road, we passed low, long stone houses plastered white, with the stone architraves around the windows and doors painted green or red or blue. Beyond were smooth, treeless mountains, brown, deep red, pale green; long black stone walls crisscrossing them at sharp angles; and snow patches high up.

Reading again in my room before drinks, I couldn't concentrate, because of the house I was in, and I thought I'd wander a little. In this house, I thought, I might begin to understand causality, as if it had its secret rites. Down a long passage lined with bookcases—with the complete works of Thomas Browne, Pirandello, Proust (Sir Steven afterward told me he bought the later Proust volumes one by one, as they were published, and had had them rebound)—I found myself in the study. There was a fire burning, and I sat before it. Sir Steven came in by a door at the back.

"You're not allowed in here during the day," he said. "Only after dinner, with me."

"I'm very sorry."

"You must learn."

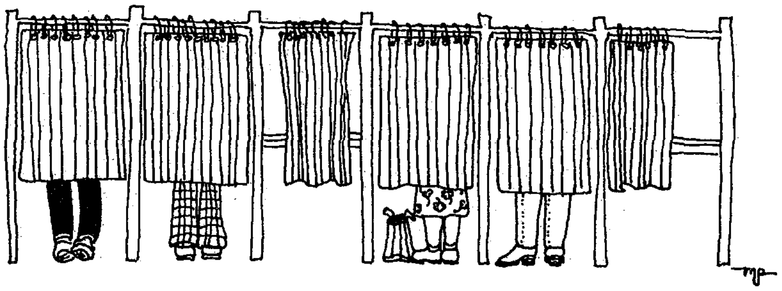
Drinks were in the living room.

"You're very prompt," he said.

"You see, I'm making efforts."

My friend was ten minutes late, and during that time Sir Steven answered some of my questions about his books.

He said, "I started collecting travel books, which I've always liked—oh, even when I was seven or eight. My governess used to take me round the Charing Cross Road booksellers' bins of sixpenny books. I was eight or so when I managed to buy a copy of Herodotus that had belonged to Frederic William Farrar, the dean of Canterbury Cathedral. I did that before I went to school. I still have it. Rather tiresomely, but very kindly, my father, who was impressed by the book, insisted on getting it rebound for me, in the course of which the binders destroyed Dean Farrar's signature. So the association is no



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longer recorded, except privately by me."

I asked, "Does it annoy you when I ask these questions?"

"No, it doesn't annoy me."

"Well, if my questions keep eliciting anecdotes from you I'm not going to stop."

He laughed, a high laugh. "I have endless anecdotes."

My friend came in.

Sir Steven, his eyes large, asked us, "Would you like to hear the story of my dancing with a lady who danced with the Prince Consort?" He was sitting before the piano, on which was the drinks tray. "She was the daughter of the Duke of Montrose. Her mother, I think, was the Mistress of the Robes at the time that she came out, at the age of seventeen, and so a ball was given for her at Windsor, and, as it was for her, the Prince Consort danced with her. I met her when I was in my late twenties and she was in her eighties. I remember I sat next to her at lunch, and then I met her a little later at a party where there was dancing. I very seldom dance—except in Scottish reels, at which I am quite good—but I couldn't resist when she suggested we might take a few steps together. She knew perfectly well why I was doing it, and after about three or four minutes—she was really past it, and I never got to it—she said, 'Well, now you can say you've danced with someone who danced with the Prince Consort.' " At the end, he made a face as of mocking himself, drawing down the corners of his lips in what was the exact opposite of a smile, and he looked beyond us, out the window.

I asked him if he had a theory of history.

"A theory?"

"If that's the word."

"There have been many theories, of course."

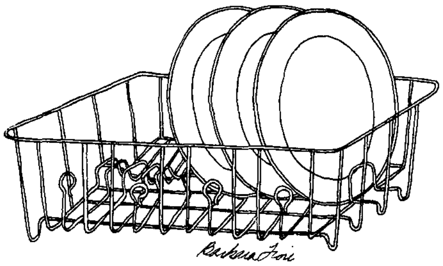
"Yes."

"Well, a few decades ago Arnold Toynbee won enormous renown by publishing volume after volume on the history of the world to prove that events moved according to a pattern of cause and effect. But, as the volumes appeared, if one asked any specialist historian for an opinion on the work the reply would always be that it was a magnificent achievement but that—each specialist said—'he makes a great many mistakes about my period.' The whole history was full of inaccurate statements. But it must be said for Toynbee that at least he taught his readers that history is world history, not just the history of their own or neighboring peoples."

Sir Steven then said, "If you must have a theory, I prefer that promulgated by my old master at Cambridge, Bury. He was, I think, affected by the scientific theory that the solar system was created by a collision in the universe, and he saw history as a sequence of intelligible cause and effect interrupted and put off course by collisions and accidents—or contingencies, as he preferred to call them. His example was that if you went to Paris and there met unexpectedly a friend who happened to be there, and as a result of the meeting you arranged to meet again in the future, the sequences of cause and effect that brought you and brought him to Paris had nothing to do with one another, but the coincidence, the contingency, set off a new sequence. A similar contingency could be provided by the emergence of great men whose inexplicable genius might have the power to divert the expected course of events, or even by the beauty of women and the power of love. Bury gave the title to an essay he wrote on this 'Cleopatra's Nose,' referring to Pascal's dictum that if Cleopatra's nose had been shorter the history of the world would have been changed. He makes the allusion to George Canning's couplet on the English Reformation:

> When Love could teach a monarch
> to be wise,
> And Gospel-light first dawned from
> Boleyn's eyes.

"Which reminds me of a remark once made in my hearing by the future Pope John. But that's another story. I like the theory both because it really makes nonsense of Bury's other theory—that history is a science, no less and no more—and because it demonstrates that history must ultimately be narrative history. It demonstrates that you cannot reduce history to a series of economic or sociological laws, and that however thoroughly you may analyze some special institution, or even some limited period, you must go further. Owing to the accidents, what happens next is never predictable. We must have the whole story."



"Is that possible?" I asked.

"Well, you must never be afraid of the large theme," he said.

I stared at him.

"We must go in to eat," he said.

That evening, I was given a plate with a picture on it of American Indians canoeing a missionary down rapids. "A reference to your ancestry," Sir Steven said. "To make you feel at home."

The friend with whom I had come is Greek. I felt he had, culturally, a great deal in common with Sir Steven, and during dinner they discussed the lack of interest that the West took in Byzantium.

My friend suggested that the Phanariots might have kept Byzantium alive.

I had to ask who the Phanariots were.

They were, Sir Steven told me, the Greeks of Constantinople who remained after the city fell to the Turks, in 1453. In the sixteenth century, there were already rich Greeks under the Turks, but very rich Greeks emerged from the seventeenth century onward. They were called the Phanariots because they lived in the Phanar, the Greek quarter of Constantinople. They were a self-contained group, intermarrying and interquarrelling. The Ottoman sultans appointed them Princes of Walachia and Moldavia, in Rumania, and from there they dominated Greek civilization from the late seventeenth century through the eighteenth, and maintained the great Hellenic tradition. In Bucharest, there were Greek printing presses, which were discouraged in Constantinople.

Sir Steven said, "They maintained the now defunct ambition, the *μεγάλη ἰδέα* [Great Idea], to resuscitate Byzantium. By moving slowly, they hoped they could get hold of the Ottoman Empire from within. But, of course, there was a great deal of impatience when nationalism reared its ugly head. The Phanariots existed as the aristocracy in Rumania until the last World War."

My Greek friend, whose mother was born in Istanbul and whose father was born in Sozopol, in Bulgaria, said, "They've never been very welcome in Greece itself."

"Because they were thought to be too grand and too pleased with themselves," Sir Steven said.

"Koraïs disapproved of them."

"That monster Koraïs." Adamantios Koraïs, a Europeanized Greek of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century, was one of the instigators of Greek liberation from the Turks. “Doing it safely from a flat in Paris,” Sir Steven said. “He was totally Westernized, and had hardly ever been to Greece. He visited, once or twice, his island, Chios. Like all Europeans of the time, he saw Greece purely in classical terms. After all, the Turks occupied what we now know as Greece for nearly four hundred years. The Greeks in Greece hadn't thought of classical times for at least that long. The Orthodox Church kept everyone aware of Byzantium during the Ottoman Occupation, because the Church was functioning all that time. But Koraïs disapproved of Byzantium, disapproved of the Orthodox Church, and disapproved of the Greeks of his own day. He thought all Greeks should be like classical heroes. He disapproved because of Gibbon. Gibbon thought the whole of Byzantium decadent. And Gibbon was the god of Koraïs. I can't think why people praise Koraïs, except that he did leave a very good library at Chios. About the only good thing he did. He was basically responsible for Katharevusa—insisted that the Greeks use an invented form of their language, based on ancient Greek. Just think of all that poetry written in a language now disclaimed! It's the great disaster of Greek literature.”

My friend, who is a poet, said, “I know.”

“Of course, he was a European, and no European of that time could think of Greece as anything but classical. You can see that in Byron.”

My Greek friend said, “And, of course, the Greeks of the mainland welcomed the myth of ancient Greece imposed on them by Europe. They wanted to be European, too.”

“They repudiated Byzantium. Koraïs disapproved, and they, ashamed, disapproved.”

“Well,” my Greek friend said, “so much of the recent—the relatively recent—revival of interest in Greece depended on *you!*”

“I hope I played a little part,” Sir Steven said. “I think I made the Greeks a little more aware of Byzantium than they had been. When I first started, and even after the last World War, when I was living in Greece, it was thought somewhat odd to be interested in Byzantium. It was certainly not fashionable.”

“It became fashionable to Greeks because a foreigner took it up,” my friend said.

“How the Greeks explained the survival of Hellenism when they took out the Byzantine centuries pretty well, and the centuries of Turkish domination entirely—well, how they did was not historical,” Sir Steven said. “A book like my ‘Great Church in Captivity’ was one of the first to deal with the Greeks under the Turks—a very *necessary* link in Greek history.”

My friend nodded.

“In some ways, I regret the passing of the Ottoman Empire,” Sir Steven said.

“Why is that?” I asked.

“Because I'm the Grand Orator of the Great Church of Constantinople, which in Ottoman times would have entitled me as holder to the name of Prince. Alas, the Ottoman Empire has fallen.”

I wanted to know Sir Steven's tastes in the arts, and in his study after dinner I tried, discreetly, to question him about them.

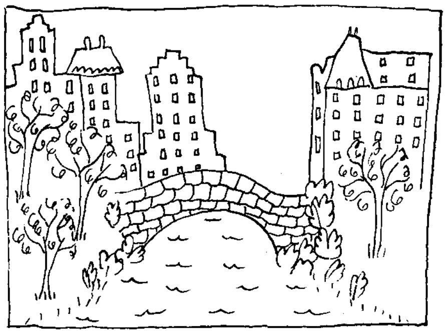
He said, “I'm not exactly against Impressionism. After all, Edward Lear is very impressionistic, and I'm fond of his work.” He made the slightly mocking face that had become familiar to me. “But I rather think there are no artists since Winterhalter.”

“And music?”

“I think Beethoven's the beginning of the end. Beethoven's where the bourgeoisie comes in. And, as for Wagner, that's the bourgeoisie pushed all the way to fascism. I detest Wagner, but I love Verdi, and I can manage many of the very modern composers, too, such as Peter Maxwell Davies, who dedicated one of his works to me.”

Later, I asked him which English writer he most admired for his prose, and he answered, without hesitation, “Defoe.”

Then he said, “But Defoe's style relied, to some extent, on what we no longer can rely on. While writing absolutely straightforward English, he could get overtones from the words of other writers. Even in my young days, when we all knew the King James Bible, knew quite a lot of Shakespeare and Milton, and Gray's ‘Elegy,’ that sort of thing, you could use words and expressions that had an echo and gave the atmosphere you wanted, while the language remained simple. That has almost been made impossible now, owing to disastrous present-day education and the fact that the Church insists on liturgies, and the Bible, being written in bad English. Well, if it's got to be contemporary, as they say, they had better change the language of the Bible every five years. Why not keep a perfectly intelligent and beautiful text, which, if it isn't strictly accurate in its translation of the original here and there, can be explained by the ministers of religion? Why else are they there? All the background of English that my generation had has been lost.”



Darryl Shedden

The next morning, we took a tour of Morton Castle, a great ruined fourteenth- and fifteenth-century castle; of Durisdeer Church, a severe church with the baroque, canopied tomb of the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry; and of Drumlanrig Castle, a great late-seventeenth-century castle, still inhabited by the originating family.

In the car, I asked Sir Steven to repeat the names of the places we had been to. He did, and spelled them out as well. But how they are associated with Scottish history I do not know.

The last evening we were there, Sir Steven, in his study, read us a short story he had written in the nineteen-twenties, never published. It was about a Miss Amy Wardle who married the cannibal king of the Pongos, in West Africa.

THE Honourable Sir Steven Runciman holds honorary degrees from the four oldest English universities—Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, and London—and from the two oldest Scottish universities, St. Andrews and Glasgow. Of these, the degree from Cambridge pleases him most, because universities don't like giving honorary degrees to their own scholars. In America, his chief honor is to belong to the American Philosophical Society, founded by Benjamin Franklin. Among his honorary degrees from American schools, the one from Wabash College, in Indiana, is particularly close to his heart, because, he says, “They were kind enough to ask what I wanted the degree in. I said,

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'Divinity, please.' I had always wanted to be a doctor of divinity, and they obliged me." In Turkey, he was the president of the British Institute of Archaeology at Ankara from 1960 to 1975. In Greece, he is Foreign Fellow at the Academy of Athens, which the Colonels, in power from 1967 to 1974, tried to keep him out of, and Knight Commander, Order of the Phoenix. In Mistra, there is a street named after him: ΟΔΟΣ ΣΤΙΒΕΝ ΡΟΥΝΣΙΜΑΝ. He is an honorary member of the Academy of Palermo and a Corresponding Member of the Royal Academy of History in Madrid. He has been the chairman of the Anglo-Hellenic League, and a trustee of the British Museum, and is now a vice-president of the London Library, the chairman of the Friends of the Scottish Ballet, and an honorary vice-president of the Royal Historical Society.

Sir Steven was knighted in 1958, and in 1984 he was made Companion of Honour.

I have put together some of Sir Steven's anecdotes into a short history of his life.

His great-grandfather was press-ganged into the Navy just after the Napoleonic Wars, but he rose quickly, and when he retired from the Navy he was Chief Coastguard for the North-East Coast, from the Forth to the Tees. Though the Runcimans came from Scotland, he moved to Northumberland, and lived in Holy Island Castle, the official residence of the Chief Coastguard. It was extremely uncomfortable. "Great-Grannie hated it." Before he had been there long, he was converted to Itinerant Methodism and left the family to stump around and preach. "Poor Great-Grannie had to bring up the children herself, all of them feckless. That is, except for Grandpapa."

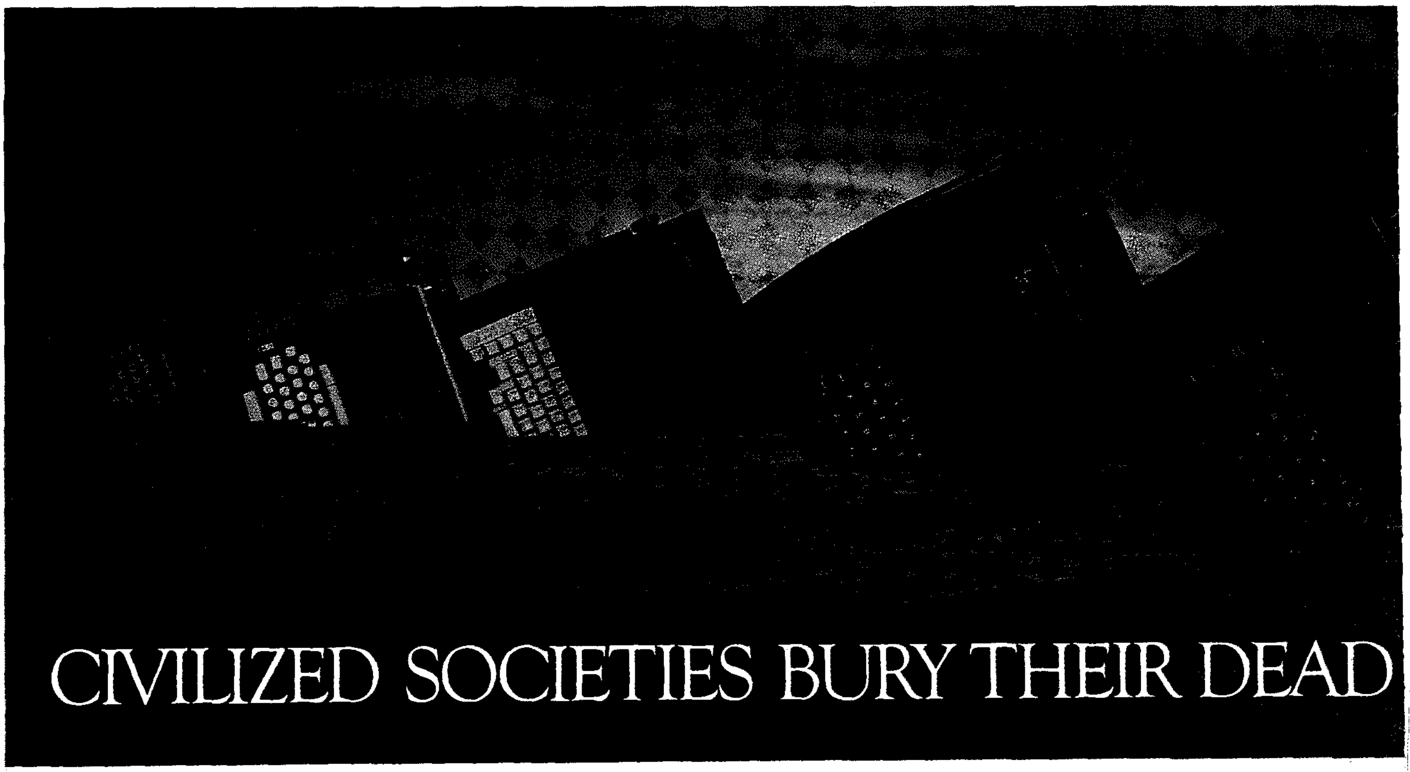
As a young boy, Grandpapa ran away to sea, and he was a master mariner before the age of twenty-one. He made enough money in merchant shipping to buy, at forty, a ship of his own, the basis of the family company.

The Stevensons, the family of Sir Steven's mother, were very respectable upper bourgeoisie, based in Lanarkshire. Generations back, the eldest son had gone off with the family money and bought a large cotton mill. The mill passed down from father to son until the time of Steven's grandfather, who sold it and set up his son with the Jarrow Chemical Works, in Tyneside.

Both of Sir Steven's parents were born in South Shields. They met when they were elected to the Newcastle upon Tyne school board, and they bicycled together, after meetings, to their homes. Their political partnership culminated when they became the first married couple to sit in the English House of Commons. Sir Steven's father, the first Viscount Runciman of Doxford, became a Cabinet minister when he was still in his thirties. Their London house was in Westminster, and is at present the residence of the Bishop of London. The family lived in Northumberland except when Parliament was in session.

Five children were born: a son, a daughter, another son, and, four and six years later, two more daughters. Sir Steven has always been grateful that he was the second son, born in 1903, for this spared him the responsibility, if he had been the eldest of the family, of having to go into the family business, and allowed him a slight touch of irresponsibility.

When he was a child, his nanny took him to see his great-grandmother, who was born in 1812 and was then in her nineties. On the way, the nanny said to Steven that he would



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see her in her bath chair, and he expected to see her in her bath. "Any slight warpness of character I may have is due to that early trauma," he said. "I was able to talk about it only years later with my parents, who said, 'Well, just occasionally she *was* moved into a bath chair from her bed.' But this did not alleviate the horror of that early expectation."

The great-grandmother was a lady of character, but not nice. She had burned all the family papers in a rage—not *her* family's but her husband's—to annoy her son, Sir Steven's grandfather. In bed, she read the curses from the Old Testament prophets. At the age of eighty-nine, not having sufficiently annoyed her son, she tried again by running away from the house in Newcastle, and it was only after quite a time that she was found, living happily in Melrose.

Around 1910, when the suffragette movement was very active, Sir Steven and his elder sister were keen supporters. Their father being a Cabinet minister, there was always a policeman at the door of their house, and Sir Steven would dress up his Teddy bear in suffragette colors—purple, green, and white—and sit him in the window to look at the policeman. One day, when the opening of Parliament was to take place, the suffragettes said that if woman suffrage was not mentioned in the King's speech they were going to break the windows of every Cabinet minister's house. The King's speech took place about midday. In the morning, two suffragettes with large bags containing their hammers and stones started to parade outside the house; the policeman, not quite knowing what to do, looked on. In the window, Sir Steven and his sister waited. They objected when their governess insisted that they go out for their walk. "We can't miss the stoning of the house," they said. Out in the street, they went up to the suffragettes and asked, "Please, when are you going to stone our house, because we've been told we must go for a walk, and we don't want to miss it?" One of the suffragettes giggled, the other was furious, and they both moved away, so the Runciman windows alone were unsmashed. "It was a great disappointment," Sir Steven told me.

Sir Steven and his sister invented their own country, called Kokland, which reflected their deep-seated love for poultry. They had a religion and held religious services in the garden, with a chariot drawn by a billy goat. They had brother and sister gods called Guronos and Gurene, to whom they prayed, and for whom they wrote hymns in tonic sol-fa. And they wrote a history of the country.

"From my earliest childhood, I've liked history," Sir Steven said. "I wasn't drawn to it by a scientific desire for knowledge. Oh, no. I was drawn by romantic imaginings. I've always liked stories, I've always liked people, and I've always liked trying to understand the great stories of the past. As romantic as my imaginings are, I have always wanted my stories to be based on truth. Because of this, I have never got much pleasure out of reading ghost stories that are fictional—unless, like 'The Turn of the Screw,' they are great works of art. I like my ghost stories, too, to be real. I prefer history to fiction—though, like all historians, I would like to write a historical novel. It would be so marvellous to be able to put down what you're quite sure did happen but you can't prove did. It's a wicked temptation, however, and I must stick to the sterner discipline."

Sir Steven cannot remember begin-

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ning to learn French, which he was reading by the age of three. A governess, a good Highland lady, started him on Latin when he was six and Greek when he was seven. When he was eleven, his mother managed to get a charming Russian lady to stay, and she taught him to read Russian. He finds Communist Russian "graceless." His preparatory school was Summer Fields—"quite a smart one." There his chief friend was Anthony Asquith—Puffin Asquith, the Prime Minister's son. During the last years of his Prime Ministership, Asquith had a house near Oxford—The Wharf, Sutton Courtenay—and Sir Steven would go there practically every Sunday with Puffin, where he moved in far smarter circles, he says, than he has moved in since. With a good social awareness, at an early age he knew about precedence and could tell you if your place at a dinner table was wrong.

At thirteen, he went to Eton on a scholarship. He had, on the whole, a good Etonian life, because in his first year he grew seven inches, and after that he "enjoyed"—a word he uses deliberately—poor health and didn't go to school often. "Being ill when you're young has its advantages," he told me. "You have a healthy old age, partly because you know how to deal with things, partly because you don't take illness seriously." He would usually go back to Eton at the end of term—or "half," as it was called—to do the examinations. Away ill when his class did logarithms, he had to fudge his knowledge when it came to taking an examination in these, but on the humanities side, when he was interested, he kept up on his own and was always prepared. "There is an old joke of Osbert Sitwell's," he said, "who, when he came across 'Education' in supplying information for his entry in *Who's Who*, put down, 'During the holidays from Eton.' And there is a sort of truth to that." At Eton, Sir Steven knew Eric Blair, later George Orwell, to whom he was, for a time, very close. He winced, and said, "But I am too bored by the Orwell Industry to want to say anything about him."

Sir Steven's first trip abroad, when he was a small boy, was on the family yacht—a smallish two-masted schooner, on which the family sailed along the French coast. When he began to travel on his own, he met his mother in Vienna, after she had attended the International Federation of League of Nations Societies, in Prague, and they took a steamer to Budapest. There they dined at the Jockey Club in the presence of an archduchess, who was offended by the fish forks and knives on the table. She told the host, the secretary of the club, to remove those vulgar, middle-class things from the club. A great-uncle of Sir Steven's, John James Stevenson—"a rather nice Victorian architect who did hideous buildings, now admired by the young"—was, when he was sixty, presented by his colleagues with a set of fish forks and knives, the newest thing then. It was their way of honoring him. He asked how they could think he could be so vulgar as to use them. Familiar with eccentrics in the world of architects, his colleagues said they were sorry, and gave him money instead. Suddenly, he thought the new thing was perhaps a rather good idea, and with the money bought fish forks and knives. "Now you meet them in quite good houses," Sir Steven said. "You'll meet them in mine."

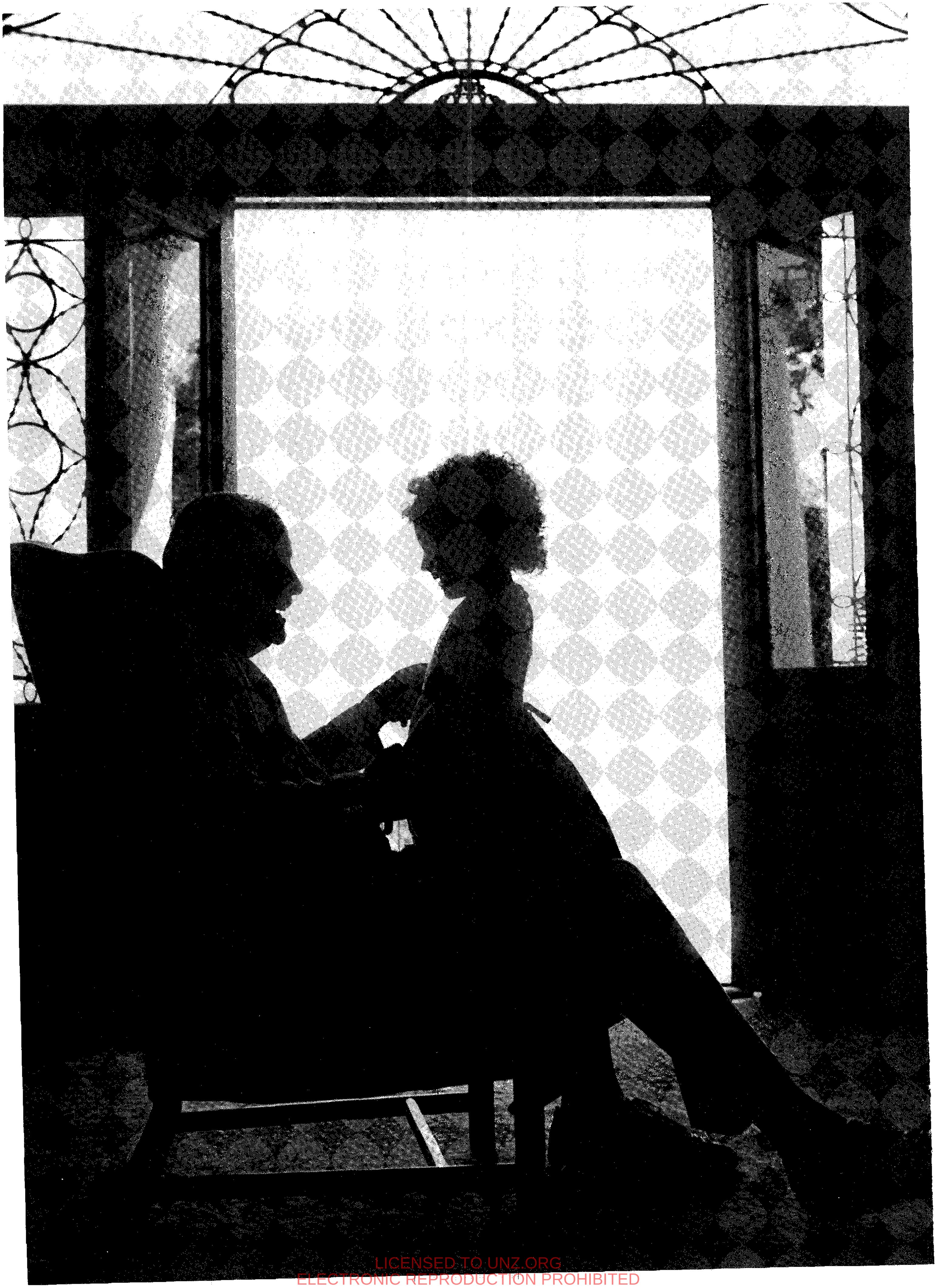
Sir Steven left Eton when he was just eighteen. He longed to get away, and Trinity said he was to come on a scholarship. He went to Cambridge in 1921, and learned a great deal from a brief contact with one of the great historians of our century, J. B. Bury, who was the first historian to take Byzantium seriously. Sir Steven was sent to Bury because he was interested in that period—because he liked Greek and liked the Middle Ages, and when you put those together you got Byzantium. But Bury hated pupils. He was convinced of the student's seriousness only after Sir Steven told him he could read Russian, and he sent him away with three volumes from the Bulgarian Academy, saying, "If you can read Russian, you can read Bulgarian. Read these articles and come back and tell me what you think." Bury was Regius Professor of Modern History at Cambridge at the time, and had rooms at King's, but he was never there except by appointment, and usually he didn't keep the appointment, because he was ill. Sir Steven would write notes to his house, but nothing happened in return. Someone told him that Mrs. Bury intercepted all her husband's mail and destroyed it, because she didn't think he ought to be bothered. It was only when Sir Steven discovered that Bury went for a walk around the Backs every afternoon at much the same time that he was able to waylay him, and he was charming. The student asked for references, and if Bury didn't remember—he remembered a lot from the top of his head—Sir Steven would get a postcard the next day. The student had his teaching around the Backs of Cambridge. At the beginning of the next term, Sir Steven became ill and had to be away from Cambridge, and when he returned Bury was too ill to see anyone. "I became an autodidact," he told me.

Sir Steven was at Trinity, but he knew more people at King's. John Maynard Keynes, because he was a friend of Sir Steven's father, was kind. Lytton Strachey, of whom Sir Steven was very fond, was also kind and very entertaining to the callow undergraduate, who was brought into the fringes of Bloomsbury. He made friends with Lady Ottoline Morrell when they were doing a cure together for rheumatics at Tunbridge Wells; she was, as it turned out, the only person doing the cure whom he wished to know. She had Thursday-afternoon tea parties to which guests had to be specially invited, but Sir Steven, because he was in Cambridge, could come any Thursday as long as he let her know beforehand. This was in case she was away, or in case something else had come up, and that was fair enough, he thought. At her tea parties, he met every sort of person. There he met and disliked Yeats. Ottoline thought that it would be lovely for the poet of Byzantium to talk to the student of Byzantium, but Yeats didn't think that it was at all lovely. He didn't want to talk to anyone who knew about Byzantium.

Sturge Moore, one of whose poems, "The Gazelles," appears often in anthologies, haunted Ottoline's. He was a brother of G. E. Moore, the philosopher, but, unlike him, had a slightly common voice. He was terribly jealous of Yeats, because he knew he would never achieve his eminence. Sitting next to Sir Steven at Ottoline's, he kept saying to him, "That man Yeats, why does he put so much gold in his poetry? You can't read a line of Yeats without there being gold in it. You go and ask him why he puts so much gold in his poetry."

Sir Steven was nagged into moving over to Yeats and getting the conversation around to gold. Yeats looked at him coldly and said, "Gold is beauty."

Virginia Woolf was a terrible snob,



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and never forgave Ottoline for not introducing her to her half-brother the Duke of Portland. Ottoline didn't think that Virginia and the Duke of Portland would get on very well, so she preferred not to take the risk.

After Sir Steven got his degree, in 1924, he stayed up at Cambridge to do research with Bury. He came down with flu, which led to pleurisy, and he was quite ill for a time. Doctors in those days used to say, "The boy should go on a long sea voyage." He told his parents he would go on such a trip only if he could go to China, so he went to China. He arrived in the middle of a civil war. Though he hoped to go straight up to Peking, he had a high fever, and by the time he was well again the civil war had broken off connections. This meant that he was stuck in Tianjin where Feng Yuxiang, the Christian warlord, was besieging the troops of Zhang Zuolin, the Manchu warlord. He was staying with the consul-general, a cousin, at the British Consulate, and he was comfortable there until, because of the siege, they eventually ran out of food. Also, Tianjin was not an exciting town—just a treaty port with no antiquities. The Chinese Emperor, Henry Pu Yi, aged about twenty, was living there, in the Japanese Concession. One day, his Australian tutor came to see the consul-general about some matter, and when the tutor met Sir Steven he asked if he played the piano.

A little, Sir Steven replied.

"Oh, just a little is needed," the tutor said. "The Emperor's started having piano lessons and likes simple duets in which he plays the top part with both hands together while somebody goes thump thump in the bass." Would Sir Steven come?

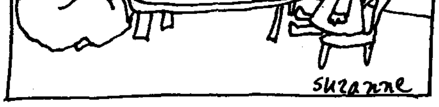
He went twice to the imperial residence and thump-thumped in the bass while the Emperor played nursery rhymes with both hands in unison, and when they stopped they had some excellent tea and the Emperor talked a bit. He was an etiolated young man, not good-looking, with a tremendous air of aristocracy. He spoke quite good English, and told Sir Steven that since he had the greatest admiration for the Tudors he called himself Henry. He didn't like his chief wife, whom he called Mary, after Bloody Mary, but his chief concubine was charming, and she was Elizabeth. Sir Steven was never allowed to meet the imperial ladies.

The Emperor remained a puppet of the Japanese for years, as the Emperor of Manchukuo, until Mao conquered Manchuria. He didn't mind. If the Japanese wanted him to be an emperor, he would be an emperor; if Mao wanted him to be a market gardener, he'd be a market gardener. Mao liked him, and got him to write his autobiography—or, rather, sign one written for him. The last that Sir Steven heard of him was from Queen Maria José of Italy, the daughter of the Red Queen—Queen Elisabeth of the Belgians, who always visited Communist states before anyone else did. In the early sixties, Queen Maria José went to China with her mother, and Mao provided as their dragoman the ex-Emperor—a charming gesture. "She told me about it when she got back, and I said I wished I'd known beforehand, because I'd have liked to ask how the Emperor's piano playing was getting on, though I fear it would have been discarded," Sir Steven said. "The ex-Emperor died soon afterward."

Sir Steven wrote his fellowship thesis while he was living in London; he found it hard work, but went out most evenings to the parties of bright young people. "Some of my friends were rather raffish," he told me. "If I went home, I tried to disguise from my parents where I'd been—though, really, they weren't frightfully interested." In 1927, he went back to Trinity to teach.

In his first year as a Fellow at Cambridge, Sir Steven was what is called a Prize Fellow; that meant he wasn't obliged to do any teaching, though he did, to help. He did no university lecturing, however, and university committees hadn't yet come his way, so he was able to write three books: "The Emperor Romanus Lecapenus," which was his fellowship dissertation; "The First Bulgarian Empire," which arose from the dissertation; and "Byzantine Civilization." They were all written before he was thirty.

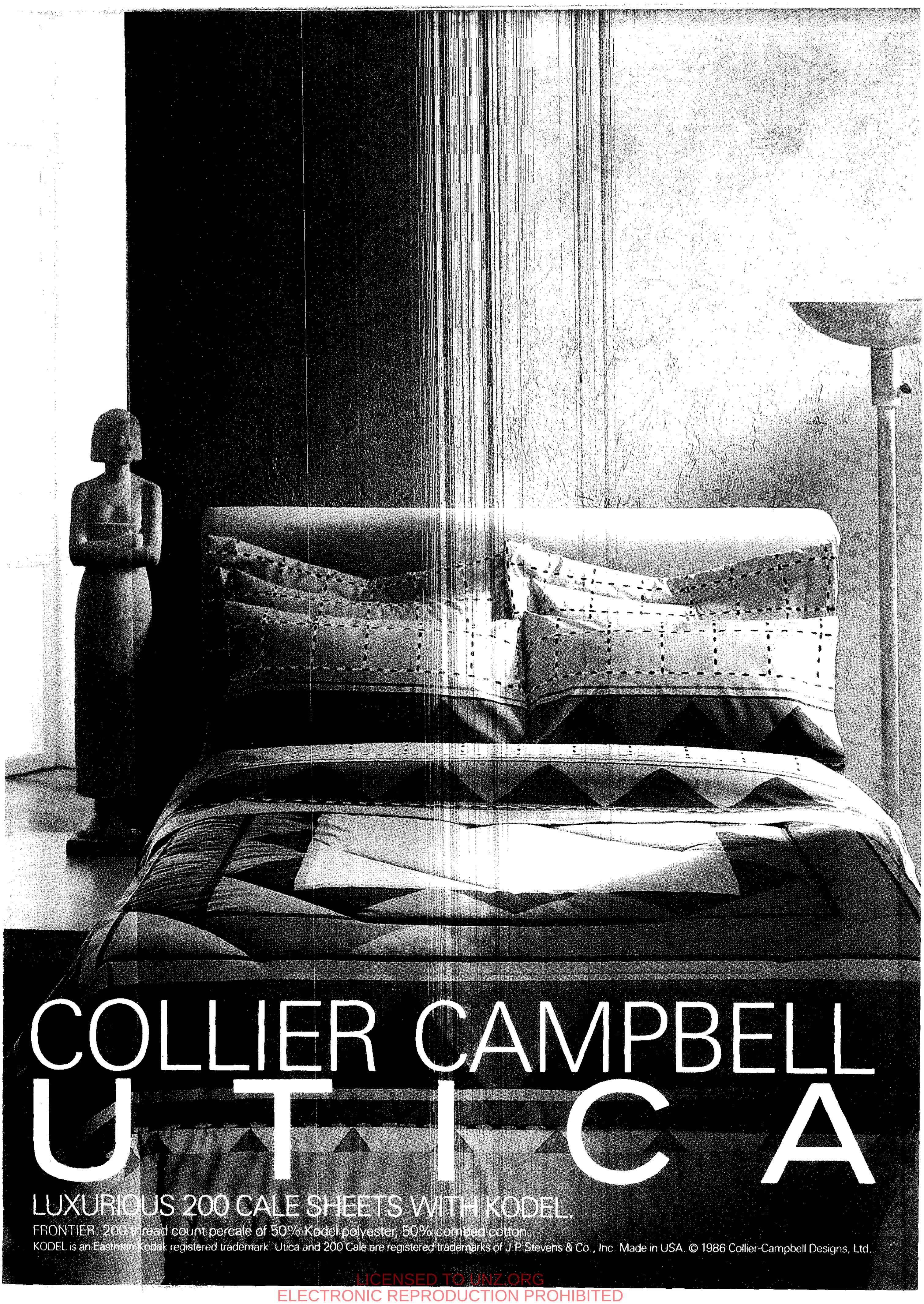
The Byzantine book was published in 1933. "I was asked by the publishers, Longmans, to write it as a pair to Tarn's 'Hellenistic Civilization,'" Sir Steven told me. "As I was in too much of a hurry and, owing to some mishap, never got proofs, the footnotes came out with appalling mistakes, which makes the first edition somewhat valuable. This was simply writing what I already knew."



Though Sir Steven was teaching, he did travel a certain amount, because he hates writing about places that he hasn't seen. He went to Constantinople several times, and to Greece. In 1931, he was in Jerusalem. "Here is an anecdote for you from my visit to Jerusalem," he said. "I was staying at Government House, where my fellow-guests were the late Lord Athlone and his wife, the late Princess Alice—Victoria's last surviving granddaughter. There was a British regiment in Jerusalem, and the colonel of the regiment, a certain Colonel Montgomery, used to come to dine at Government House. He lectured us on our unnecessary luxuries. He was priggish, and we all loathed him. It so happened that at one of the ceremonies in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, during which I held a lighted candle, I was next to Princess Alice in the gallery; we looked down, and there was Colonel Montgomery's bald patch just below, which prompted Princess Alice to say, 'See if you can get him with some wax,' so I tilted my candle, as she did, and she was a better marksman than I . . . She wrote later in her memoirs about being in disgrace with the future Lord Montgomery for having accidentally dripped wax on him. I reproved her, and she said, 'I know, my dear, but I didn't think it would do to say I did it deliberately.' 'You've been a coward,' I said. 'You've put history wrong.' She giggled. I met her after the war, and she said to me, 'Do you remember when we dropped wax on Field Marshal Montgomery?' And that was the first time I realized that the odious colonel was the odious field marshal."

In 1938, Sir Steven went to the Far East, and he spent Christmas Day at Hue, in Vietnam. At Cambridge, he had taught members of the Thai royal family, and they invited him. On the way back, he caught amoebic dysentery, and was completely laid up through the summer of 1939. None of the Armed Forces would take him, though he would have done the proper thing and joined up.

When Sir Steven left Cambridge, he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intended never to return. His grandfather had died, and his father had given him a lot of money, so he wasn't dependent on Trinity. He could live comfortably and get down to work. But the war started, as he had suspected it would. His first student at Cambridge had been Guy Burgess. In his early days, Burgess, though a bit grubby, was bright and had charm. As he got older, the charm got muddier, he became more and more drunk, and after he became a Communist he never washed. "Everyone knew he was a Communist," Sir Steven told me. "All the young men were Communists. They didn't sing too much about it until the Spanish Civil War, but then people like Guy didn't go off to fight in Spain. In any case, Russia wasn't the enemy then. Russia was subversive, but Germany was the enemy. I rather mocked Guy's Communism, and, as I hated societies, mocked the Apostles. When they got into official positions, it was thought they'd been converted. I asked Guy, after he got a position with the B.B.C., 'What are you doing there? Surely your Communist principles . . .' Guy said, 'It's all rather different now.' " It was Burgess who, through machinations, got Sir Steven his first war job, in 1940, in the Ministry of Information. The Ministry needed someone to take over the section on Bulgaria, and Burgess knew that Sir Steven read Bulgarian. Shortly afterward, in the early summer of 1940, he was sent out to be press attaché in Sofia.

Italy had entered the war in June of 1940, and because the route to the Middle East through Central Africa hadn't been organized Sir Steven took a steamer to Cape Town, a train from Cape Town to Durban, and the old flying boat from Durban to Cairo. From Cairo, he went to Bulgaria, where he remained until the Germans arrived, in March of 1941. "The Bulgarians put bombs into our luggage as we were leaving."

Sir Steven was next sent to Egypt, to organize news broadcasts on the Egyptian radio in the various Balkan languages. He could speak Serbo-Croatian and Rumanian a little and Bulgarian rather well, and was able to check the news bulletins. Cairo was very hot, he was ill, and in July of 1941 he was sent to Jerusalem. His main jobs there were that of film censor for Palestine, which suited him quite well, because there were hardly any films, and that of government liaison for the heads of the religious com-

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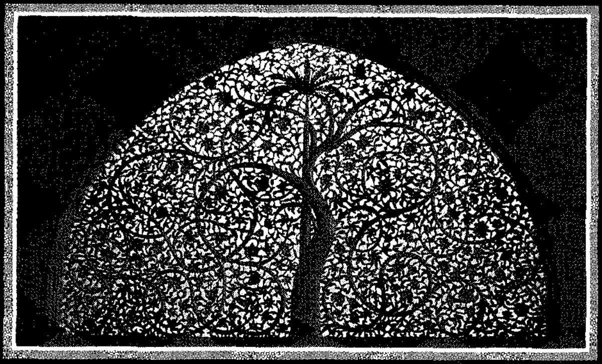

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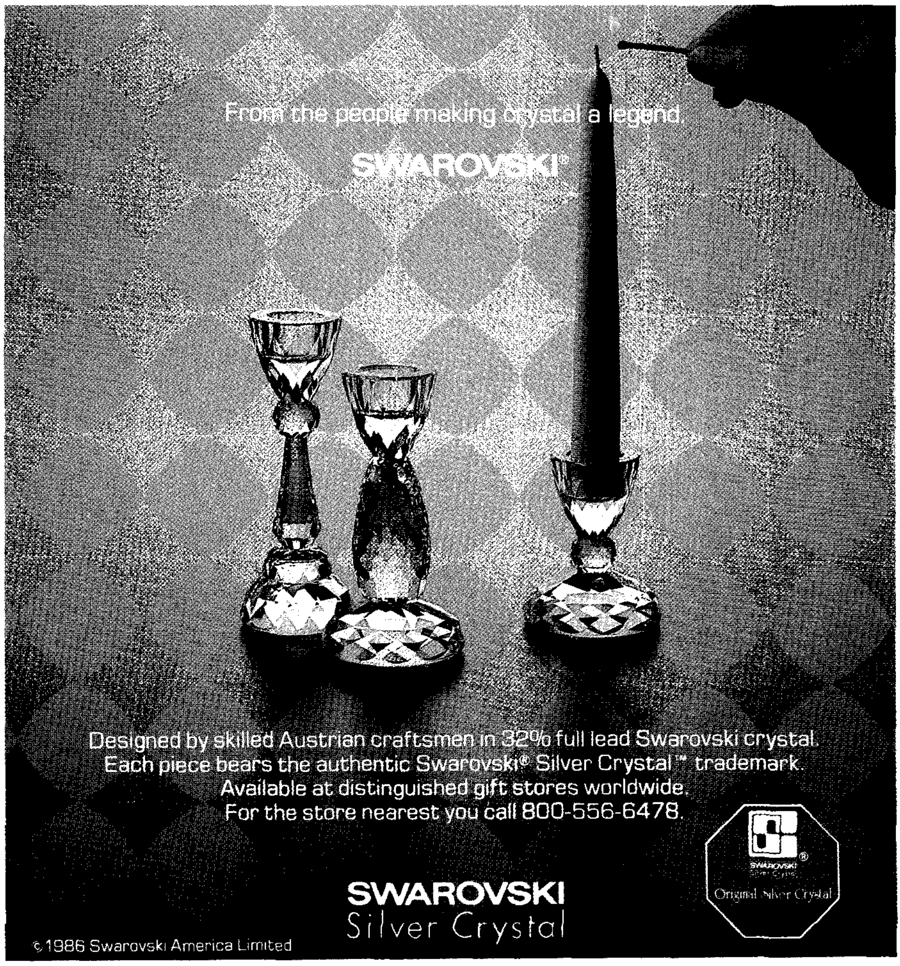

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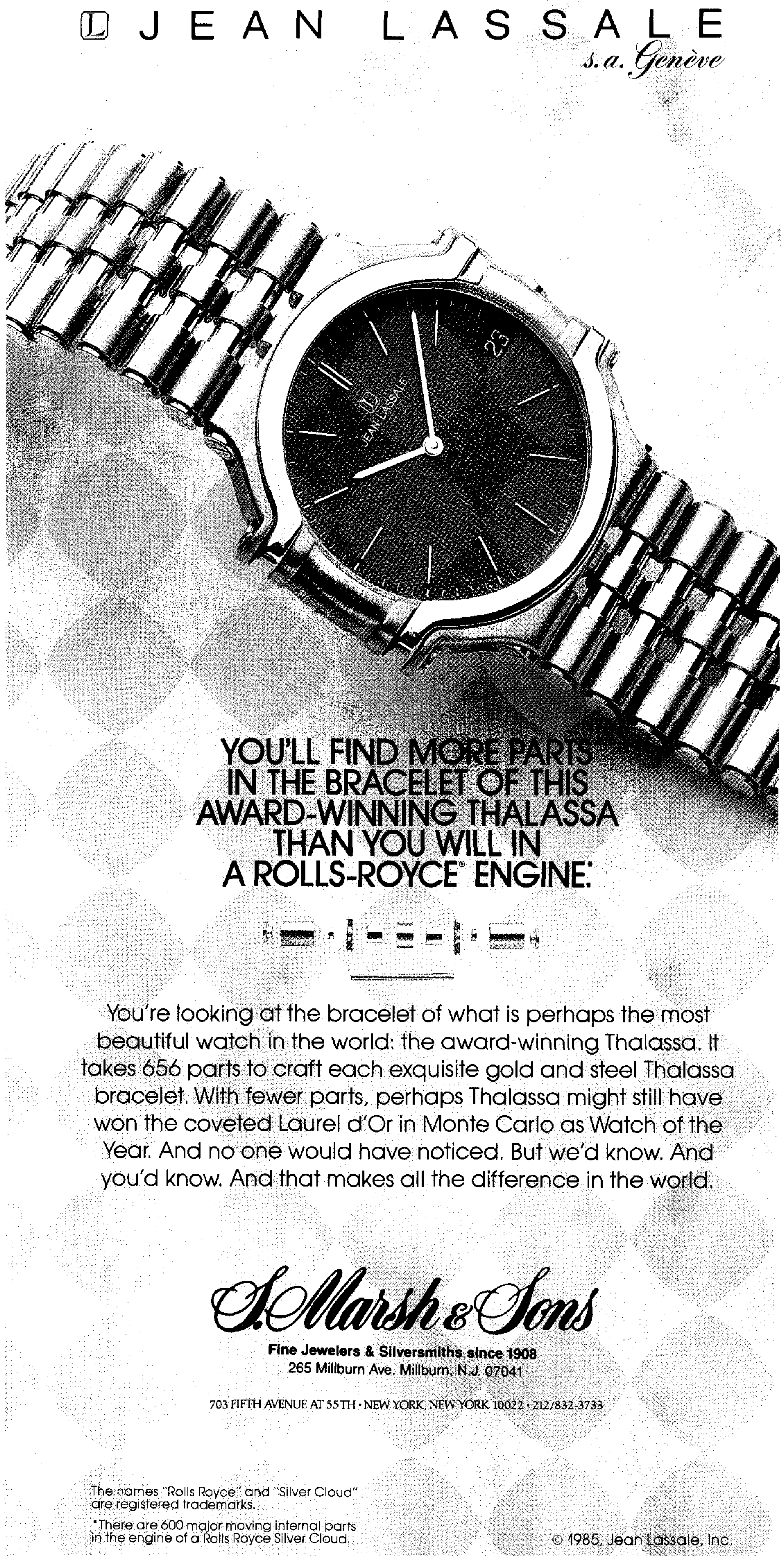
munities, which suited him absolutely, because he had been studying religions.

"Religion is a necessary part of the human condition, even if it is a wild anti-religion," he told me. "I *love* the study of religions!"

At the time, there was a détente between the Jews and the Arabs, and Sir Steven used to invite the professors of the Hebrew University to meet Arab intellectuals, with great success, for some of the professors of the Hebrew University were deeply interested in Arabic studies. One Orientalist, Leo Mayer, was so highly respected by the Arabs that several learned Hebrew in order to attend his lectures. The victory of Zionism ended all that.

Living in an old house just outside Herod's Gate, Sir Steven thought that he would like to stay in Jerusalem forever. He was already intending to write about the Crusades, so living there and being able to travel about Palestine was of great use to him. He stayed ten months. "Unfortunately—or fortunately—for me, the President of Turkey, driving around the streets of Istanbul one day, saw a building he didn't recognize, and asked what it was. Eventually, someone said he thought it was Byzantine. He asked further, but no one was able to tell him more. He said angrily, 'Do you mean to say that no one in this city knows anything about Byzantium? After all, it's a period in the history of the country.' Turning to the Minister of Education, he said, 'Find me a Byzantine professor at once!' The Minister of Education went to see an old friend of mine, the historian of the classical world Michael Grant, then head of the British Council in Turkey, who said they'd better get me. I received a letter from the Foreign Office instructing me to leave my present job in Jerusalem to go to Istanbul to be a Turkish professor. I lectured in English, but the seminars and examinations were in Turkish. If you housekeep in a country, you learn the language."

Everyone in Istanbul was praying that Anthony Eden, the British Foreign Secretary, would not succeed in bringing Turkey into the war. When the Turks did enter, on the side of the Allies, it was quite clear how the war was going to end. "Everyone's always suspected me, I find, of being a secret agent when I was in Turkey," Sir Steven told me. "Not a bit of it! I was a straightforward Turkish profes-



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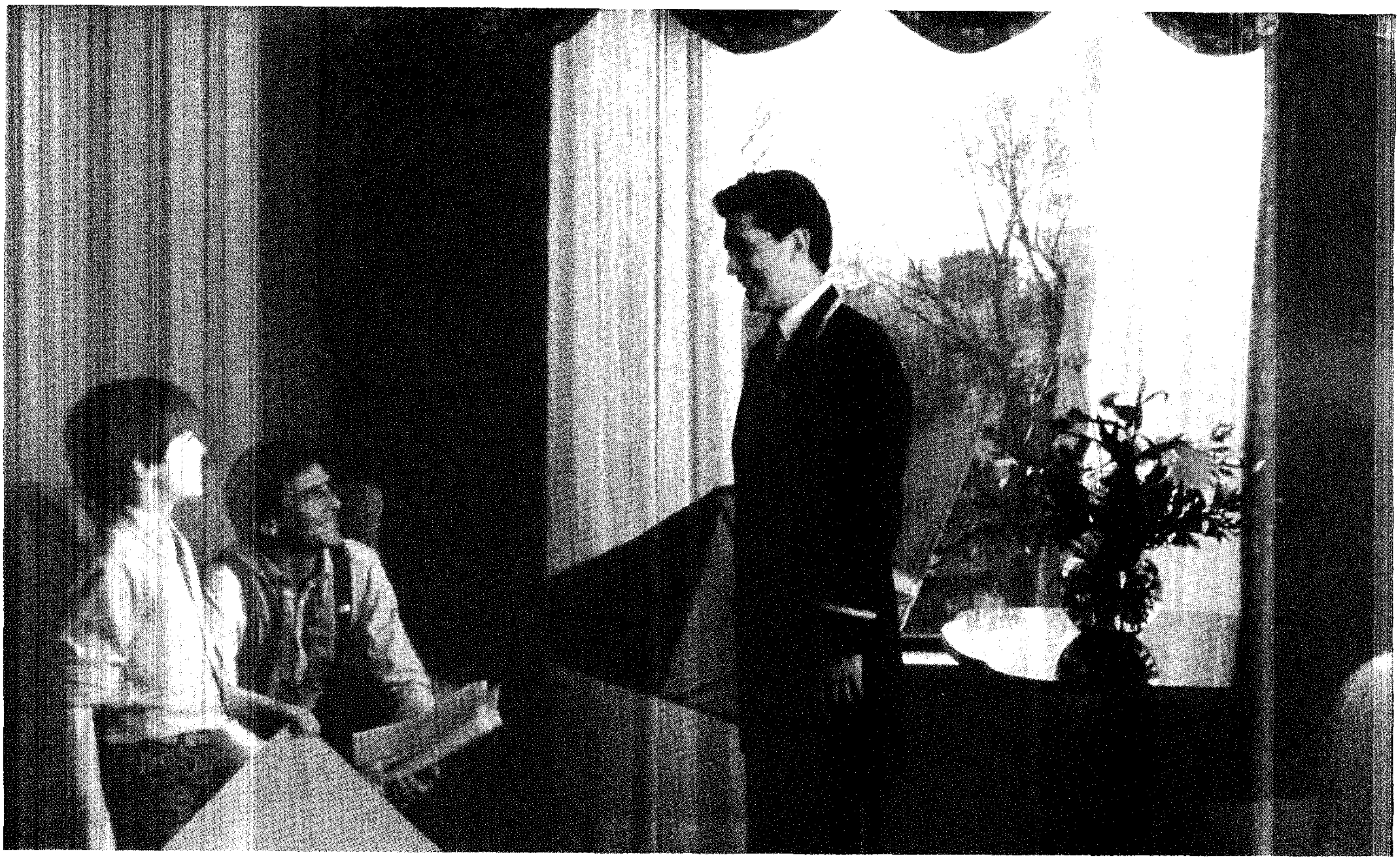

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sor. The one thing the Turks were very good at was their secret service, spying on you. At one time, when I had hepatitis and was recovering at a resort, I talked often with a charming Turk of the secret service who was there and wanted to learn English. He had been in charge of looking after foreigners in Istanbul, and the things he told me about the private lives of my English friends were absolutely amazing—things that I hadn't realized. One had to be very careful. When the Italians caved in, they gave all their secret papers to the British, and in their list of British spies I was put at the top. '*Molto intelligente, molto pericoloso.*' One of my best tributes, and entirely false."

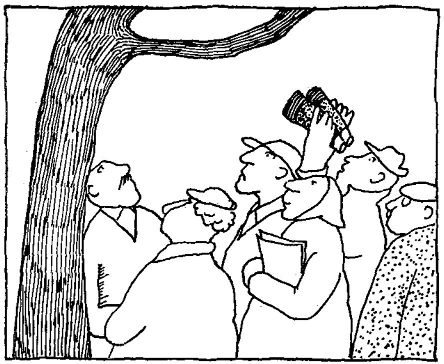
The Turks were liberal about allowing foreigners to travel as long as they kept away from the military zones, so Sir Steven was able to do most of the Crusader journey. During his holidays, he went to Syria. But he did no writing. He wasn't able to get at any books. The only good library in Istanbul was that of the German Institute, and he couldn't go there. Because of the appalling climate in Istanbul, he had sciatica for months on end. When the British Council, the British foreign cultural service, asked him if he would like to go to Athens to direct its organization, vaguely set up before the war, Sir Steven said he would go for two years, since Athens had a marvellous climate for rheumatics.

The first Greek civil war was just over. The second civil war, which didn't affect Athens itself, hadn't begun. Sir Steven was in Greece in the gap in between, and travelled all over the country. By the spring of 1947, however, travel was getting difficult. He went out with two of his English colleagues for the Easter weekend, driving around the Peloponnese, and they came upon a bus that had been waylaid by rebels. The passengers had been beaten up, and there were bloodstains on the bus. The village where the English had hoped to have their Easter lamb was in mourning because of the incident. "Things were beginning to be a little unpleasant," he said.

Sir Steven was abroad all during the Second World War. When he got back to England, he started his book on the Crusades. He lived in London—had a house in St. John's Wood—but he went up to Cambridge two days a week to help with teaching until the colleges readjusted themselves after the war. He enjoyed the weekly half hour of personal supervision of a pupil—unless he disliked the pupil. And he went quite often to his family island, the Isle of Eigg, off the coast of Scotland, where he wrote most of the book. His father had bought the island in 1926. When he died, it was in an estate company in which Sir Steven and his brother had equal shares, but his father had kept the house on the island out of the estate company in order to leave it to his second son. Rather to Sir Steven's relief, his brother, who has always been conscious that Sir Steven is the brother who has to be kept in his place, managed the estate accounts, with a secretarial staff. But Sir Steven had control of the house. He went up often to stay for a fortnight in midwinter, with a suitcase of books and a suitcase of groceries, when there was nothing to do but write. He arranged his life so he didn't have to hurry back to London from the island. If there was a storm, the island ferryboat couldn't go out to the weekly steamer, and the family motorboat couldn't cross the rough sea. If there were guests, they couldn't arrive, or, worse, couldn't leave. A lovely place with a lovely garden, it was very inconvenient, and it was, with great regret, sold in 1966—the year Sir Steven sold his house in London and moved to Elshieshields.

DURING a visit on my own to Elshieshields, I risked annoying Sir Steven to find out about his work. We were having after-dinner drinks in his study, before the wood fire.

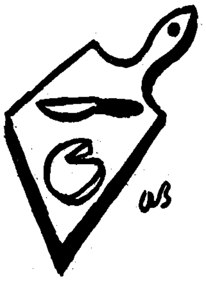
"The Crusades was one of the big stories of history, and, as it hadn't been told recently, I wanted to tell it," he said to me. "I suppose I am considered a rather old-fashioned historian. What the Namier historians or the historians of the new French style think of me I can only too easily imagine. They concentrate on details, and I . . . Well, I know I'm terribly in disgrace with the Crusading historians, because I'm not interested in things like the detailed legal arrangements, although I know roughly what they were. These historians are very recondite, I think, and have a snobbish and undemocratic view of history. I, in my old-fashioned way, am much more democratic. I want to know what made the whole story happen. You see, historians are now terrified of telling a story, as though that were fiction, and not history. They forget that the word 'history' means 'story.' "



"I'd like to know how you yourself write history," I said.

He was at the very edge of his armchair; behind him was a pile of papers and magazines that he would have sat on if he'd sat back. He said, "Well, one starts with the sources. Published sources proliferate. If Gibbon, who when he wrote the 'Decline and Fall' had consulted practically all the printed sources available to him in his day, were to write the same book today, he'd have about three times as much primary material to consult. Then, there are the unpublished sources—the material in archives, often ill-catalogued, and sometimes not catalogued, or even arranged. Then, there is always the possibility of something hitherto unknown being discovered—the life of a saint in a monastic library, or a batch of letters, or a forgotten charter. But in classical and medieval history such finds are very rare, and most primary material has been published. Occasionally, one thinks as one goes through catalogues of collections, Oh, this would be interesting. Then one finds that it's been published in a slightly different form or under a different heading elsewhere. I've never found, myself, any new manuscript material of any value. In fact, I'm not very good at reading manuscripts. And I can't bear reading on microfilm. I've got a rather fitful memory. When I go into a library and don't happen to have a notebook on me and I see somewhere in a book something that is of great interest, I think that I shall certainly remember it. A month or two later, I want to use the material. I remember exactly what it looked like on the page, but I can't remember which book it is in. In the end, I'll locate it."

I realized that Sir Steven was no longer looking at me but over my head. His voice rose as he spoke. "With so much to consult, a historian, not unnaturally, does tend to take refuge in details, a detailed discussion of some small point. What he produces can be very useful, but he is not really writing history; he is providing another secondary source. To write history, he has to bring his details together into a significant whole. There are some historians who begin with the significant whole—before they have mastered the details. The trouble is that to explain the course of all history you should be acquainted with all history—and it would be hard to find such a polymath. I rather like the idea of writing a story. The idea is to find some well-rounded theme—without being afraid of the large theme—that makes a story of its own. But it must fit into the stream of history, and the historian must be conscious of its causes in the past and its influences on the future. All the reading takes time, but during that time you're thinking about the work, consciously and often subconsciously. Much of your best thinking is done, say, on a country walk or when you're working in the garden. It's helpful to have a garden.



"Then comes the time when you start writing. I believe that this should come sooner rather than later. It is tempting to take a perfectionist attitude and put off writing anything, on the ground that there is always something else to find out on the subject. There always will be. But, meanwhile, the overaccumulation of knowledge tends to blur the judgment, and can even bore. When the theme seems clear to you in your mind, you must then, I think, take the risk, hoping you haven't left out anything of any real significance, even though critics may later discover details you've ignored. It's when you begin to put down your thoughts on paper that you begin to realize what you actually think. Johan Huizinga remarked that you can't make proper use of sources until you know what questions you want them to answer. This is certainly my experience. I write sitting on a low stool, my typewriter on a low table, and books all around me on the floor. I must have my sources around me, or as many as I can collect, when I'm writing, for it's only then that I see what's important. A lot of people have card indexes; I haven't got any. And any previous notes always prove to be inadequate or irrelevant. In a curious way, as you study the texts, for your writing, the sequence of events unfolds itself to you freshly—and that will give a freshness to your narrative. When I'm writing, I'm dealing with something being revealed to me all the time. I get the insight when I'm actually having to try to put it into words.

"I type, rather slowly, muttering to get the rhythm right. I think this is very important. A well-written book must be a book that you can read aloud satisfactorily. So I mutter as I go. I've always wanted to write well. In my last year at Eton, I suddenly thought, Well, I think I do know how to express myself. By then, I'd realized what, of course, I still feel very strongly: the two things that are needed in good writing are clarity and rhythm. My great master was Beatrix Potter, who wrote absolutely beautiful simple English with every now and then a grand word put in, or a grand phrase put in, which suddenly gave variety, picturesqueness. I don't approve of English Departments, because that is just all of you boys doing for work what you ought to be doing for pleasure, but I do believe in good writing. There is no reason a historical work shouldn't be acceptable both to scholars because of its erudition and to the literary world because of its style—and to a wider public because of its readability. But such works are rarely produced nowadays."

Sir Steven was now looking up at the ceiling and almost singing. "In the eighteenth century, history *was* literature. Mr. Gibbon's new volume was the most exciting thing you could have in the literary world. And in the nineteenth century another essay by Macaulay was of literary importance. As was even, God bless him, a new work by Carlyle. One reads *them* as much for their styles as for their erudition. What is important to remember about their styles is that they found them helpful to their processes of thought. They're all a bit overstylized. You begin to think they can't write in any other way. But it would be impossible to imagine their histories devoid of their styles.

"The division between history and literature is one of the wickedest results of the takeover of history by the Germans in the nineteenth century. In the hands of the great pioneers of German historical writing—of Ranke and of Mommsen—German was a superb instrument, for they wrote with classical clarity. But on the whole German historians have remained indifferent to niceties of style, with no interest in making their works attractive to the reader. And their British admirers have copied them."

Sir Steven put more wood on the fire, then again sat at the very edge of his chair and spoke as though to an audience he was too shy to look at. "Bury's inaugural lecture as Regius Professor of Modern History was called 'The Science of History,' and in the climax of the last passage he declared that if history was to become, in his words, 'a powerful force for stripping the bandages of error from the eyes of men' she must remember—and I quote him again—that 'though she may supply material for literary art or philosophical speculation, she is herself simply a science, no less and no more.' Well, in 1927 Bury was succeeded in the Cambridge chair by G. M. Trevelyan, one of whose better-known lectures was called 'Clio: A Muse,' and in it he argued that the Greeks were right to have a muse of history. He said that history's aim was to give a deeper understanding of humanity, which is the aim of all arts. Its techniques differ from those of the other arts—but every art works with its own material. The historian has to follow a discipline—the discipline of recorded fact—which the novelist, for example, can ignore. But unless the finished product is conceived of as a work of art it will not succeed in its purpose of enlightenment. Their manifestos differ, but in point of fact there was very little difference between Bury and Trevelyan. Bury wrote excellent English, as befitted a man brought up on the classical languages, and a devotee of Edward Gibbon. His narrative style is remarkably effective: clear and precise but with touches of irony and grim humor and a sense of the dramatic—especially in his later Byzantine books. I think that if his subject had been less unfamiliar and, also, if he hadn't insisted that his books be produced in a rather unattractive format, better suited to the classroom than to the library, he would have been recognized as one of our great historians. Though when he strayed into more general history, as in his book 'History of Freedom of Thought,' he was less effective.

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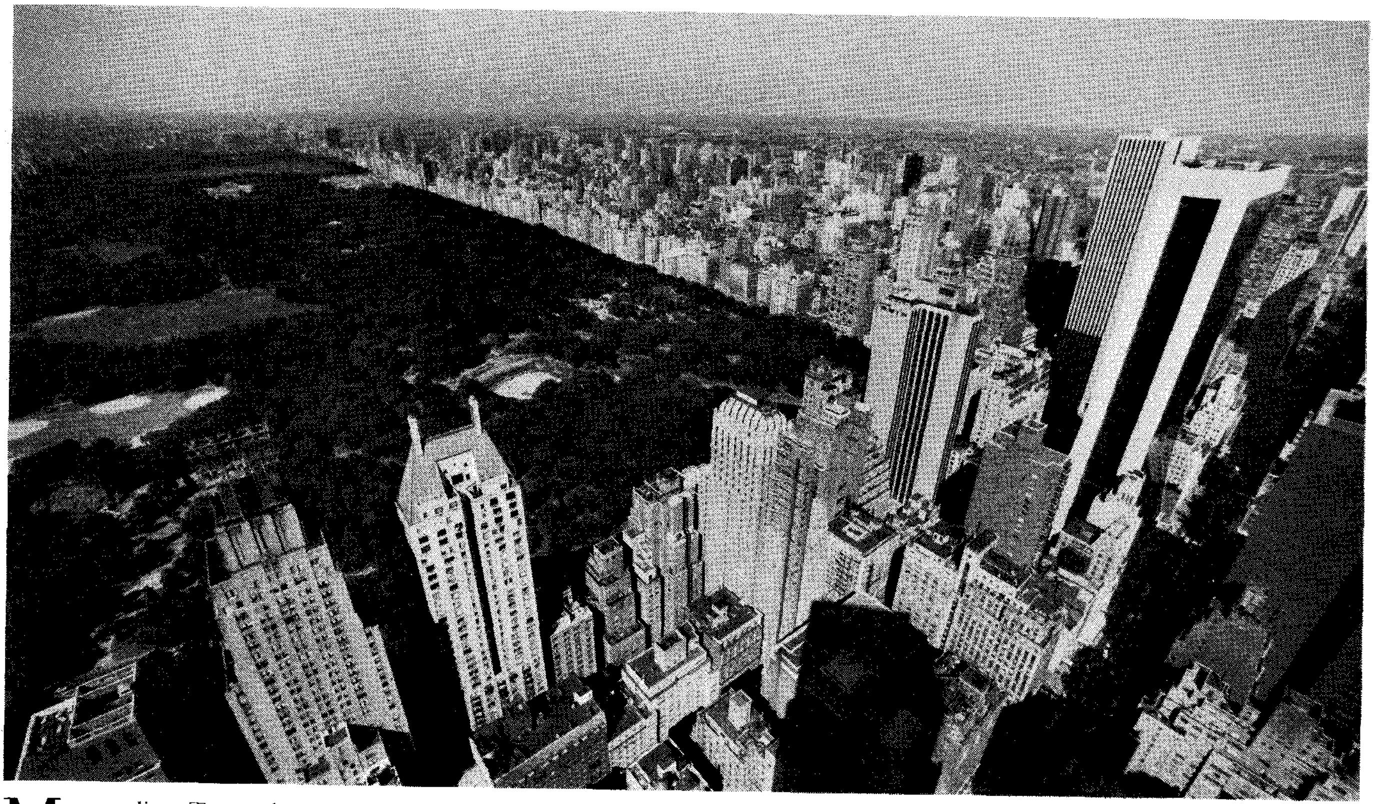

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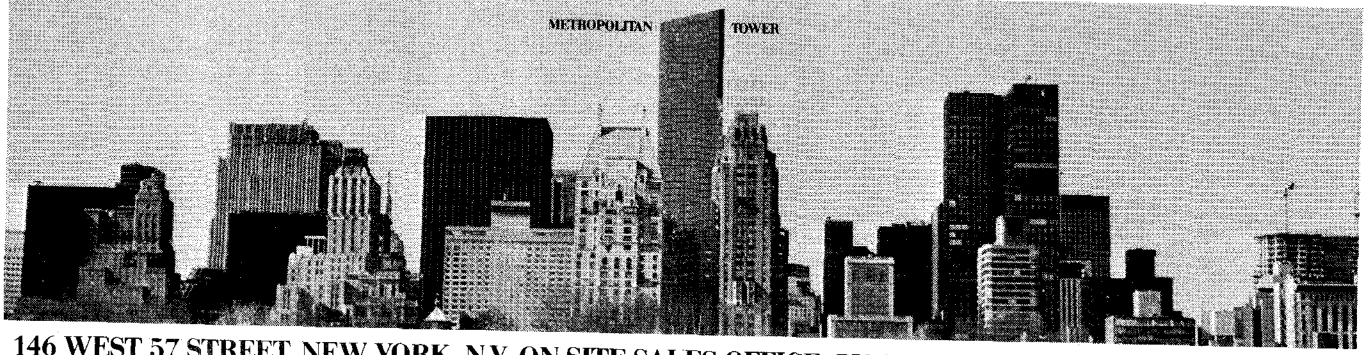

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one write the history of England in one volume without being superficial? And they object to his excellent 'English Social History' because it was a social, and not a sociological, history. Perhaps in his earlier works on Garibaldi his enthusiasm for his hero made him a little unfair to the other side. But he was a fine scholar, and his great history 'England Under Queen Anne' is, I think, among the supreme solidly based and beautifully *written* works published this century.

Sir Steven asked me if I'd like more malt whiskey. I said yes, then I asked what books he had written, though I could tell he was getting tired of my questions. He said, "'A History of the Crusades,' in three volumes, came out in 1951, 1952, and 1954. Then came 'The Eastern Schism,' in 1955, and 'The Sicilian Vespers,' in 1958. I did a little excursion into modern Far Eastern history in 'The White Rajahs,' published in 1958. In 1965, I *published 'The Fall of Constantinople* 1453' and, in 1968, my last big book, 'The Great Church in Captivity.' 'The Orthodox Churches and the Secular State' came out in 1972, 'Byzantine Style and Civilization' in 1975, and 'Mistra' in 1980. There have also been some rather minor things published, mostly lectures, and the best of these was, I think, 'The Last Byzantine Renaissance,' published in 1970. I won't start another magnum opus. I'm not prepared, really, to travel about and do the research that I need for the one big book I would like to do—'Venice and the Greeks.'

"I suppose to write history we must, to a degree, use our imaginations. Indeed, I believe that the most useful trait that the historian can possess is an imaginative sympathy. I say 'imaginative' because we can never be absolutely certain about the past. We may believe that in 1805 Nelson won the Battle of Trafalgar. We believe it because the evidence for it seems overwhelming. But we can't know for certain—we were not there. The historian can only assess evidence, and that is best done with understanding and controlled imagination. Equipped with imagination, he may be able to tell us about humanity in the past. In my preface to 'The Crusades,' I wrote, 'I believe that the supreme duty of the historian is to write history, that is to say, to attempt to record in one sweeping sequence the greater events and movements that have swayed the destinies of man.' I still believe that."

—David Plante

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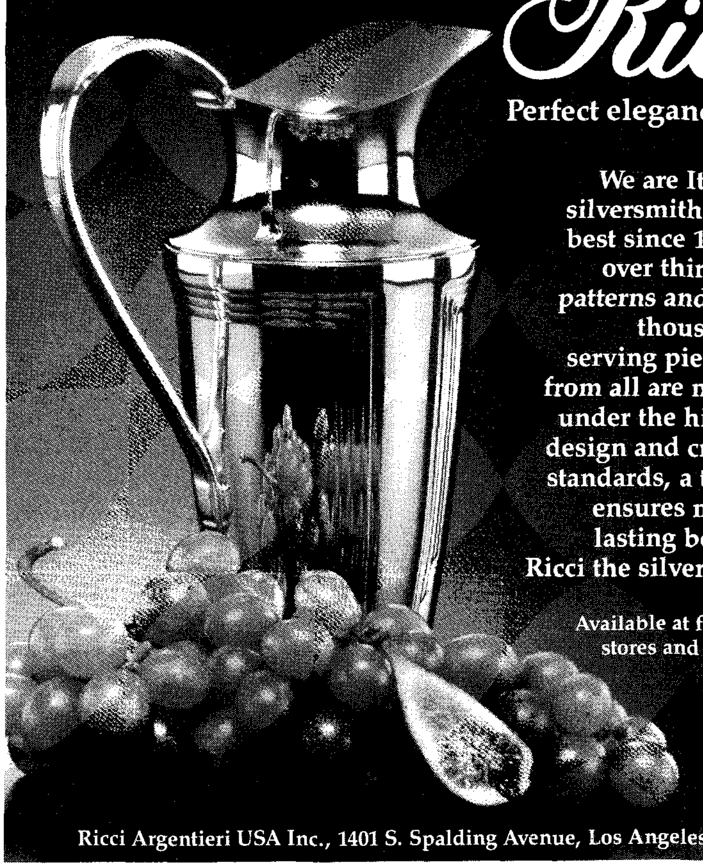
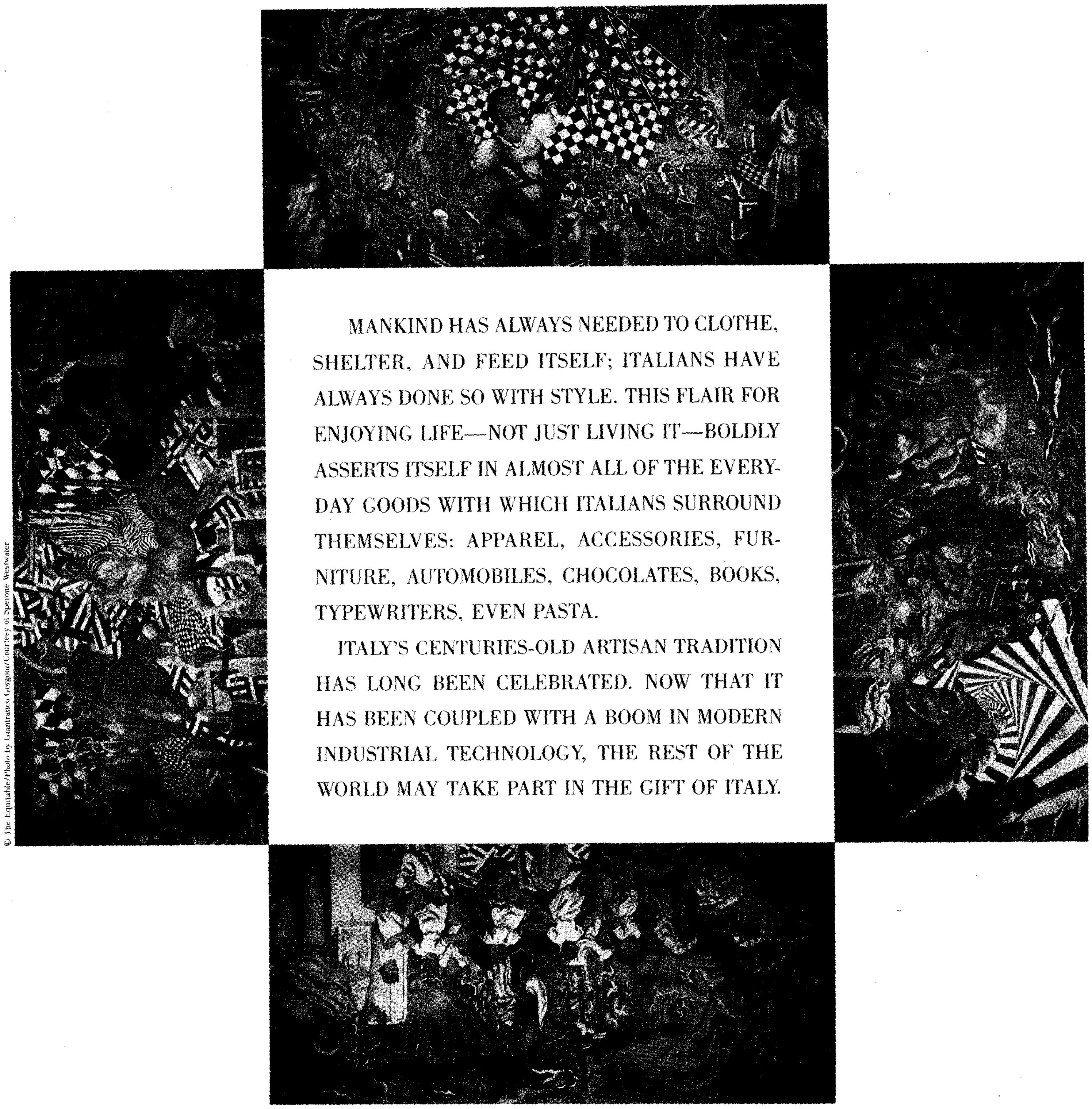


The Gift of Italy

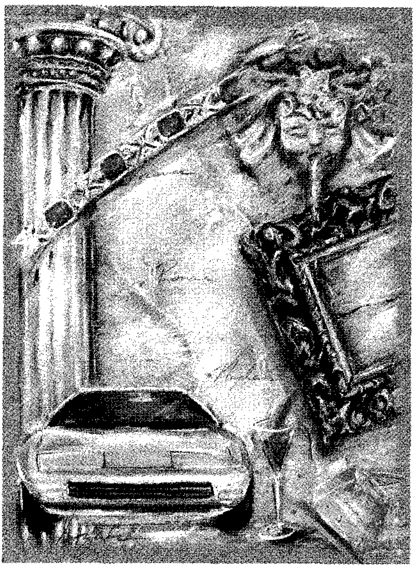
MANKIND HAS ALWAYS NEEDED TO CLOTHE, SHELTER, AND FEED ITSELF; ITALIANS HAVE ALWAYS DONE SO WITH STYLE. THIS FLAIR FOR ENJOYING LIFE—NOT JUST LIVING IT—BOLDLY ASSERTS ITSELF IN ALMOST ALL OF THE EVERYDAY GOODS WITH WHICH ITALIANS SURROUND THEMSELVES: APPAREL, ACCESSORIES, FURNITURE, AUTOMOBILES, CHOCOLATES, BOOKS, TYPEWRITERS, EVEN PASTA.

ITALY'S CENTURIES-OLD ARTISAN TRADITION HAS LONG BEEN CELEBRATED. NOW THAT IT HAS BEEN COUPLED WITH A BOOM IN MODERN INDUSTRIAL TECHNOLOGY, THE REST OF THE WORLD MAY TAKE PART IN THE GIFT OF ITALY.



© The Equitable/Photo by Gianfranco Gorgoni/Courtesy of Sperone Westwater

Palio, a series of four panels installed at New York's Equitable Building, was painted by Italian artist Sandro Chia, whose work has been brought to America's attention by the Sperone Westwater and Leo Castelli galleries.



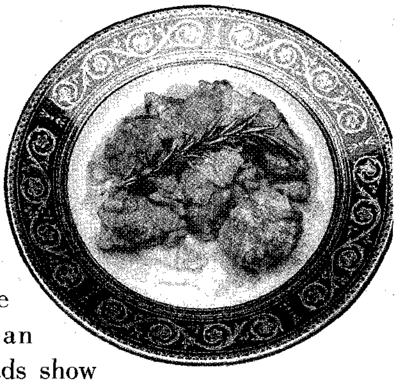
Original Artwork by Leslie Szabo

At I Tre Merli in New York's SoHo (lower right), founded by two restaurateurs from Genoa, both traditional Ligurian cuisine as well as innovative dishes like swordfish carpaccio and lobster ravioli with caviar are served.

It seems absurd that Shakespeare's most famous banquet scene takes place in a dank palace in Scotland rather than in a trattoria in Padua, Verona, or Venice. Macbeth's usual fare must have been much less appealing than the dishes to which Petruchio, Juliet and Antonio were accustomed.

Italian food, like the design of a traditional trattoria, is simple and natural. But even the most simple dishes may reveal surprises in the history and value of their ingredients. Consider the fundamental elements of *spaghetti al pomodoro*—spaghetti with tomato sauce. Tomatoes were unknown in Europe until the sixteenth century, when the conquistadores brought them from the New World. Pasta was known in Italy for at least a few years before Marco Polo's trip to China, but it was reserved only for the wealthy. Most surprising, perhaps, is the recently compiled evidence that olive oil, a basic ingredient of most Italian dishes, is actually good for you.

Through the recent efforts of many Italian restaurateurs, the tremendous variety of Italian food and wine touches increasingly large numbers of Americans, especially in New York City. Not only is the city rife with Italian restaurants, but even bus shelters carry huge advertisements for Citterio prosciutto (headlined "How to serve Italian prosciutto like an American virtuoso," the ads show slices of the dry-cured ham artfully arranged in floral patterns). And Pasta and Cheese shops, with assortments of cheeses, breads, pastas, sauces, and specialty items, are almost as common as Benetton or David's Cookies outlets.



The average American is now sophisticated enough to expect pasta to be cooked *al dente* ("to the tooth"—just right) as a matter of course. Even in Italy, where pasta production is regulated by law, differences exist from brand to brand. Martelli, a sort of designer's spaghetti, is available in this country only by mail order. Del Verde and De Cecco, also fine brands, are more widely distributed.

Enjoyment of dining is intrinsic to the Italian lifestyle. "To show life, you must show people eating as well as sleeping and making love," the director Federico Fellini told food critic Mimi Sheraton. But, he lamented, "Before the Second World War, only sick people who were very obese dieted. Now everyone does, and it takes the fun and freedom out of eating."

Perhaps, now that olive oil may be considered beneficial to your health, the fun of eating will return.

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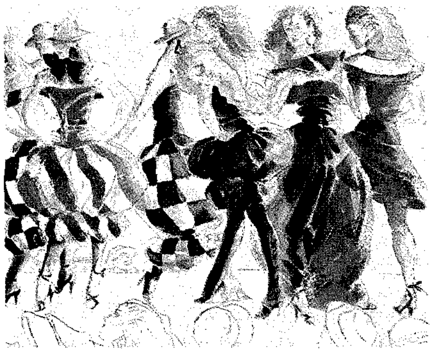
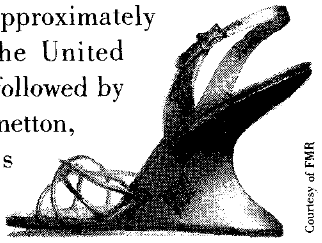
A 1958 portrait of Salvatore Ferragamo (upper right), whose family now carries on the Ferragamo tradition of fine design not only for customized shoes, but also for men's and women's fashions, accessories, and small leather goods.

The well-known designs of Giorgio Armani (lower right) demonstrate the success with which Italians have fused form with function. Valentino's dazzling fashions (below) are both colorful and elegant—designs that create lasting impressions.

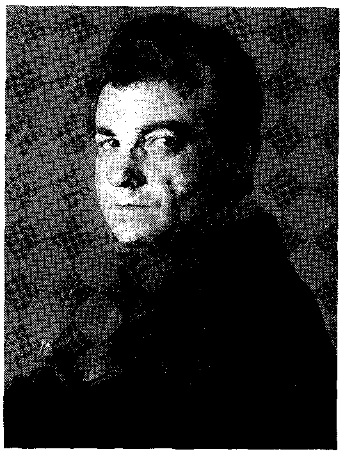

Courtesy of FMR

In any American fashion magazine, between Bruce Weber's fantasy photographs of English aristocrats wearing American designer Ralph Lauren's Polowear and Weber's fantasy photographs of 1950s teenagers wearing Calvin Klein's jeans, dozens of advertisements depict models in front of plain white backgrounds and European monuments. In these straightforward ads, the models do nothing but look simply great in the clothing of Armani, Versace, Ferre, Valentino, Missoni, Zegna, and other Italian fashion designers.

Within only a few blocks, on Fifth and Madison Avenues in New York City, Gucci, Beltrami, Ferragamo, Bottega Veneta, Frette, Pratesi, D. Cenci, and other retailers make Italian clothing and fabrics available here as never before. New York professional men and women still do not dress with as much attention to style as do their counterparts in Milan and Rome. But fashion is certainly the most visible aspect of Italian design in this country.


Courtesy of FMR

Italy's fashion industry is nothing if not prolific. Krizia alone exports approximately 350,000 articles yearly (the United States is the widest market, followed by Japan and West Germany); Benetton, the sportswear company, is represented by more than 3,500 stores in 56 countries (more than 400 are in the United States) and sells 40 million pieces per year. And yet, Italian clothes makers are perceived as fine craftspeople whose operations are run with a homey feeling. Benetton, despite giant proportions, is operated by four siblings and their offspring. The company began when the eldest brother, Luciano Benetton, decided to market his sister Guiliana's handknit sweaters. Two decades later, Benetton is now the world's largest wool consumer, with eleven factories in Italy, Spain, France, and Scotland.

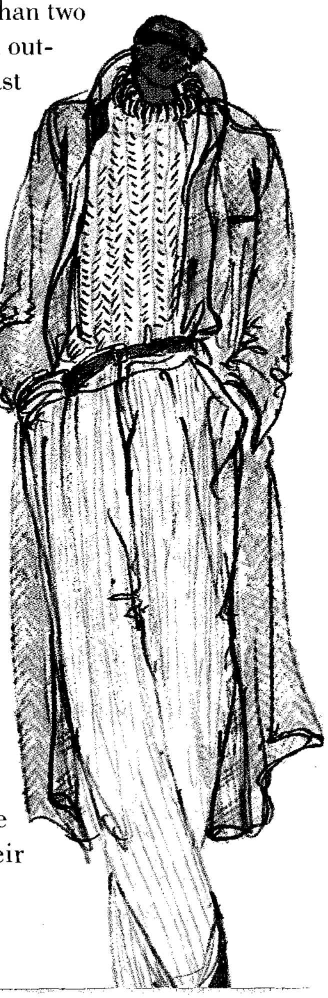

Courtesy of Pietro Annigoni

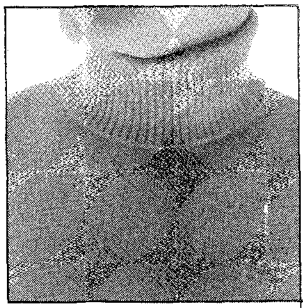
Even a designer as slick as Armani bridges the gap between the craftsmanship expected of his clothing and the industrialization required by his company's huge output. Writes Richard de Combray in the book *Armani:* "Today, our culture lives for industrialization, but mythicizes artisanry... Armani has consciously demystified these distinctions, demonstrating that design can be both of a high level and adaptable to the needs of the wider public, without sacrificing in the least its effective capacity to communicate a message."

Milan is Italy's couture capital, where designers present their collections twice yearly. Success at the showings can make a designer famous. This past year, for example, Romeo Gigli, a relative unknown, became a clear favorite and is gaining recognition in the United States.

Miguel Cruz, another Milanese designer, has been producing a finely crafted, ultra-elegant, and very expensive line of women's fashions for more than two decades. He has been little known outside of his elite clientele, but last year an American investor acquired his firm. This year, an advertising campaign budgeted at over one million dollars will be promoting the Cruz line in America.

Italian suits, dresses, and casualwear have become justifiably admired by men and women with a strong sense of style because of the richness and quality of the fabric used, the expertise of the tailoring, and the classic elegance of the silhouette. Judging from the enormous success these designers enjoy here, it seems unlikely that we will be seeing fantasy photographs in fashion magazines of British lords wearing Missoni sweaters, or girls appearing at the sock hop in Fendi furs like their American competition.





D.CENCI MAD.AVE

"When I first left Rome, I was told living here is easiest if you're thick-skinned. If you're talking about New York winters (what else?), it's true. No problem. Each year I return to Rome and bring back to New York a distinctive alternative to hibernation.

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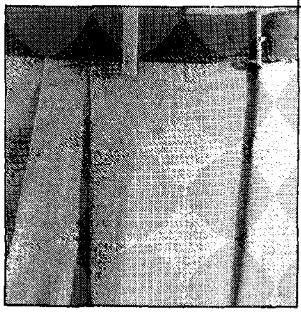
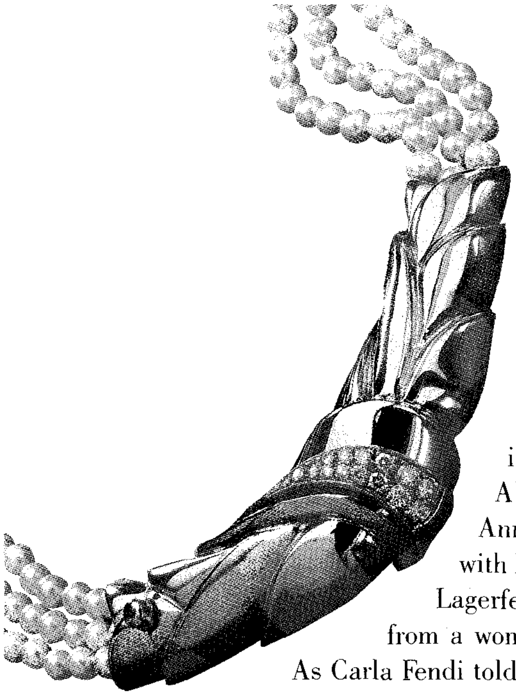


DETAILS DETAILS


Courtesy of Fortunoff

As at Benetton, siblings — five sisters in this case—run Fendi. Not surprisingly, Paola, Carla, Alda, Franca, and Anna, in collaboration with Fendi designer Karl Lagerfeld, make handbags from a woman's point of view. As Carla Fendi told the Italian daily *Il Messaggero,* in the 1960s "bags were just big enough to contain a powder compact, a handkerchief, and a purse. Handbags for women without professional commitments. As time went on, we created increasingly bigger bags for women who were even more active and professionally involved, often busy with business trips. Simple, light, functional bags that we ourselves had tried out."

While Fendi has been extremely innovative in its use of materials (it developed fully-woven waterproof canvas for bags), Ratti uses technology and research to re-create fabrics from the past. The world's largest silk manufacturer, Ratti began in 1945 by producing fabrics for ties and scarves and now produces textiles for apparel and home furnishings as well. But its finest work is its historical pieces—it has reproduced sixteenth-century Chinese silks for the Metropolitan Museum of Art and a 37-screen Japanese print for Clarence House, and is currently immersed in the study of paisley, drawing on designs ranging from those of ancient Kashmir to the present. It even forecasts the paisleys of the future.

Italian clothing and accessories often have an understated elegance—fabrics do not distract the eye from the design of an Armani dress, for example, although on closer inspection, they are often rich in subtleties. Jewelry, on the other hand, by Bulgari or Buccellati, is often big and bright, the sharp accent to an outfit.

It is impossible to pigeonhole the Italian jewelry industry, however. Over 3,500 fine-jewelry designers flourish in Italy. The shops of small goldsmiths still line the Ponte Vecchio in Florence, where one can peer inside to verify that traditional craftsmanship still thrives.

But even in this field, technology plays a part. One of Italy's newer jewelry designers, Manfredi, has installed computers in its workshop/laboratory to monitor each phase of production. Manfredi jewelers work at desks with both high-tech equipment and simple tools that would be familiar to a craftsman of the Renaissance. Modern techniques have enabled Manfredi to expand rapidly. Founded only in 1973 in Varese, the company had opened a shop on Madison Avenue by 1982.

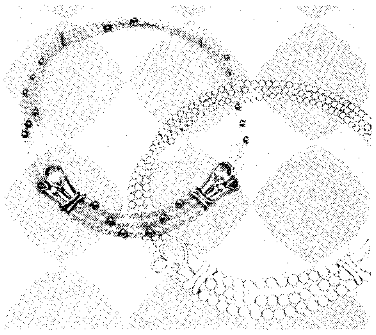
Leather and jewelry craftsmanship are among the oldest traditions in Italy. Designers have given much thought to making accessories of remarkably high quality. But still, handbags by Fendi or Gucci, with the repeated logo printed on the fabric, carry some mystical aura of prestige.

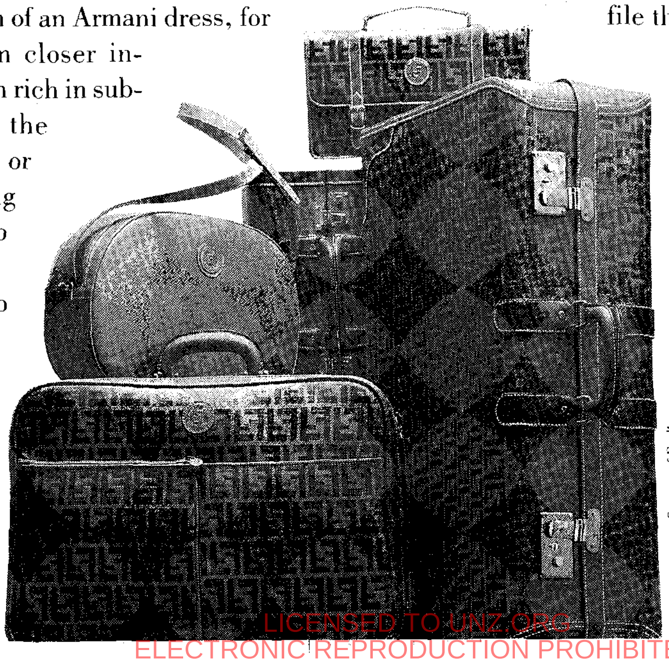
Italian manufacturers are not reticent about using such appeal to sell their merchandise. And so, an Italian accessory can be a costly gift. This does not seem a deterrent in the American market, however. A stroll along Madison or Fifth reveals the high profile that Italian accessory and apparel designers now show in New York. It is not only Italian-owned outlets like Gucci and Ferragamo that are thriving. A year after Bloomingdale's lengthy and lavish Ecco l'Italia festival promoting Italian-made wares ended, Fortunoff, on Fifth Avenue, is mounting a five-week exhibition of Italian jewelry, featuring designers from different regions of Italy each week. With promotions such as these, folksiness and capitalism can meet for a successful business relationship.

With highly technical design facilities, Manfredi, a modern design firm in an industry of traditions, has created jewels (below) to satisfy both today's sophisticated and sporty women.

Bags by Fendi (below center) function for today's active, professional woman, while maintaining the elegant style of years past.

Innovative jewelry by Augusto is featured by retailers such as Fortunoff (upper left).


Courtesy of Manfredi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TAROTS
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Text by Italo Calvino
Franco Maria Ricci

Speaking of Luigi Canton, one of Italy's foremost master printers, his son Paolo says: "In *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance*, there is a phrase that reads: 'It all comes down to the difference between those who care and those who don't.' Well, my father cares. That's why he's the best." The elder Canton's achievements prove that this is not merely a son's boast.

Grafiche Milani, the printing house that Canton heads, is widely known for producing sumptuous art books. Among the major achievements to its credit are a twelve-volume facsimile edition of the *Encyclopédie* of Denis Diderot and Jean d'Alembert and a spectacular 922-page facsimile of a medieval Spanish manuscript, the Kennicott Bible, the first facsimile to be printed on parchment paper.

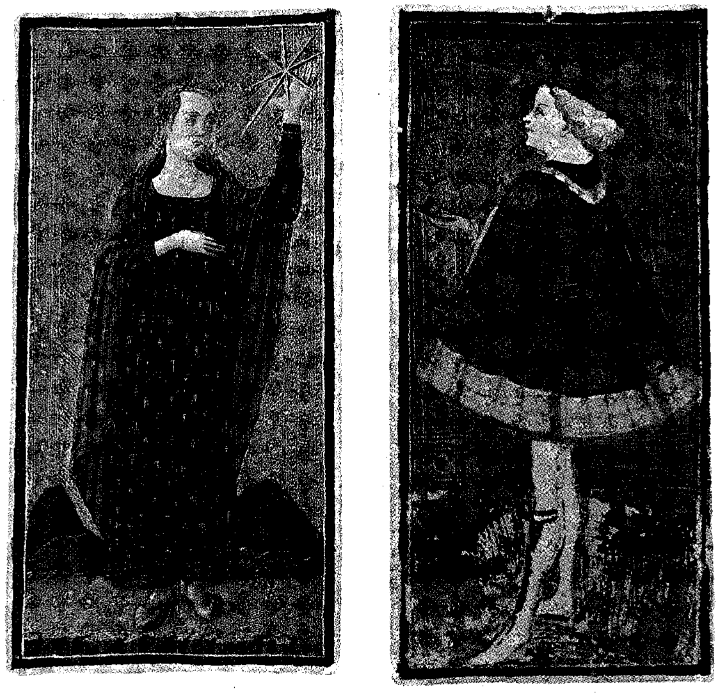
Italy is one of three countries famous for fine color printing. (Japan and England are the others.) Like their Japanese counterparts, Italian printers employ state-of-the-art printing technology. The Kennicott Bible, for example, was printed on an ultra-high-tech Heidelberg 102F.

"In Japan they do beautiful work," admits Canton, "but they let computers handle everything. We have the same computers, but we are also artists." People who consider themselves craftsmen rather than technicians closely monitor and adjust by eye that which computerized presses print. They care.

Grafiche Milani has printed books for several American publishers, but the best-known work the firm has produced has been in collaboration with the Italian publisher and graphics designer Franco Maria Ricci.

Ricci's Milan-based publishing house brought out the *Encyclopédie*. Working with Canton, Ricci also designed and published a lavish series of art books entitled *The Signs Of Man*. Ricci's art magazine, *FMR*, printed by Pizzi, another Milanese firm, uses a typeface invented 200 years ago by the Italian printer Giambattista Bodoni. And because almost no contemporary art is depicted, the magazine seems to be from another age. Now, with Italy's advanced printing technology, we are able to enjoy thoroughly the art of the past.

Painted by Bonifacio Bembo, the two tarot cards (right) date from the fifteenth century and represent very early examples of Italian graphic art. These cards are now in the collection of the Accademia Carrara in Carrara, Italy. A lavish book printed by Grafiche Milani (above) commemorates the tarot deck with remarkably accurate reproductions in a limited-edition, silk-bound volume that is as pleasing to the touch as it is to the eye.



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White Flint MD
Tysons Corner VA
King of Prussia PA
Willow Grove PA
Dallas TX
Miami FL
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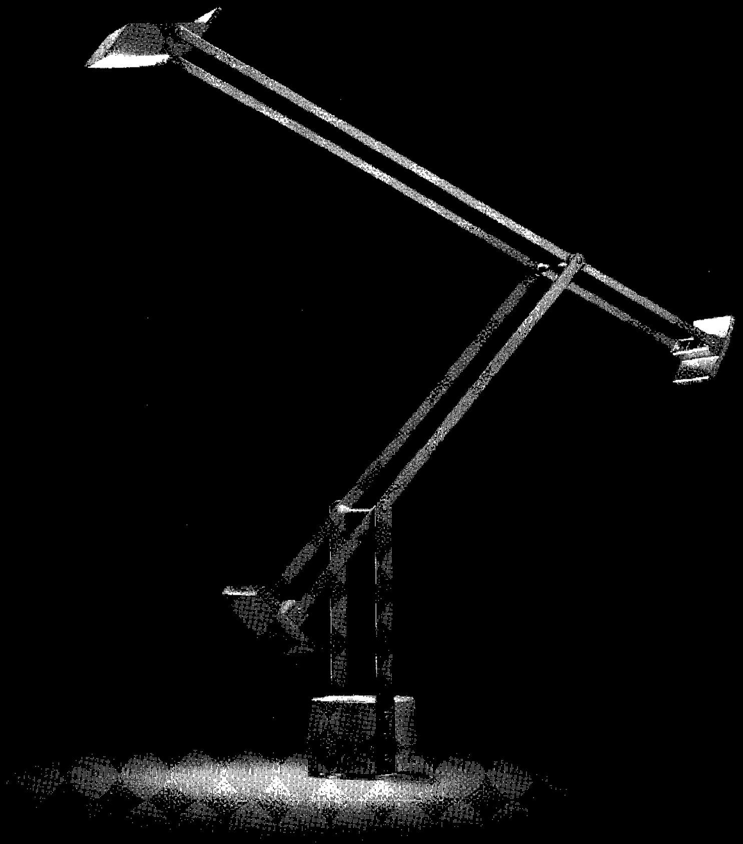
Chestnut Hill MA



With one big exception, Italian technical products are designed to be functional. They are also, as it happens, good looking. Sometimes this results from styling, but it is usually because the products serve their purposes so well.

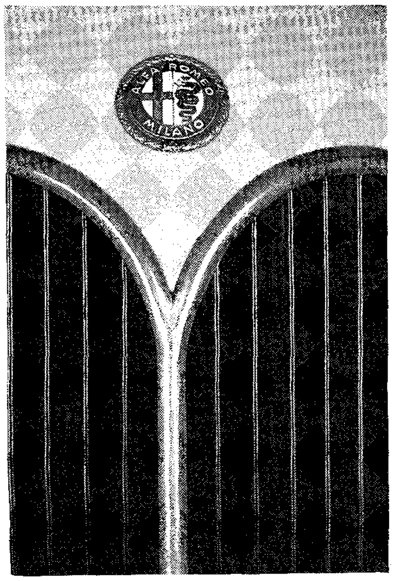
Personal computers are the most exciting current designs meeting these two-fold specifications. Mario Bellini, with his original wedge-shaped Olivetti typewriters, set the industry standard for machines with keyboards. It is thus no surprise that Olivetti's computers have an ultra-functional streamlined look to them as well.

IBM's new PC Convertible (shown on this page), a lightweight "laptop" portable computer, brings computer design a step further. This machine is an American product designed by another leader in the technical design field, Richard Sapper. Although German-born, Sapper has lived and designed in Italy for almost three decades, and he has given the PC Convertible an Italian character.

"The PC Convertible is the epitome of functionalism," observes New York designer Tom Tercek. "It shows perfectly the approach that Italian designers take. They boil the product down to its fundamental needs—in this case that means making the computer fold up neatly so that it can be carried on an airplane—then design the different parts so cleverly that there is no excess. In other words, it does exactly what it should do." And that's what makes it look good.

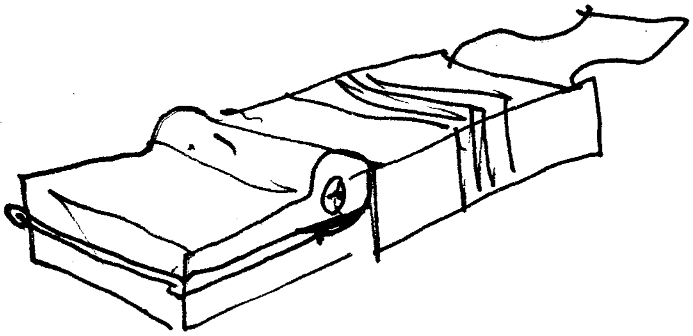
IBM has come a long way from the first Selectric, with its heavy, bulky casing. Newer IBM typewriters now resemble the lightweight machines that Olivetti has produced for years, with the sleek look that is typical of so many Italian products, from Flos, Arteluce, and Artemide lamps to racing cars by Alfa Romeo, Ferrari, and Maserati. Streamlining helps these cars to go fast. Frequently, it also makes their design sublime. Even Henry Ford remarked, "I tip my hat every time I see an Alfa Romeo."

Photograph by Massimo Listri, FMR Magazine



Although particularly gifted with a sense of form, Italians have also gained renown for their sense of function as well. Alfa Romeo automobiles (left) have come to symbolize that unparalleled Italian flair for combining technical know-how with rich beauty.

With a design as streamlined as an Italian race car, IBM's PC Convertible (upper right) was created by a European who lived in and drew his inspiration from Italy.



Then there is that big exception. Memphis, an international group of designers based in Milan, makes big, colorful, non-matching, sometimes impractical lamps, clocks, carts, and furniture. They are often constructed from cheap materials but carry incredibly high price tags, even by Italian standards. While its approach is antithetical to that of most Italian designers, Memphis is neither unsuccessful nor ignored, particularly in America. The Cooper-Hewitt Museum in New York (the Smithsonian Institution's National Museum of Design) recently mounted a major exhibition on Memphis. Ettore Sottsass, Memphis' founder, lectures throughout the U.S. Recently, a Harvard student wrote his senior thesis on the group.

Although Sottsass was one of Olivetti's early designers, his work for Memphis is the antithesis of those functional and trim typewriters. His "Ashoka" lamp, for example, is gangly and colorful, a playful piece with six light bulbs pointing in different directions. Other Memphis designers also let wit triumph over function. Martin Bedin's "Super" is a multicolored lamp on wheels. Keith Gibbons' aluminum "Eleganza" is a small quartz clock mounted on a base with two tall yellow and black columns.

The PC Convertible and the Gibbons clock, despite their obvious differences, have much in common when it comes to design characteristics. Each is intended to be valued as an individual piece. Neither blends into the environment. Neither is likely to be ignored. Both add variety to the drab technical vocabulary that has often marked product design in the United States.

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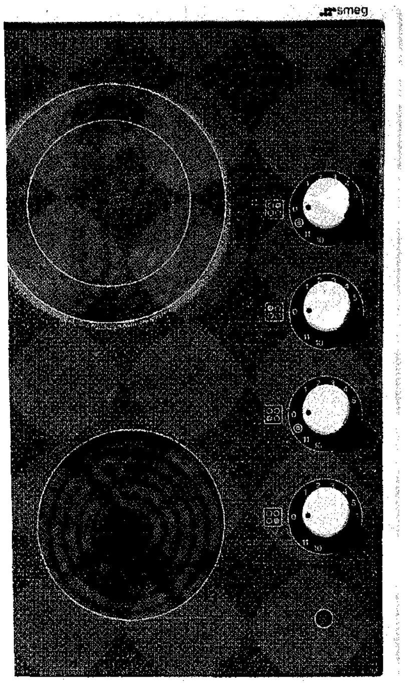
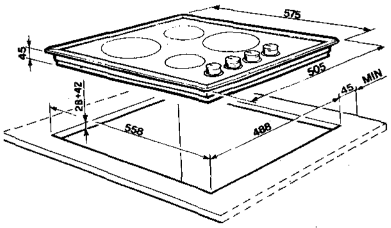
The Etruscans were Italy's first interior designers. They covered the wall surfaces of their tombs with exact terracotta reproductions of useful household implements, transforming the burial chambers into homey kitchens that provided for the afterlife.



Courtesy of Smeg

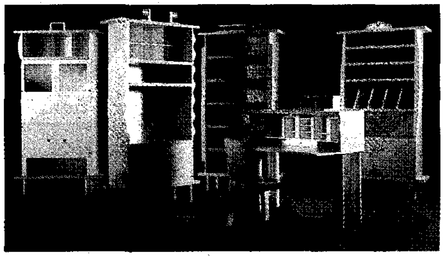


Smeg's ultra-modern kitchen range (above) makes a dramatic contrast to traditional Italian terracotta wares (below right). The furniture recently designed by Sottsass Associati for Leitner Interior Design (above right) is more practical than the pieces Sottsass designed earlier for Memphis, but the contrasts of color and choices of material are still very non-traditional.

The author, Anthony Calnek, wrote the recently published book The Hasty Pudding Theatre: A History of Harvard's Hairy Chested Heroines. He has also contributed to FMR magazine.

Prototypes for recent "800 series" by Smeg, an electric appliance firm from Guastalla, demonstrates the progress made by Italians in more than 2000 years of kitchen design. Smeg's kitchen ranges look like minimalist paintings and epitomize the black, sleek look. Super-modern in content as well as form, the range pictured here has cooking "zones" with differing properties. One zone has concentric rings that can be used separately or together, depending on the size of the pot. In one zone, heat produced by "halogen filaments in tungsten" is directed upwards by a "super-isolated reflector."

Complete design environments proposed by Memphis contrast markedly with Smeg's streamlined techno approach. Karl Lagerfeld, the Fendi designer, filled his Monte Carlo apartment with more Memphis furniture than Bette Midler's home had in the film *Ruthless People*.



Courtesy of Furniture of the 20th Century, Inc.

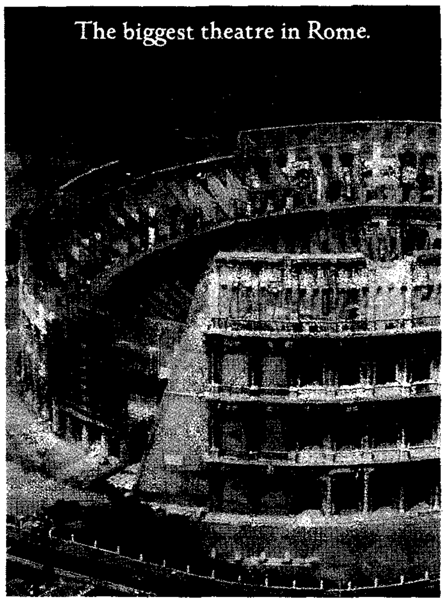
Celebrated in the book *Italian Style*, by Catherine Sabino and Angelo Tondini, Lagerfeld's Memphis apartment is striking, if not relaxing. His "Park Lane" coffee table is one of the only really functional pieces in the apartment, but, made of marble and fiberglass, it mixes materials in a thoroughly unconventional way. Richard Horn writes about the table in his book *Memphis:* "By juxtaposing an expensive material and an inexpensive material, Sottsass tries to laugh off the hierarchies of powerful and powerless by which most societies are organized." "Park Lane" provokes more thought than the average coffee table.

While virtually all Italian manufacturers, including the highest-tech ones, vaunt the old-fashioned virtues of quality and workmanship in their products, a few firms in particular cities and regions still produce handicrafts in the styles of the past. Vietri remains famous for its floor tiles and tableware 500 years after the city's ceramic industry began. Monochrome and polychrome majolica have experienced a rebirth in Irpino. In many towns, simple terracotta objects, like the jugs, bowl, and plate pictured here, are still produced by hand for household use, following a tradition that predates the Romans. An Etruscan in a modern Italian kitchen would be confused by the stove, but perfectly comfortable with the crockery.

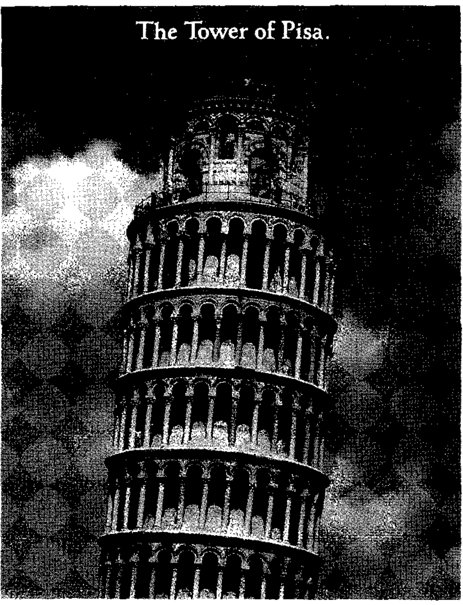
The vocabulary of Italian design is wonderfully rich. It allows a refurbished sixteenth-century townhouse or a modern apartment to serve equally well as home for a Roman bust and a whimsical clock. *Spaghetti al pomodoro* can be cooked over halogen filaments in tungsten, then served in a terracotta bowl. The typewriter and desk lamp may be sleekly functional. The paisley silk tie can be loosened, the illustrated volume on Cellini perused, and the political implications of the coffee table forgotten when the Amaretto and espresso are served on it.

Courtesy of FMR

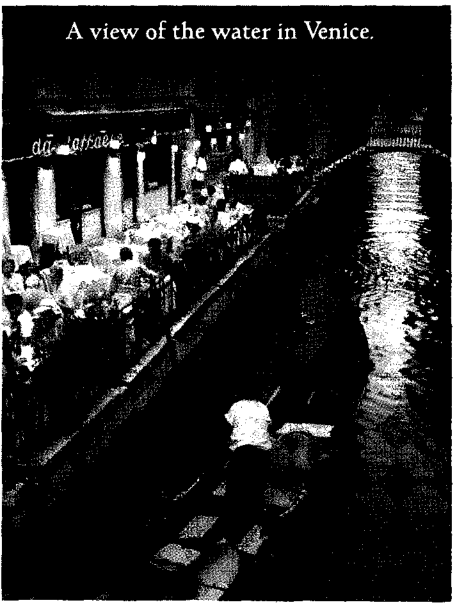
Once you've seen this Italy,



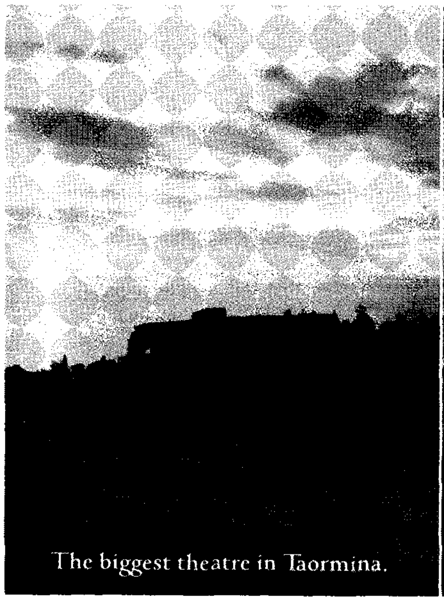
The biggest theatre in Rome.



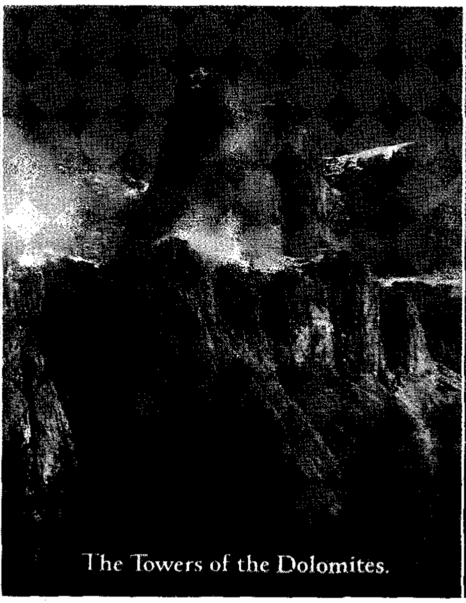
The Tower of Pisa.



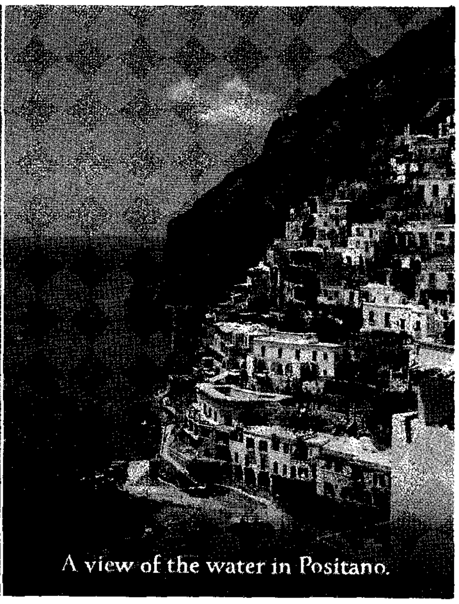
A view of the water in Venice.



The biggest theatre in Taormina.



The Towers of the Dolomites.



A view of the water in Positano.

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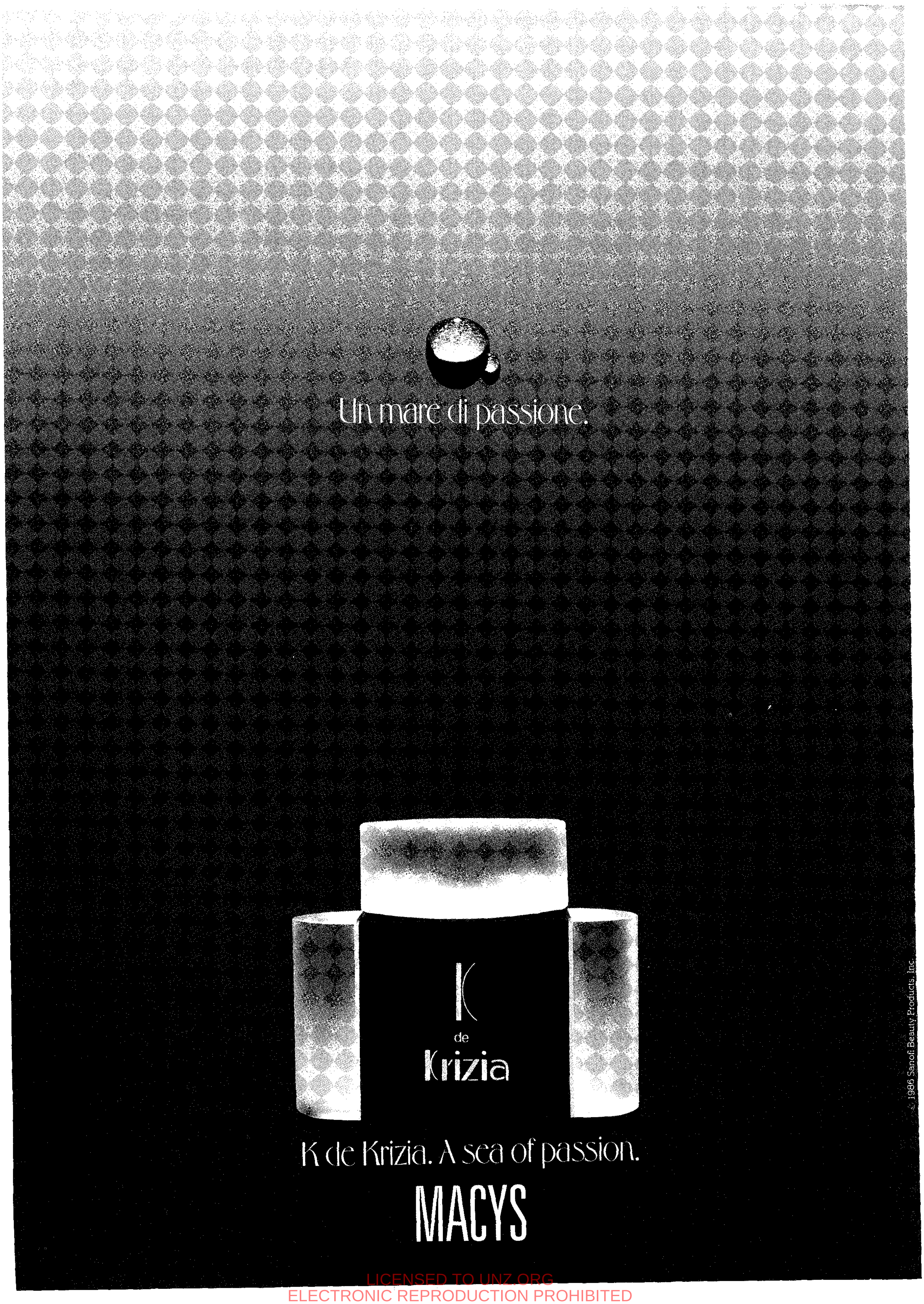
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A REPORTER AT LARGE

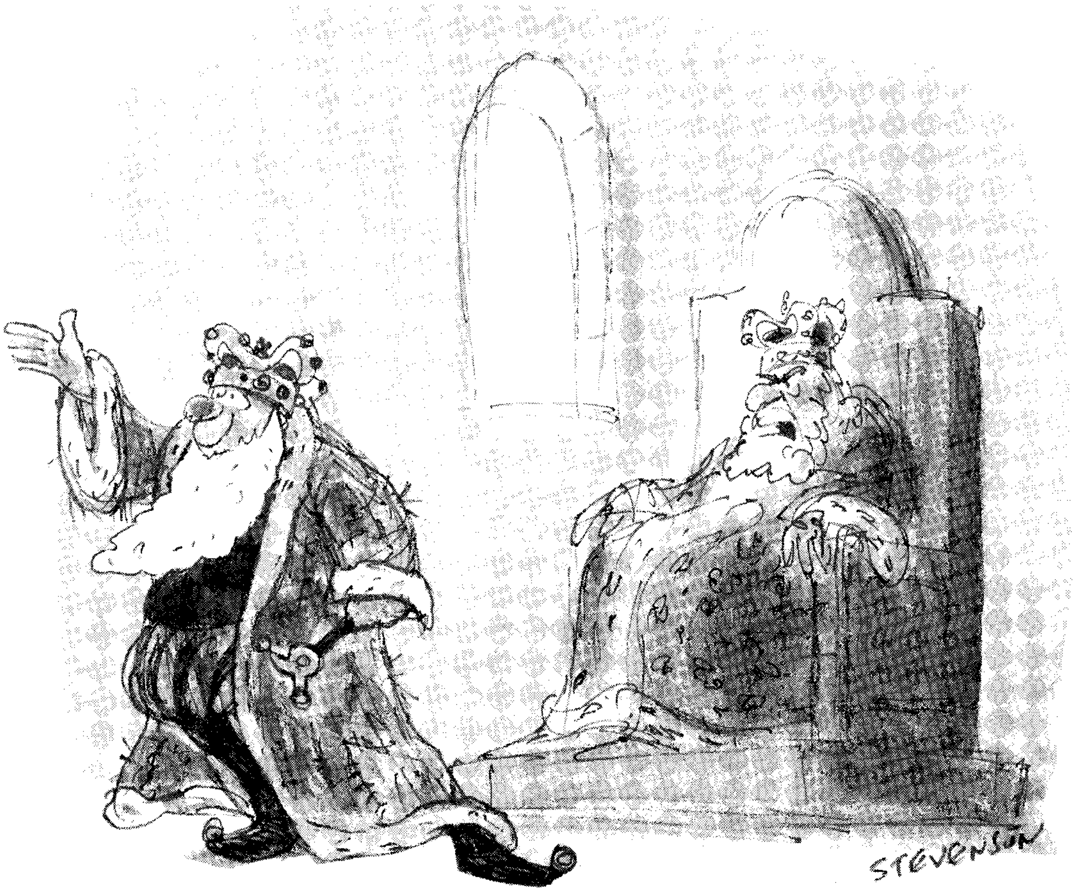
THE CRAZY LIFE

THE first time I met Manuel Velazquez, he greeted me awkwardly, unable to shake hands. He had cut himself on a broken bottle while crawling around in a tunnel to read a new graffito, and a doctor at a local clinic had sewed him up with seventeen stitches and then wrapped the wound in cotton, gauze, and tape. Manuel was stoical about his injury, seeing it as an unfortunate but perhaps necessary consequence of his job, which is to keep teen-age gang members in the San Fernando Valley, in California, from killing one another in wars. In Los Angeles County, of which the valley is a part, there are an estimated fifty thousand youth-gang members, and about three hundred of them are expected to be murdered this year. In the old days of youth-gang warfare, the days of "Blackboard Jungle" and "West Side Story," a boy might arm himself with a knife or a homemade zip gun, but now in times of trouble he has access to .357 magnum pistols, hunting rifles with pinpoint scopes, and Uzi semi-automatics from Israel.

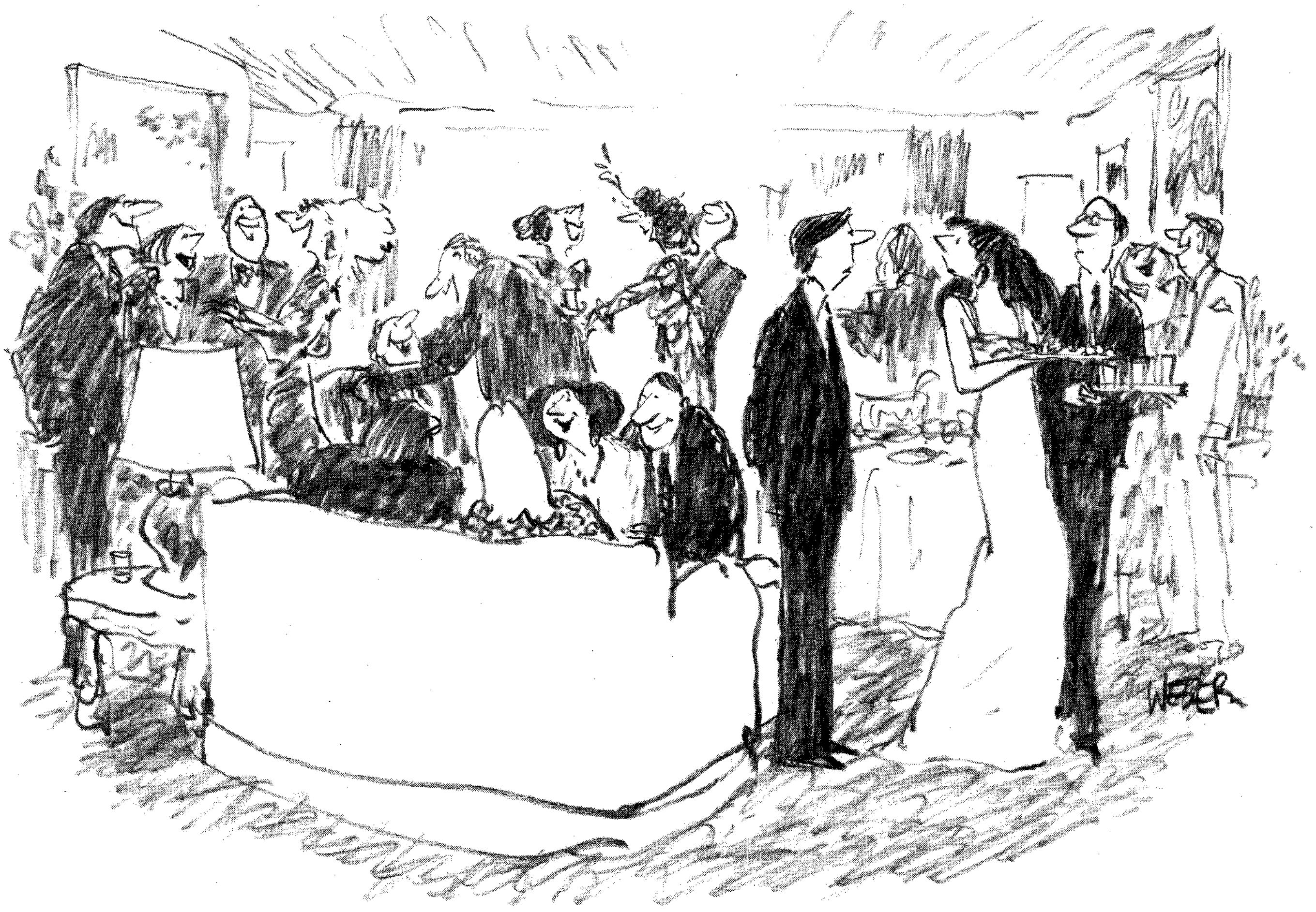
The agency that Manuel works for is the Community Youth Gang Services Project, a private, nonprofit organization that was established in 1981. Under the auspices of the city and the county, Youth Gang Services operates a twenty-four-hour hot line and has teams patrolling fourteen sectors of Greater Los Angeles where gang activity is heavy. There are four people on each team, and they pair off as partners and work nine-hour shifts. Five days a week, from Tuesday through Saturday, they hit the streets at eight o'clock in the morning and do not quit until the bars and discos close, at two. They drive Dodge Colts provided by the city and the county. They carry two-way radios and identification badges, but they do not have any weapons or powers of enforcement. On their rounds, they inspect graffiti, listen for rumors of impending battles, and spend a lot of time in conversation with gang members. With the lightest touch imaginable, they try to save lives. There are moments in the field when they seem to be doing open-air therapy, taking in all the wild, eccentric griefs of the young.

Rahsaan Cummings is a Youth Gang Services employee who works in the Hawthorne area, south of Los Angeles. Rahsaan is in his early thirties and wears shades, black Levi 501s, and, around his neck, a gold chain. When he frowns or scowls, he gives an impression of ultimate toughness. Like most of his peers at the agency, he is intelligent and street-smart, as well as hyperconscious of how the image of youth gangs is manipulated in the media. One afternoon, at Hawthorne High School, I heard him discuss this with a few members of the Rebels, who were on their lunch break, standing around and combing their hair. The Rebels are a white gang, and Rahsaan did not know them well, so he broke the ice by saying, "You Rebels? Yeah, you are. I've been seeing you dudes over by the 7-Eleven. You'll be buying your beer, smoking stuff, having that stuff in you." The Rebels thought this was funny and cool, and they opened up, and soon the talk turned to a TV documentary that had aired recently. Nobody had liked it, because it was too sensational and falsified issues. "You know how it is," Rahsaan said, by way of explanation. "People come down here, they have a concept in mind. Then they just find what they need to fill it."

The landmark work in the sociology of gangs is Frederic M. Thrasher's "The Gang," which was published in 1927. Thrasher was a founder of the Chicago school, a methodology that stressed the importance of interviews and direct observation. In pursuing his study, he observed more than a thousand Illinois gangs before arriving at his well-known theory that gangs are largely a phenomenon of immigrant communities. According to Thrasher, they represent an ethnic group in transition, waiting out its adolescence until it can be assimilated into the mainstream. The



"You have a really lousy sense of humor."



"I hate to bother you guys, but nothing seems to be happening for me."

• •

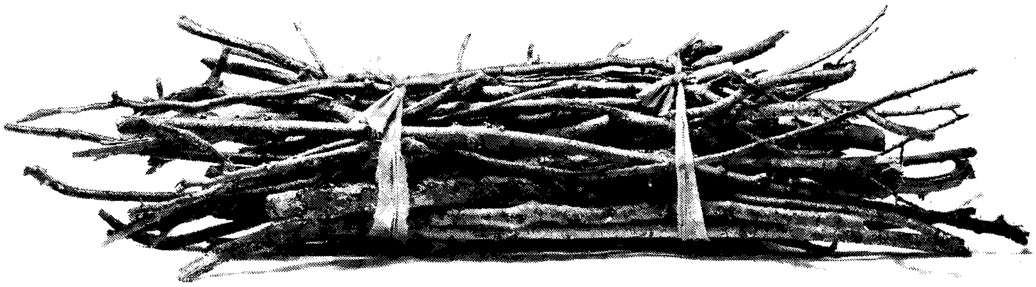
underlying assumption is that the attractions of a so-called "normal" life—a job, a family, a house in the suburbs—far outweigh the attractions of a life of crime. Over the years, Thrasher's ideas would be repeated, with variations, in many other studies, monographs, and books, and they still echo in current sociological theory, coloring the way youth-gang members are perceived, making them seem distant, opposite, always somewhat less than human.

In Los Angeles County, there are Hispanic youth gangs whose histories go back almost a century, involving three and sometimes four generations of men. There are black gangs of such size, sophistication, and economic well-being that they put many small corporations to shame. There are gangs of Chinese teen-agers who run gambling emporiums as skillfully as old Vegas hands. When immigrants, legal or illegal, come to Southern California, their children form gangs—Korean, Vietnamese, Filipino, Honduran, Salvadoran, Nicaraguan, Guatemalan. There are Samoan gangs in Los Angeles County, and gangs from Tonga, and they feud with each other just as their ancestors did on the islands. Increasingly, in affluent suburban towns, there are gangs of white teen-agers, kids from decent homes, who—the saying goes—"have everything," and still take to the streets.

IN many ways, the San Fernando Valley is the quintessential suburb of Los Angeles. It lies roughly northwest of the city center and has more tract homes and shopping malls than the entire state of Maine. The valley does not make you think of surfboards and blue skies but of hot rods, toreador pants, and men with crewcuts—all the icons of the nineteen-fifties. Its twenty or so linked towns have a generic look, which is enhanced by thousands of franchises, and the differences among towns are registered in terms of money, not style or philosophy. A wealthy neighborhood is merely a poor one transfigured, with greener lawns, bigger swimming pools, and better-quality ranch houses. There is a tendency to see the valley as either a beautiful fulfillment of the American postwar dream or a nightmarish wasteland, but in the end it is an actual place, with actual problems, and those concerning wayward teen-agers often wind up in the lap of Manuel Velazquez.

The house that Manuel rents from his wife's family is in Sylmar, a quiet town at the northern tip of the valley, where you still find horses and corrals on the borders of subdivisions. When I made my first trip to visit him, in April, he was sitting in his living room nursing his battered hand. Manuel is twenty-seven years old, of medium height, and put together solidly, with the broad chest and muscular shoulders of a college wrestler. He has a few extra pounds above his belt, but they don't make him look soft—they just add to his mass and density. His hair, wavy and black, falls over the collar of his shirt, and his round, rather Indian face shows little emotion unless he knows himself to be among friends. His manner toward strangers is polite but wary. If he mistrusts somebody, he may run that person around. He has run certain observers of the youth-gang scene up hillsides and down dismal alleys in search of

A 6-year-old in Guatemala lugged half his weight in firewood over mountains every day.



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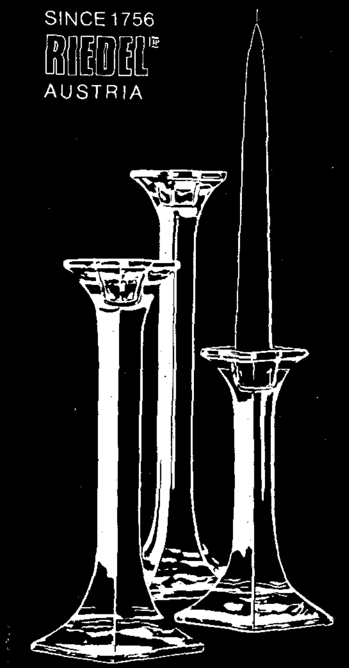

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scoops. The scoops fail to materialize, being no more substantial than snipe. There is an air of calm about Manuel, a gentleness. In his three years on the job, he has been punched, kicked, scratched, bitten, and almost shot in the line of duty.

The area Manuel patrols covers about twenty square miles. He once took me to El Cariso Park, on the outskirts of Sylmar, so that we could get a view of the town from above. On the way, he kept pointing things out to me. He showed me the house of Alex Garcia, a former youth-gang member who is now a top-ranked amateur super heavyweight. He stopped by an open meadow where hang gliders were sailing to earth from an outlying mountain, and pointed to an extravagant ranch in the distance. "That used to be Clark Gable's," he said, in his melodious voice. "Some nuns have it now." As we drove toward higher ground, he showed me some cracks in the road and told me that an earthquake had caused them, in 1971. I realized that his attention to detail was an aspect of caring about his community. He has lived in the valley almost all his life and prides himself on knowing everything about it. In time, I learned which franchise has the best hamburgers (Bob's Big Boy), where to watch Valley Girls in action (Sherman Oaks Galleria), and what the trendy kids at San Fernando High School were driving (Nissan and Toyota trucks, and VW bugs with nose bras).

On that first morning in Sylmar, Manuel informed me in a casual way that a friend of his, Joe Mendez, was going to drop by to talk about youth gangs and music. As if on cue, Joe pulled into the driveway, made a sharp right, and parked on the lawn. He is short, slender, lithe, and energetic. He has hair that reaches almost to his waist, prominent tattoos on both forearms, and a heart-shaped earring in his right ear. Although Joe plays in a heavy-metal band, Mad Whip Thunder, he disapproves of some heavy-metal music, and he had brought with him a few albums by the groups that were hottest in the valley—Slayer, Venom, and Wasp. He gave me the album covers to look at, and I saw gore and half-naked women in bondage. An axe severed a head. There were whips, chains, and cartoony slaves in iron masks. "Welcome to Hell," it said on a Venom album.

The primary audience for heavy-metal music is teen-age boys. In the San Fernando Valley, they form gangs, and are called stoners. Most stoners have long hair, wear T-shirts bearing the logos of heavy-metal bands, and have a plastic hairbrush sticking out of a back pocket. A major stoner hero is Ozzy Osbourne, who once bit off the head of a bat during a concert and had to get a rabies shot. There are many white stoner gangs, and their members use lots of drugs and alcohol and are constantly searching for a party. There are also white punk gangs around, whose music and style derive from the British punk movement (Sex Pistols, oddly cropped hair, studded leather bracelets) of the mid-nineteen-seventies. Punks are sometimes skinheads. They dress in ragged clothes, pretend to be anarchists, and, like stoners, use lots of drugs and alcohol. In clubs, stoners stand inches from the stage and thrash their heads up and down for hours. Punks go in for bashing, turning dances into brawls.

Manuel began to notice the emergence of punks and stoners five or six years ago, and he remains fascinated by them. These gangs have no inner-city roots, no history, and their members do not come from poor families. Around Los Angeles County, Hispanic gangs are known as traditional, because they follow well-developed patterns of behavior, and also because it is traditional for a boy to join one to prove his manhood. In their actions, they are predictable, while the new white gangs keep flying off in odd directions. All gangs are territorial by nature, but the territory that many punks and stoners wish to claim is more imaginary than real, a sort of psychological free space to which parents and teachers won't have access. At the start, they were innocent of crime and fought only in self-defense, but they are slowly becoming more aggressive—selling dope, running schoolyard extortion rings, and buying weapons on the black market.

In the living room, Manuel has a big stereo, and Joe played a Venom album on it. The music had the typical blazing electric sound of heavy metal, though maybe a bit faster, louder, and more diffuse. I couldn't understand the lyrics, but Joe said that they were evil, satanic, and harmful. In his opinion, heavy-metal bands had gone too far in trying to upstage each other. This had been a topic much in the news lately,

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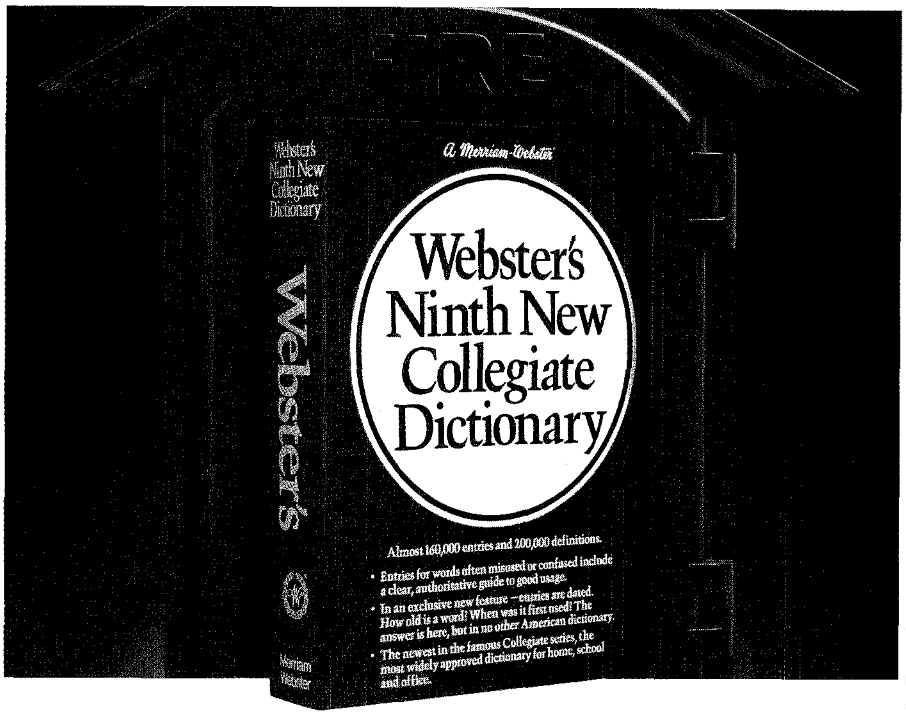
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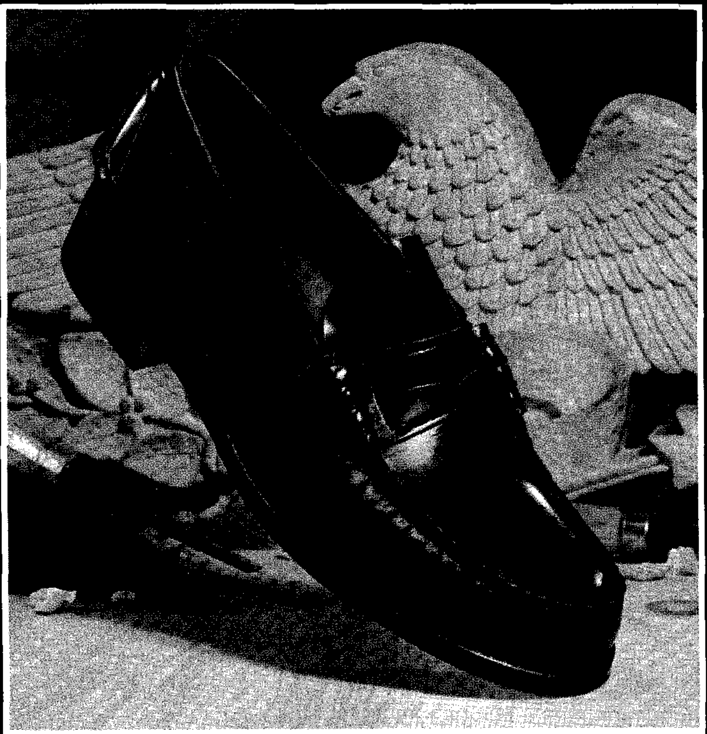

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and I wondered how great an impact heavy metal really had. Both Manuel and Joe believed that its influence was profound. In the streets, they said, arguments often began over the relative merits of bands. Gang members adopted the clothes, mannerisms, vices, and ideas of rock stars. If a heavy-metal star got busted for drunk driving and manslaughter and did only thirty days in the county jail—that had happened to Vince Neil, the lead singer in Mötley Crüe—they saw it as proof that the system was corrupt. It was cool to drink, cool to flout the law. An intelligent kid might be able to react to heavy metal as theatre, Manuel said, but a dull or confused kid took its messages seriously. If a kid had no parental guidance, no filter between him and the music, its anthems, however bizarre, burned into his brain with all the power of gospel.

THE Colt that Manuel drives is gold and has a Youth Gang Services sticker on a window. I rode with him that afternoon, and so did Joe. On a night shift, Manuel tries to make three loops through the valley, but he seldom completes them, because there are seventy-one gangs around, and a certain percentage of them are always doing something wrong. Day shifts are much easier: Manuel works schools and parks, record stores, malls, and burger joints. Whenever he has a chance, he stops to read graffiti. He has an honest passion for them. He sees the walls of the valley as a huge bulletin board on which gang members scribble their encoded secrets, and he unravels their writing as raptly as a cryptologist. He is fond of the tunnels, or pedestrian walkways, that cut beneath freeways. The tunnels are about forty feet long and ten feet high, and have spectacularly inviting walls of white stucco. If necessary, Manuel will get down on his hands and knees to look closely at a mark; he doesn't always watch for broken glass. I soon grew accustomed to trailing behind him as he led us on tours, using the antenna of his radio as a pointer.

"This here, it's the 'A' for 'Anarchy,' " he said in one tunnel, touching a black "A" in a circle. "You find a lot of these. Punks write them. Half the punks, they don't know what anarchy means. They just try to shock you. Same with swastikas. You tell them what a swastika means, they wish they didn't write it. Here's 'FFF'—'Fight for Freedom.' That's a white gang.

Some of them are into white-supremacist stuff. Adolf Hitler, Charlie Manson. Lot of stoners been in here, man. Look how many band names are in here. Iron Maiden. Metallica. Ozzy. Look, Joe, here's a Mad Whip Thunder."

"All *right!*" Joe said.

"Most of this is just kids showing off, you know?" Manuel said as we continued through the tunnel. "They get a thrill out of it. But this one here, it's bad. See this?" I saw a name in red spray paint. Through it ran two parallel strokes in icy blue. "The blue, he belongs to a Crip gang. The red, he's a Blood. All the black gangs in L.A., you're either a Crip or a Blood. Bloods wear red. Crips wear blue or black. You remember how Richard Pryor used to do that cripple-legged walk in his night-club act? Crips walk that way sometimes. This Crip, he snuck over into the Blood's territory to make that mark. It's bold, man. It cancels him out. He's challenging the Blood, saying he's not afraid. If he'd got caught over here, he would have been in trouble."

Trouble can mean a beating. Trouble can also mean death. Gangs like to get rid of an enemy by driving past his home or hangout and shooting him from a car. Bystanders are often hit, too. A gang member under the age of eighteen usually pulls the trigger, because he has special status under the law and is less likely to be tried in an adult court. In prison, he joins a prison gang to protect himself. The most important ones in California are Nuestra Familia, Mexican Mafia, Black Guerrilla Family, and Aryan Brotherhood. Like most street gangs, they are formed along racial lines. They offer expert instruction in mayhem. Only about eight per cent of all California inmates are gang-affiliated, but they account for ninety per cent of prison crime. When a killer is released at the age of twenty-five, having served the maximum term allowable by law, he returns to his neighborhood as a hero. In Hispanic gangs, this is part of a cycle known as *la vida loca*—the crazy life.

"It didn't use to be that way," Manuel said. "When we were coming up, if you killed somebody or got caught at anything you were stupid."

"Now they get a tattoo to advertise it," Joe said. "If a kid dies, he's really famous. His name goes up on walls."

"Lot of 'hope-to-die's around, man."

In addition, there are "wanna-be"s —kids eager to be in a gang, eager to make a reputation by being bold, bad, or insane. This is not always easy to accomplish. In traditional gangs, where the power structure is rigid, only a handful of members are hard-core criminals, and they are likely to be specialists. A gang might have a knife expert, an expert driver, and perhaps ten or twelve others with specific jobs to do. The rest of the gang is composed of between seventy-five and a hundred members. Their function is mostly social. They go to parties, hang out, and dress in a prescribed style, but they keep a distance from the inner circle. All this changes during a gang war, when everybody becomes bold, bad, insane, and probably stoned.

Every month, Manuel files a report on what he has learned in the field. He charts trends, and ranks gangs according to their potential for violence. His report is combined with reports from other teams, fed into a computer at Youth Gang Services headquarters, in East Los Angeles, and stored in a permanent file.

From Sylmar we drove toward Pacoima. It is a blue-collar town,

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where the tract homes are sometimes in need of paint and the lawns are sometimes in need of cutting. Its poorest sections have a faded, gray look, as if they had been ineptly copied from an original. Although it was about two o'clock and most schools were still in session, there were teen-agers and children wandering around on nearly every block. I would glance out and see evidence of the ordinary transactions of an ordinary day—people lined up at an automatic-teller machine or carting groceries across a parking lot—and then my eye would slide off into another universe, and I'd notice a drugged boy or girl ambling along in herky-jerky steps. Manuel knew many of them by name. When he waved, they would make their determined way over to us and carry on a brief, disjointed conversation. They had the abstracted quality of pilots touching base with earth.

In a housing project covered with graffiti, we came upon a teen-ager, Hispanic, a member of a traditional gang, who wore the classic outfit of a *cholo*—a flannel shirt buttoned up to the neck, a pair of baggy black khakis with a split cuff, and a hairnet over slicked-back hair. (The baggy pants are good for concealing a weapon strapped to a leg.) His teeth were rotting, and his eyes were glazed. He was standing in the middle of a street with two friends and told us happily that his court-appointed lawyer had just helped him to beat a rap for possession of PCP. As he spoke, cops on horseback, looking grandly out of proportion, cantered through the project, shaking their nightsticks and searching for drugs.

"They took me in, man!" the teen-ager said excitedly. "They confused me with somebody else. They got me in there, and then they had to set me free!"

"So how's it been?" Manuel asked him.

"Real quiet. Nobody's looking for any trouble."

A few minutes later, on a block outside the project, a girl flagged us down and asked for a ride. She had a user's pale, indoor skin, splotchy and dull. Joe knew her. She had recently tried to sell him some recording equipment, brand-new, at a cut-rate price, insisting that her boyfriend didn't need it anymore. Now she gave Manuel directions as he drove, being very explicit about which streets to avoid. When we dropped her off, in a residential area, she drifted foggily toward two young men who were yards apart in frozen postures.

"Now she owes us," Manuel said. He would keep tabs on her, seeking information.

Around the corner, we pulled up next to another teen-ager. Manuel was quite fond of him. He said the boy was honest and smart, a good kid. "So what's happening, man?" Manuel asked as he shifted into neutral. "I thought you were supposed to be in school."

"No, man," the boy said. He had a goofy smile on his face. "I couldn't take it anymore."

"So what are you going to do now?"

"Get a job, maybe. Do some kind of work."

"Maybe we can help you." Youth Gang Services had contacts, a few job-training programs.

The boy was acting jumpy. "Yeah, well, O.K.," he said, and he dashed off.

"You know why he didn't want to talk, don't you?" Joe asked.

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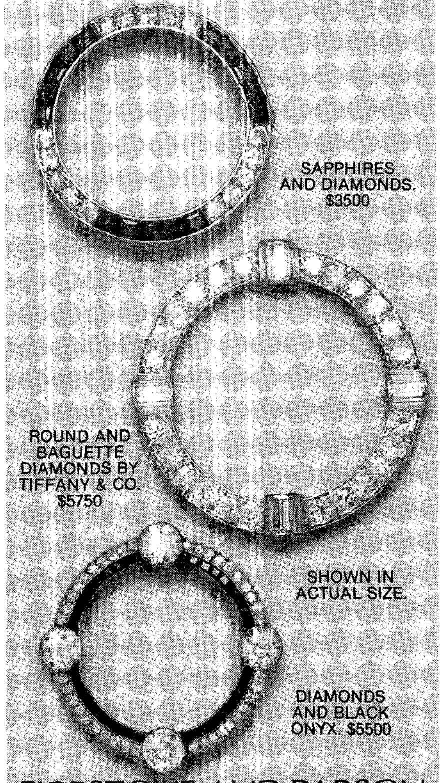

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"Too stoned," Manuel said. "PCP."

PCP is phencyclidine. Originally synthesized by Parke-Davis in 1956, it was intended to be a new, nonvolatile analgesic and anesthetic. It worked fairly well, but it caused some severe side effects, including hallucinations of the schizophrenic variety. People complained of feeling dead, or as though they were dying. PCP first surfaced as a street drug in the nineteen-sixties, when it was sometimes sold as LSD, mescaline, or THC, the active ingredient in marijuana. From the beginning, dosage control has been a problem, and users routinely flip out. PCP is usually smoked in small quantities, added to marijuana or ordinary cigarettes. Some users say it produces a mild, drunken euphoria. They feel giddy, a little numb in the extremities, and don't know what their bodies will do next. They lose their inhibitions, as people do after several cocktails. In gang-related homicides, the killers are often under the influence of the drug. PCP has inspired some bizarre movies with titles like "The Wack Attack" and "Angel Death."

Because a PCP high can be mild, many teen-agers think of it as a harmless substance. In fact, the drug is insidious. It collects in brain cells and body fat, and users may suffer terrible flashbacks, physical disabilities, and severe depression. Overdoses are still common. A user can go into PCP psychosis and develop a "fight or flight" reaction—ready to run from or tackle anything spooky. Such users become truculent and superhumanly strong. Cops tell stories about kids doing pushups on a freeway, drowning in a shower stall, and gouging out their eyes. Once, Manuel, at his house, gave me a clear-glass vial that had formerly contained liquid PCP and asked me to sniff it. It had a strong chemical odor. Young dealers dip Sherman cigarettes in the liquid and sell them as "Sherms." A vial costs between a hundred and a hundred and fifty dollars, and translates into a profit of about five hundred dollars. In the valley, a teen-ager can also buy marijuana, primo (a joint sprinkled with cocaine), LSD, methamphetamines, cocaine, crack, and heroin. The only category of drugs not currently in favor is downers.

As you ride through the streets, there is a bad moment that comes when you understand that what you've

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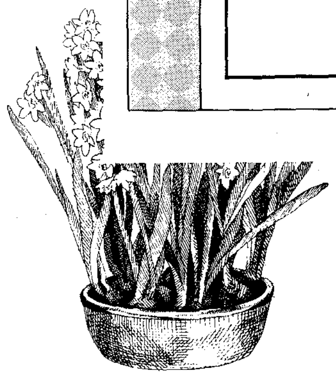

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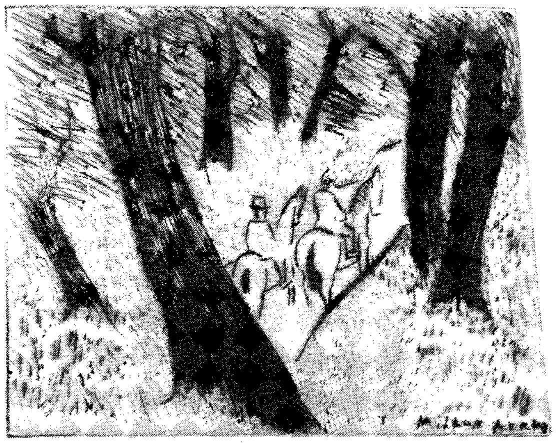

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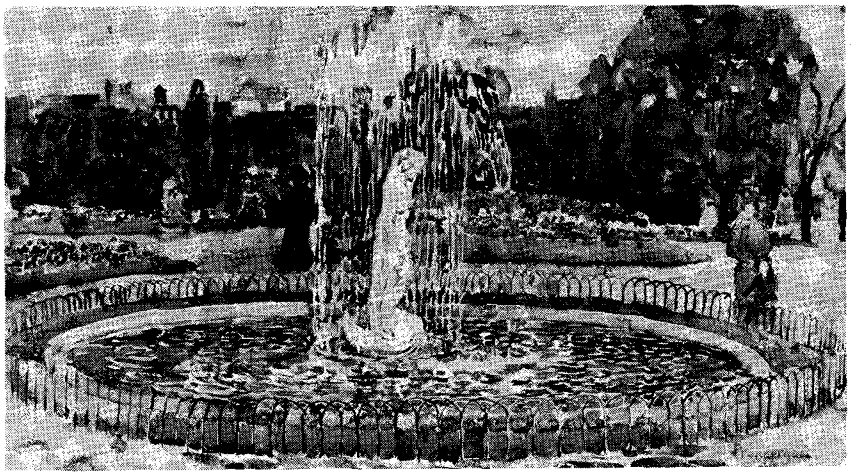

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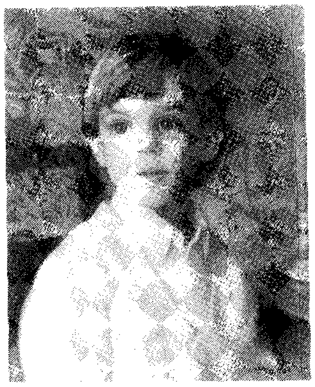

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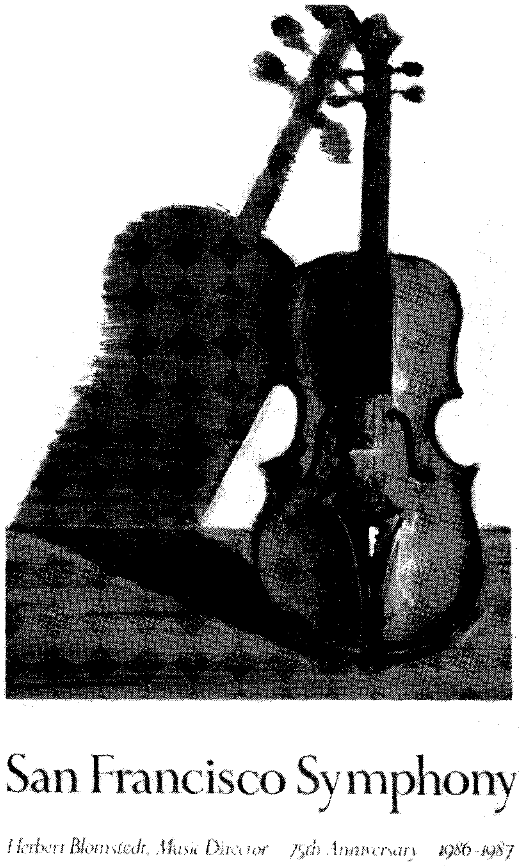
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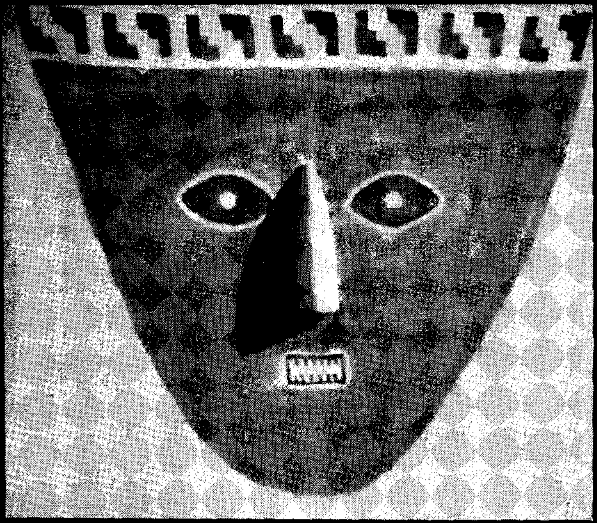

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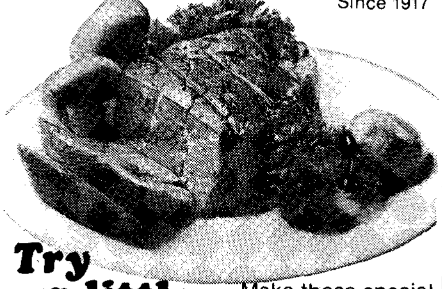

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been witnessing is not an isolated phenomenon but a pattern, even a way of life. For me, the moment came in a run-down neighborhood of a valley town when Manuel stopped outside a tract house where two teen-agers were standing in a littered front yard smoking cigarettes and holding hands. I will call them Bud and Lydia. Bud was Hispanic. Lydia was white. Manuel wanted me to meet them, because they belong to a new type of stoner gang, in which races and sexes mix freely. Bud had a sparse mustache, a black heavy-metal T-shirt, and a baseball cap. He had the look of a kid who knows how to fix things and ought to be working in a shop or a garage. Lydia wore a sweater and tight jeans, and when she spoke she said everything at least twice and kept picking invisible bugs off her arms. Her parents didn't know she was in a gang—that's often the case with white kids.

While Bud talked music with Joe and a couple of other gang members, Lydia leaned against the car and asked Manuel about a summer softball league. She had played in it the year before, starting at first base, and her team, all gang girls, had won a pennant. Lydia had a sweet personality, and I could see the child hidden within her. She was excited about the softball league, because it had been a significant achievement for her to get to the games, all thirty-six of them, and stay straight enough to show off her athletic ability. During the games, nobody was allowed to drink or do dope—not even homeboys from the neighborhood, who were rarely in a sober condition. Almost the entire season had passed without a fight, she said, and then some gang guy from Van Nuys turned up at a game with a shotgun and spoiled a perfect record. "So, Manuel," Lydia said, flicking her hair from her face. "Are we going to get our trophies, or what? We were supposed to get some trophies."

"That guy ate cheese on us," Manuel said.

"He ate cheese on us?"

Manuel nodded. A cheese-eater is a rat. He may also be someone from the world of Brie, Jarlsberg, and chèvre. This cheese-eater had promised to donate two hundred dollars for trophies, but he had not come through. The softball program itself cost only a few hundred, but Manuel had no funding for the coming summer. He couldn't bring himself to tell Lydia. Kids in gangs are hard to motivate, and they lose faith quickly. In softball games, Manuel sometimes has to change the rules to let them have an extra strike or two at bat. They hate to lose, because losing is all they know.

The gang rented this tract house and used it for parties and hanging out. A thin woman, slightly older than Lydia, stood in the open doorway, balancing a baby on a hipbone while she smoked. She had the casual grace of somebody relaxing on a beach. Lydia said that she thought she might be pregnant herself, but Bud was denying that he could be the father. There were children playing in yards on either side of the house, climbing onto a low wall of concrete blocks and chasing each other along it. Across the street I saw an expensive boat on a trailer and an expensive van with windows of smoked glass. Again, I had the sense of something weird occurring in the context of the ordinary, and I was thinking that the gang scene was made up of nothing but stoned kids until a late-model sedan parked by the curb opposite us and the air began to crackle.

The young man who got out of the driver's side was about twenty years old. He had hard little eyes that took in everything at once and simultaneously rejected it. You could tell that he was never going to be pleased or satisfied—not by drugs, sex, or money—and he would probably never know an instant of peace. Some combination of forces had turned him sour, and he was in the business of spreading that sourness, using it to taint, to misrepresent, and to control. I had seen his face before, in prison photos and among the lost in many American cities, but it still startled me. He did not make a move toward our car or do anything to acknowledge our presence, but he informed us wordlessly that he was on to us. The other gang members were drawn toward him. I felt a knot of fear in my stomach. It came not from any imminent danger but from the possibility that something nasty could easily occur. I found myself considering escape routes, looking around for objects to duck behind. The young man was a time bomb, and as we pulled away Manuel told me that he had already been arrested twice for attempted murder. He had beaten both raps.

SAN FERNANDO HIGH SCHOOL, home of the Mighty Tigers, is Manuel Velazquez's alma mater. It is famous in Los Angeles for producing first-rate

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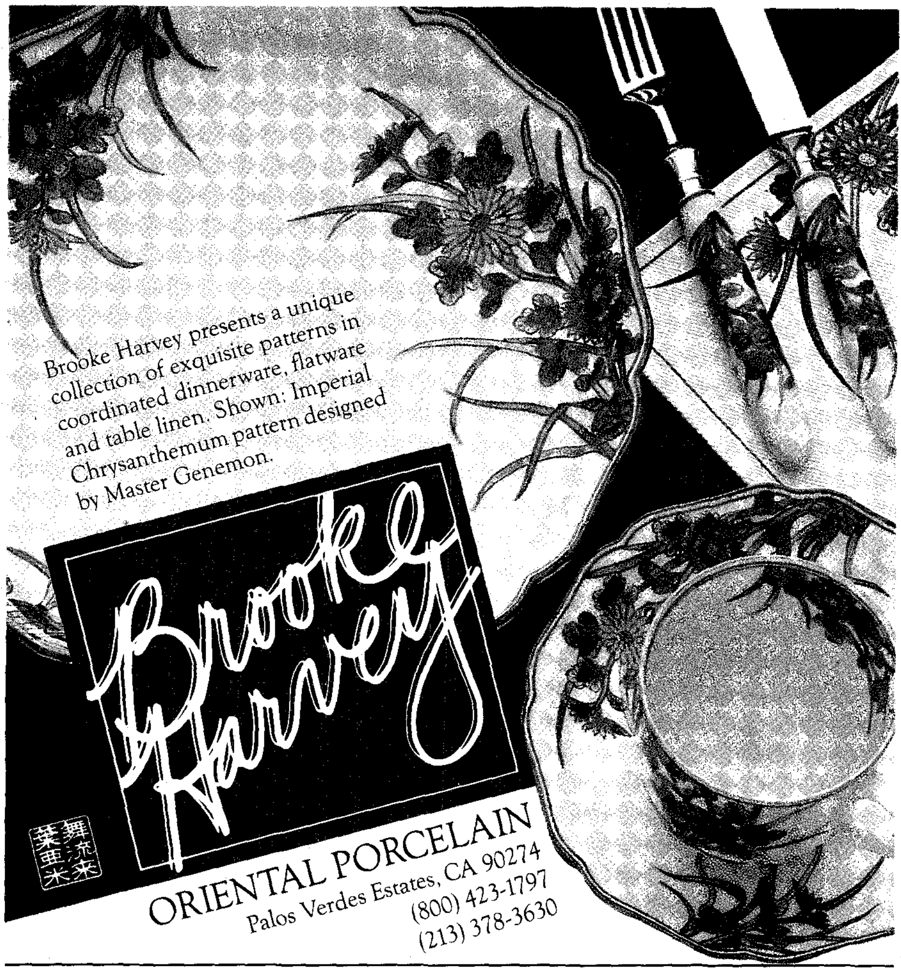
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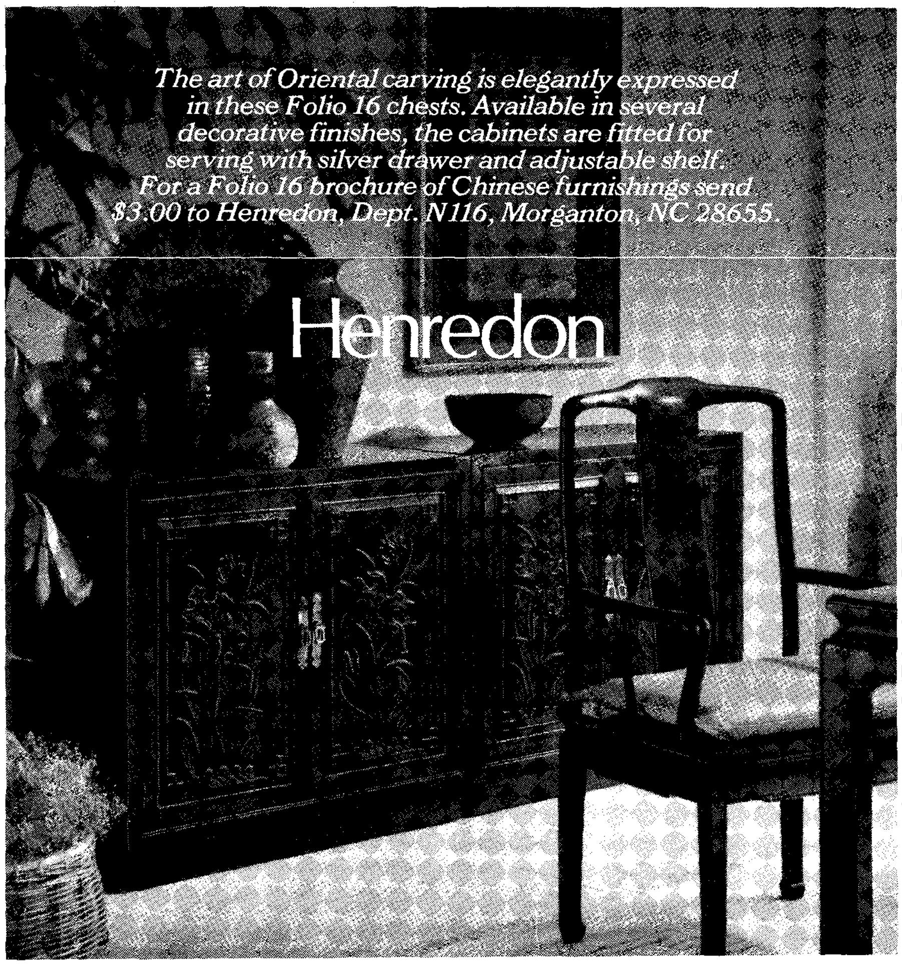
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athletes and for being tough. In Manuel's senior year, the football team played its games at night, and all Mighty Tiger fans were searched, so they'd be discouraged from attacking their opponents. "We used to say, 'We lost the game but not the fight,' " Manuel told me as we fell into line behind some VW bugs and imported trucks that were creeping, low-rider style, around the school building. Classes had just let out. Prisoners often look sad or bewildered on their release, but most teen-agers are full of joy. The institutional comparison is not inapt. By Manuel's estimate, about five per cent of the students at San Fernando High are gang members, and their extracurricular activities require the attention of two armed security guards. There is also a narcotics agent from the Los Angeles Police Department, and I saw him peering, oblivious of parody, over a row of hedges.

By inclination, Manuel is an artist, and he has fond and slightly rueful memories of a former art teacher at the school. "Her name is Melanie Taylor Kent," he told me once. "You ever heard of her? She does silk screens. Mayor Bradley has some. So do some Hollywood stars. She's really well known, man. I can't believe how bad we treated her sometimes. We were always being rude. One time, she kicked me out of class, and I didn't think I'd ever come back. But I came back. She was a good teacher. Her way of teaching was the classical way. You got to dominate the basics—same as with yourself. I used to think I'd be a regular kind of painter, but now all I care about is murals. Other people can paint clowns. I don't want to be painting any trees or flowers."

For inspiration, Manuel looks to Los Tres Grandes—Orozco, Rivera, and Siqueiros. When he was a student at nearby California State University, Northridge, he dropped out, travelled to Mexico City, and lived there for eight months, studying their work. This was a fine time for him, a time of growth and change, during which he began to understand more deeply his connection to Hispanic culture. He came away from it with a feeling that he owed a debt to his family and neighborhood. In the valley, he has painted murals on the sides of church annexes and schools. His subject matter is always optimistic, and, even in the drabbest of circumstances, his colors give off a radiance. When the summer Olympics were held in Los

Angeles, in 1984, Manuel got a commission to do a mural on a parking garage, and he enlisted several gang members to help him. He called the mural "Wall of Dreams." It showed children going through transitions, getting older, dreaming. They turned into teachers, lawyers, doctors, and astronauts. From the experience, Manuel remembers the stifling heat, and also a French cyclist who—against the warnings of Manuel's apprentices—left his bike unattended for a minute to tie his shoe. Somebody made off with it, and the police brought in helicopters and rousted every house in the vicinity.

As we went around the school a second time, we encountered less traffic, and Manuel stopped every now and then to chat with students. Not all of them were gang members, nor were all of them stoned. Some could have been anybody's sons and daughters, fresh-faced, well-groomed, poised on the brink of maturity and staring out at a future that was alternately terrifying and ripe with promise. In dealing with teen-agers, Manuel follows a single rule, which is that he must never be ahead of them or behind them but always *with* them, refusing to patronize them, granting their world an absolute integrity. He will discuss a pimple, an insult, or a bad lunch. Without comment, he listens to the most baseless complaints, the most absurd bragging, and the grossest expressions of self-pity. He is not always approving, but he shows his disapproval so lightly that it turns into compassion. In his view, every teen-ager in the valley is a potential victim, easily swayed, easily hooked on drugs, messing around with a number of things whose power he or she cannot fathom.

It happens on occasion that Manuel becomes especially involved with someone. He introduced me to a beautiful girl who was sitting on the front steps of the school and strumming a guitar. Around her were many admirers, each in hot pursuit. Manuel was trying to keep her from falling into the trap of a teen-age marriage. She was interested in music, so he sometimes arranged for her to go to Mad Whip Thunder concerts, and he went by her house and talked with her mother and sisters, hoping to forge a link that would let her see that her life was open, not closed. Another kid was on Manuel's mind in those days—a big, rebellious kid from a white punk gang in another section of the valley. The kid had been missing from his usual

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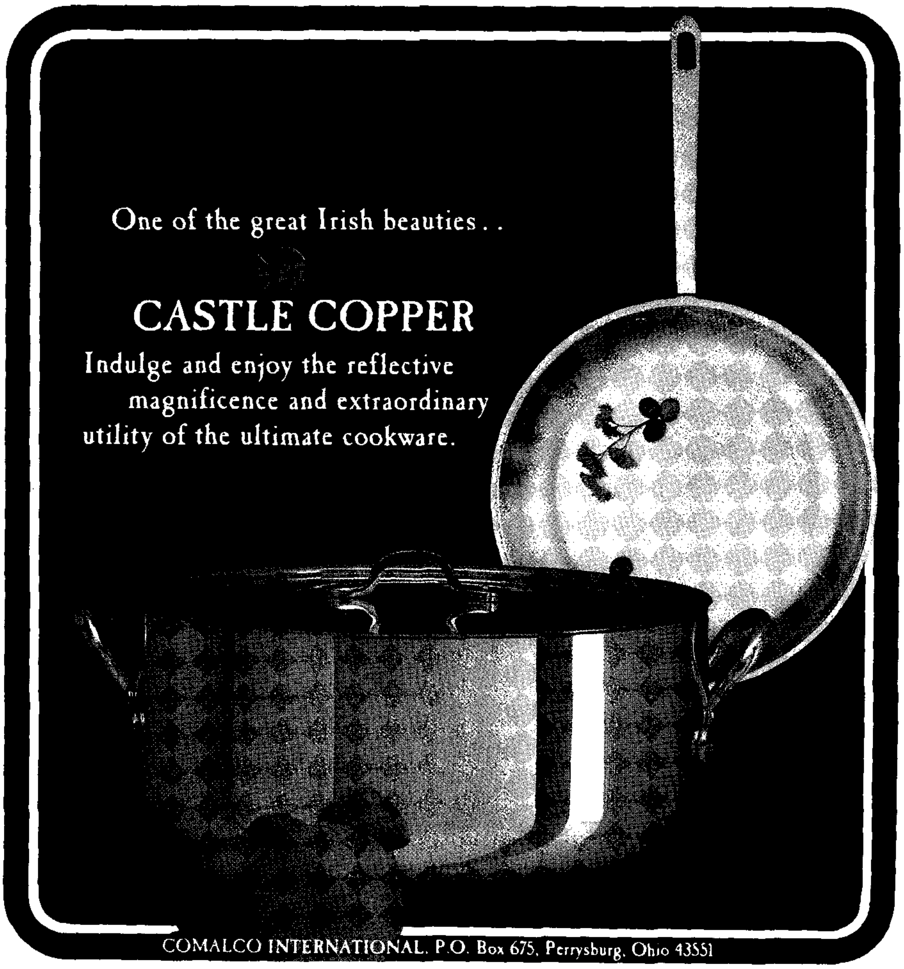
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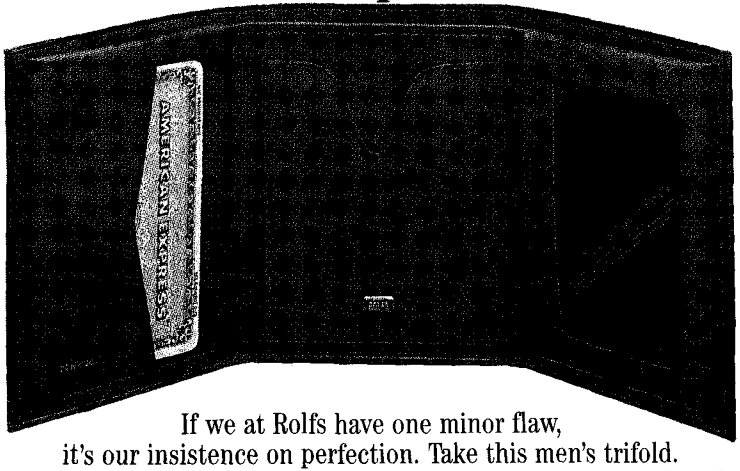

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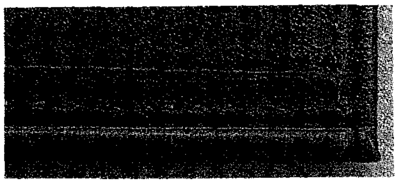

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hangouts for about a week, disappearing into a maze of shopping malls and video arcades. Manuel wanted me to meet him, because the kid was flirting with the border that separates mischief from trouble, but he didn't know when he would make contact again. He thought we should go look for him in about a week.

AROUND Los Angeles County, when you are bored or lonely or have time to kill you take to the freeways, joining seven million other licensed drivers on loops, cloverleafs, and figure eights, and wishing you were many miles closer to the ocean. One morning, I drove from Burbank, where I was staying, to Reseda, in the western part of the valley, and visited Metal Blade Records to pick up a catalogue. Metal Blade has been in business for three and a half years, producing albums by local bands and licensing imported records from Europe. Metal Blade has an impressive list. It handles Slayer, Bitch, Malice, Satan, Tyrant, Destruction, Hellhammer, Sodom, Nasty Savage, and Future Tense. The mood around the office that day was upbeat. The company's distribution arrangements had just been taken on by Capitol Records, and its newest label, Death Records, already had three releases on the market.

In a record store, I thumbed through a bin of heavy-metal albums, noticing how you could judge the relative status of a band by the complexion of its musicians. Groups on the fringe, with only a single album to their credit, had the grotty, blemished skin of their constituency, while name bands such as Iron Maiden and Mötley Crüe had apparently been weaned from junk food, and had the healthy sheen of Elizabeth Arden clients. Punk bands, on the other hand, seemed to pride themselves on bad teeth. If a guitarist had a stumpy, disfigured, feral gumline, you could be sure he played with a snarl. I bought a copy of *Kerrang!*, a popular heavy-metal magazine published in London, and learned from the gossip column that Kerry King, of Slayer, doesn't like melody too much. Jim Lyttle, of Rogue Male, said, "I don't know anything about music." Kelly Keagy, of Night Ranger, said, "Anyone can play three chords and scream." Gary Holt, of Exodus, said, "When I'm at home, you'll find me listening to Bach."

Turner's Sporting Goods, in Reseda, has a gun counter that stretches along one wall of the store. In glass display cases, there are Walthers, Smith & Wessons, and Berettas. At Turner's, a 9-mm. Uzi semi-automatic costs $599.99. It weighs about eight pounds, has a collapsible stock, and—with the right parts—can be converted in a few minutes into a fully automatic weapon, firing countless rounds. I found a brochure on the counter advertising Firing-Line indoor shooting ranges, which are open to the public seven days a week, from around noon until eleven o'clock at night. I stopped at the range in Northridge and inquired of a clerk what sort of pistol I should buy to defend myself. Without hesitation, he recommended a German Ruger. "Reliable," he said. I held a Ruger in my hand, feeling the heft of it, that stunning sensation of being armed.

In my motel room, I was reading lots of papers. That morning, in the *Daily News*, which is published in the valley, there was a story about a Northridge woman who in 1982 had been mistaken for a burglar and shot with a .30-30 rifle while she was delivering papers. A jury had awarded her four hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars in damages. Another story told of a Los Angeles narcotics officer accidentally shooting a fellow-officer in the thigh while trying to hit an angry Rottweiler. Another story told of an argument in the Chimney-sweep Bar, in Sherman Oaks, that had spilled out into the streets, where one customer shot another with a handgun. Another story told how three youth-gang members, ages sixteen to eighteen, had been seriously wounded in a sidewalk shooting on West Venice Boulevard, in downtown Los Angeles. The shooting took place only hours after Assistant Chief of Police Robert Vernon announced a tough new approach to enforcement that would rid the city of gangs by 1991. He gave few details.

IN Hawthorne, a suburb south of the valley, crack was making its usual inroads. Because the processed cocaine came in chunks for easy smoking, it was often referred to as rock. For about twenty-five dollars, you could buy three or four tiny rocks—enough to keep you high for maybe an hour. In part, the drug's popularity was due to a scarcity of good-quality marijuana on the streets. Various state and federal efforts had helped to dry up the weed supply, pushing dedicated users in a much more serious direction. A

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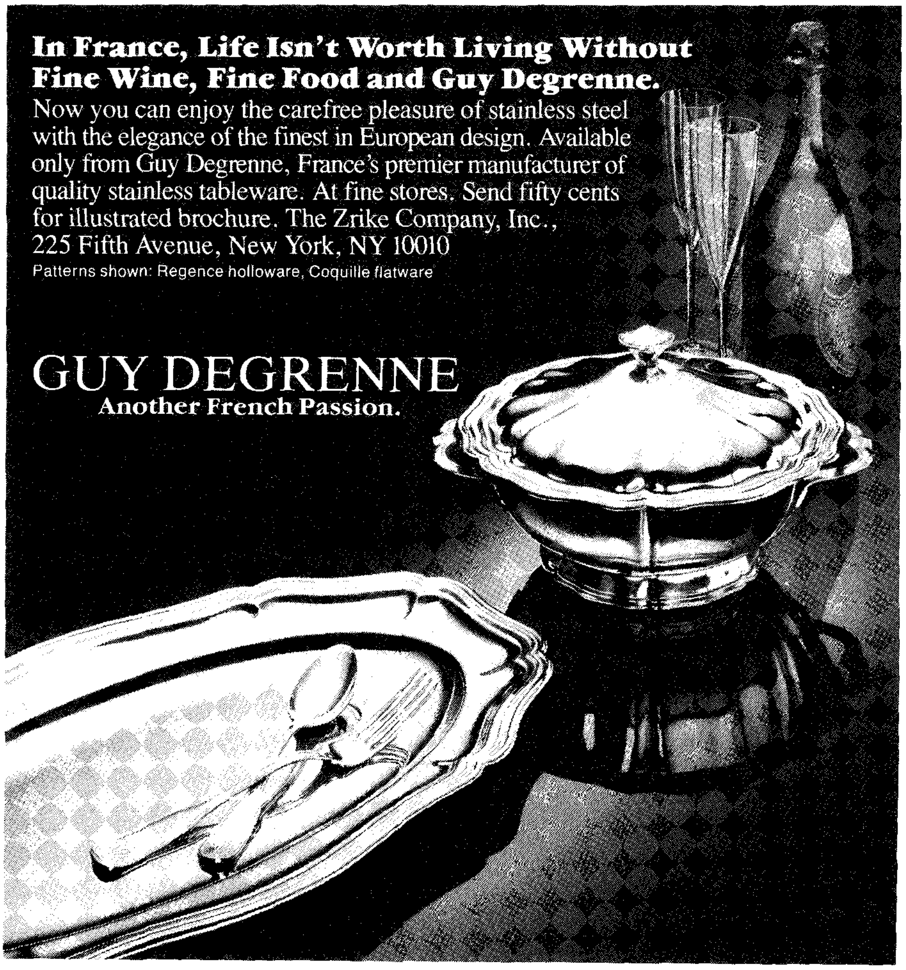

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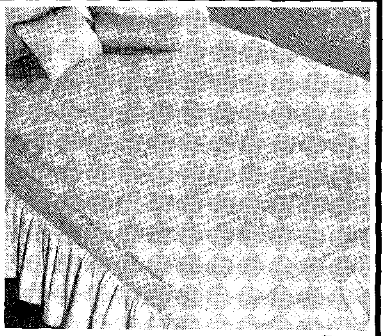

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crack high is a fast trip up and a fast trip down, with none of the mellowness of marijuana, and people often experience an intense desire to repeat it. Even those who'd never tried cocaine before were investing in it, because it was so neat and clean—no sniffing, no sinus problems or bloody noses, no dirty needles. Crack was cheap, available, and formidably addictive, and the immense demand for it had brought out dealers by the score and pitched several gangs into a heated competition for turf.

"On some corners you'll see five or six dealers," Joe Alarcon told me when he picked me up at a 7-Eleven store in Hawthorne on a quiet Tuesday night. Joe, a square-jawed military type, plans to go into police work when he finishes a college course in business economics. His partner, Jeffrey Harper, grew up in a dreary housing project and made his way out of it with the help of a dedicated mother and a talent for putting a basketball through a hoop. He has been with Youth Gang Services for four years—a year longer than Joe—and he can spot a deal going down from a distance of better than two hundred yards. In the course of our rounds, he and Joe would show me parks, bars, restaurants, and even taco carts where dope was being openly sold.

Almost as soon as we left the 7-Eleven, we were in an apartment complex, near the town of Inglewood, where a drug arrest was going on. The police had sealed off both ends of an average block with cars and motorcycles. About fifteen men and women in handcuffs were sitting on the pavement. Street lamps cast an eerie yellow glow over the scene, while residents gathered in doorways, wearing bathrobes or knockaround clothes, and holding coffee cups or cans of beer. They had the dazed expressions of those who gather at a fire or an auto wreck, wanting to know what has happened and yet somehow unable to process the information. The apartment complex was a nice one, with bougainvillea and jacaranda creeping over trellises, and palm trees swaying in a light Pacific breeze, and I was sure that in the morning the block would be swept clean.

Such arrests are common in Los Angeles County and have the effect of briefly interrupting the flow of commerce. A dealer makes so much money on crack or heroin that he or she can hire an attorney and be back on the block in a day or two. Some gangs

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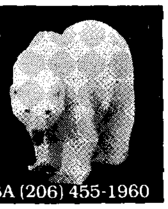

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keep an attorney on retainer, and they are sophisticated in other ways as well. For instance, a teen-age runner may wear a pager on his belt, get his instructions over a radio, and make his deliveries on a motor scooter. In certain areas, drugs are transported from point to point on school buses. In serious cases, where large quantities of cocaine are involved, an arrest creates a vacuum and usually leads to a battle between gangs for the relinquished turf—"gang-banging," it's called. One weekend while I was in the county, nine youth-gang members, all Crips and Bloods, died in fighting over territory in south-central Los Angeles.

We left the apartment complex, made a few turns, and passed a shoddy liquor store. In its parking lot were two Mercedeses, a new Trans Am, and a stretch limo. It is impossible to estimate the size of the drug trade in Los Angeles County, or how many millions of dollars it generates.

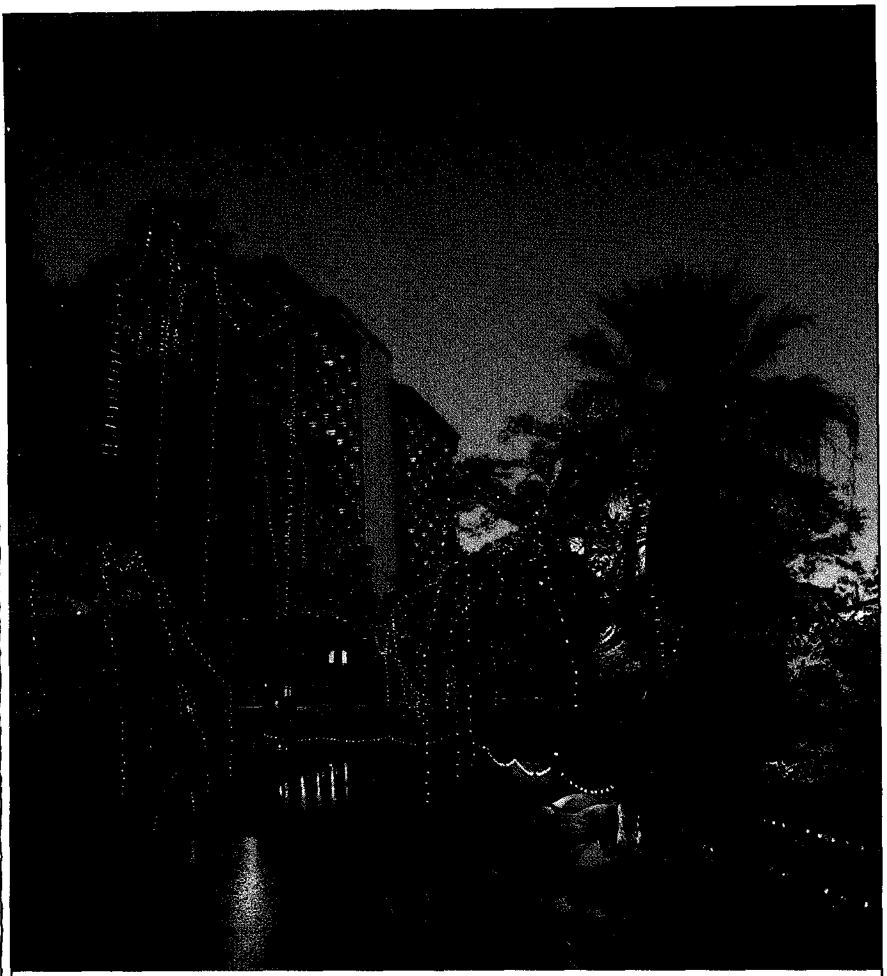
"We used to have a Chevy Malibu," Jeffrey said. "Everybody thought we were narcs."

"Guys pretend to be narcs," said Joe.

Jeffrey nodded. "They put on a cheap suit, drive around, flash an open wallet, and rip off dealers," he said. "It's not hard to do."

In another neighborhood, we passed through an alley behind some sleepy little bungalows. A concrete wall separated the bungalows from the alley, and it had recently been painted over, so no graffiti were visible. The county has several projects to discourage kids from putting their names on walls. Workers from Project Heavy go from town to town with buckets of paint and obliterate writing as quickly as possible, but they cannot keep pace with the many jaded young authors at play. Laws don't help much, either. It is illegal for a merchant to sell a can of spray paint to a minor, but gang members are veterans when it comes to getting things on the black market. For the owner of a broad canvas, such as a warehouse, graffiti removal can be a significant expense. National Paint has developed Anti-Graffiti Clear Coat, which forms a sort of varnish on the surface of a building and allows writing to be cleaned off with solvent. At National, business is brisk this year.

Youth Gang Services teams sometimes intervene on behalf of property owners and bargain with gangs about graffiti. Joe and Jeffrey had just negotiated a truce with Tepa, a Hispanic



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gang, and they were congratulating themselves on its success—no marks on the wall—but then they found “Tepa” scrawled on the trunks of two palm trees.

Around ten o’clock, we drove into a housing project and saw a boy on a bicycle, alone, riding around in circles. He had two or three sweaters on, and also a hooded sweatshirt, and he had pulled the drawstring of the hood tight, so that only his face from eyebrows to chin was showing. He was ten years old, and both his older brothers had been in a youth gang. One was in prison; the other was dead.

The boy lit up when he saw Jeffrey. “Hey, Harps!” he cried happily. “When you going to play us in basketball, man? We are going to whip you, Harps. You know it’s true. Me and my homeboys, we are going to do in Youth Gang Services the way Louisville did in Duke in the N.C.A.A.s. My vertical leap is very strong, man. I am getting very far up into the air.”

“His vertical leap’s very strong,” Jeffrey said to Joe.

“Hey, Harps, it is! So listen, when you going to bring around a team to play us?”

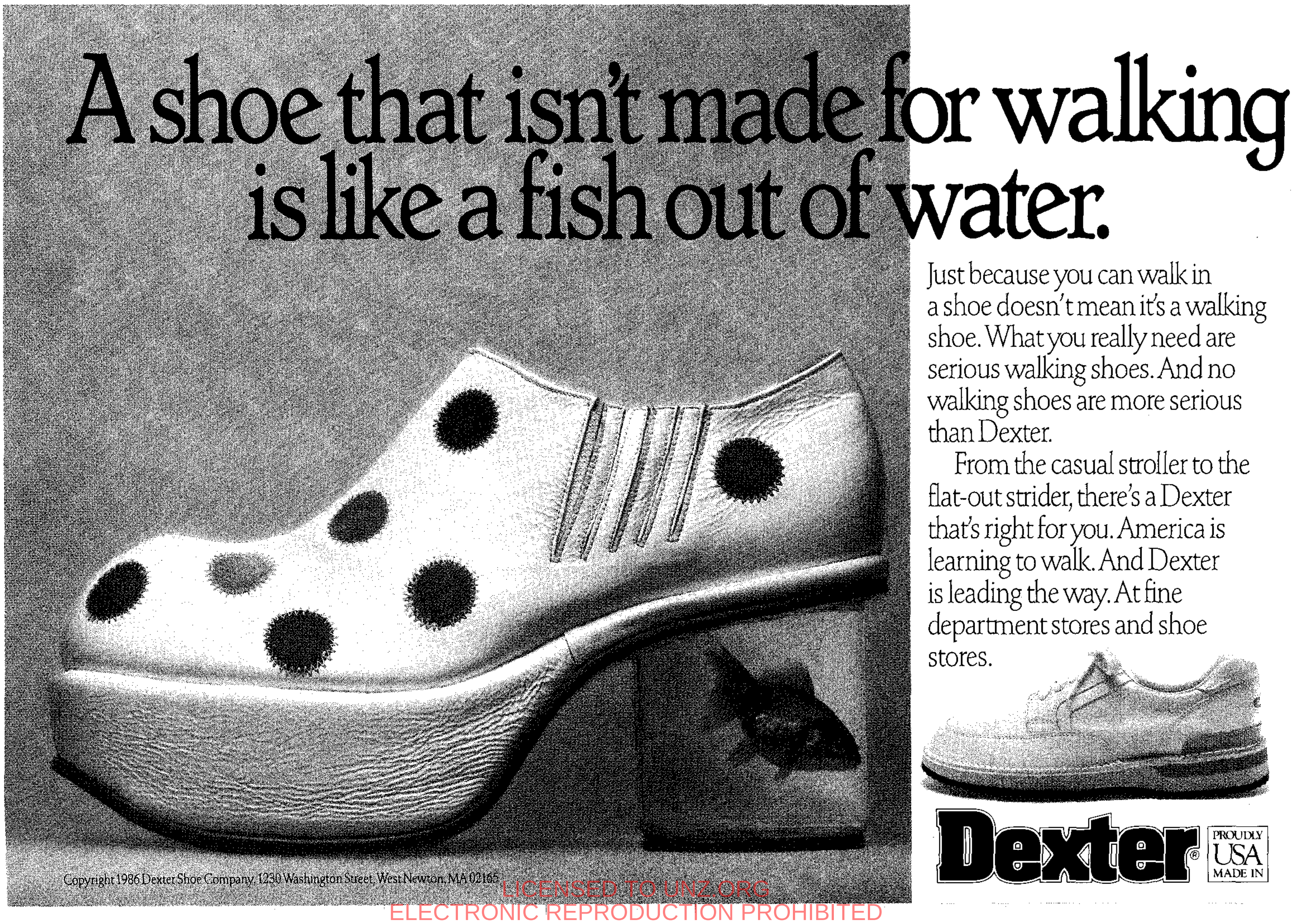
“Maybe on Saturday. Can you be here on Saturday?”

“On Saturday?” the boy said. “We *can* be here.”

The history of the streets is often a history of failure compounded over generations. The boy was in school now, Jeffrey said, and was doing reasonably well, but it would be difficult to keep him there. His parents were hardworking, they were trying with him, as they had tried with their other sons, but they had few resources. Every day, the boy met gang members around the project, and they were slowly sucking him in, subjecting him to daily brainwashing: Did he have the courage, the machismo, of his brothers? Every day, the boy rode his bicycle home from school, rode it through the parking lot where his brother had been shot. He knew all the details of the murder. His brother was walking home from the movies with his pregnant girlfriend when somebody from an enemy gang rolled out from under a car, pulled the trigger of a rifle, and killed him.

Marianne Diaz-Parton, who is the leader of Youth Gang Services Team 14, in Hawthorne, comes from an affluent suburban family. When she was growing up, she had spending money and all the clothes she wanted, and she made A’s in school. She was contented enough as a child, but once she reached adolescence she started to rebel, and joined a tough youth gang—pulled toward it by the usual mixture of drugs, sex, and power. Hawthorne was newly integrated at the time—this was about twelve years ago—and there was racial tension in its schools, and Marianne was thrilled to be able to stroll into class and know that she did not have to take any insults from white girls. She had backing, and it meant so much to her that she vowed to do anything for her gang. Her bond to its members was almost mystical, a primary source of her identity, and when somebody in the gang’s chain of command, a higher-up, asked her to drive to Santa Monica and shoot some rivals Marianne did it.

She was fortunate in that she failed to kill the two teen-agers she shot. The Lennox police investigated, and they arrested her within days of the incident. Marianne was surprised by the gentle treatment she received. Nobody beat her or shook her down. She



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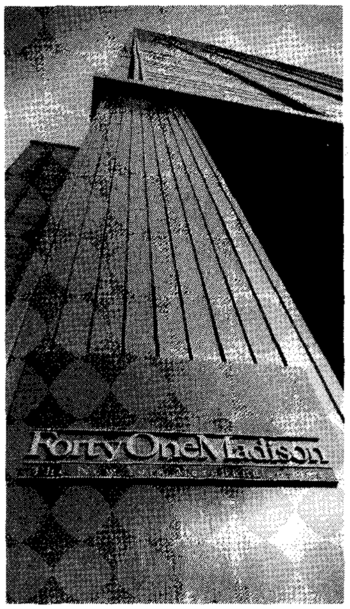
did not suffer any hassling until she went to prison. She got a fairly mild sentence, and ended up serving three years. During that time, she learned a lesson about misplaced loyalties. A deputy sheriff from the Lennox gang squad, Ken Bell, used to visit her, urging her to make something of herself, to use her intelligence, but not one member of the gang she was willing to die for ever came to call. Gang members did not send her money for cigarettes, they did not mail her magazines or books, they did not write her a single letter or postcard. She could have rotted in the joint for all they cared, so she turned against them and decided to change her life.

I said, "Suppose they had visited you—what then?"

"I don't know what would have happened," Marianne said.

We had this conversation at the Youth Gang Services office in Hawthorne, which is a utility shed in a large municipal park. Marianne and her partner, Rahsaan Cummings, had finagled it from the county, and though they'd cleaned it and swept away the cobwebs and bugs, it was now thickly layered with dust and was furnished with chairs off the scrap heap. Marianne is twenty-seven years old, with long auburn hair feathered away from her face. On her right hand she has a *chola* cross in blue ink—a souvenir tattoo from her gang days—and when I asked her where she got it, thinking of dim light and hearts pierced by arrows, she laughed, and said, "Any homeboy with a sewing needle can give you one of these." Marianne was sniffling. She had a cold, and she was going to be wed on the weekend, and complained that her energy level was low. "I usually move faster than this," she told me. I thought she was moving plenty fast; in motion, she looks inexorable, full of purpose. "It's not only poor kids who get into trouble," she said. "It's rich kids, too."

When Marianne and Rahsaan work a shift together, Rahsaan usually drives. He drives with flair and agility, and makes the wearing of a seat belt automatic. From approximately eleven-thirty in the morning until one o'clock in the afternoon, they shuttle back and forth among three or four schools, so there isn't much waste in the operation. One of the places they visit is Lloyd, a "continuation" high school, which caters to kids who have been bounced out of every other school around and are on a last-chance mis-



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Norm Thompson

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sion to get an education. Lloyd is not as big as San Fernando High, but it also has two security guards, armed with nightsticks, and they were on the front lawn enjoying the sunshine when we arrived. Marianne knew one guard well, having traded information with him in the past, and she shook his hand through an open car window. "So how you doing, man?" she said.

"It's been real quiet," the guard said. He was a cheerful black man in his late twenties, who did not show any particular attachment to his uniform. He seemed to regard it as a strange and slightly humorous circumstance of his life. "Real, real quiet."

"I heard that problem kid, he dropped out again."

"Yeah, he did."

"Well, if you see him around, you tell him to cool it," Marianne said. "Little Watts"—a hard-core youth gang in the neighborhood—"is looking for him."

"Little Watts are packing heavy," said Rahsaan. "I heard they bought some Uzis."

"Uzis?" the guard said. "Is that right?"

I asked Rahsaan where a bunch of teen-agers get weapons like that. "From the same people that give them rock cocaine," he said.

"That rock is bad stuff," said Marianne. "Girls in the projects, they'll do anything for a twenty-five-dollar piece. They lose all self-respect."

Information continued to make the rounds. The Compadres had just shot a guy. Lennox 13 was also preparing for more action, having lost some members to prison. "They courted in twenty new guys in Fullerton," said Rahsaan.

"A Crip got shot over on a Hundred and Fifteenth and Simms, man," Marianne said. "For two hundred dollars. Can you imagine that? Two hundred lousy dollars! They shot him bad, man. He's never going to have any babies."

The other security guard came over to the car. He was black, too, and new on the job, but he was already thinking about advancing himself. He wanted to know how much workers at Youth Gang Services got paid.

"They start you at eleven hundred a month," Marianne told him. The guard began to back off. "I make fifteen, but I've been there for a while. You get medical and dental. You're working for the agency, you know? It's a good job, but it's no picnic."

In Los Angeles County, I had been

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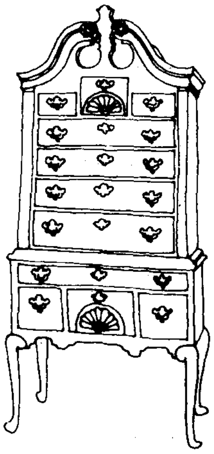

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collecting statistics, and I added this one to my list. For trying to save the lives of teen-agers, you earned eleven hundred dollars a month. For trying to teach teen-agers, helping them to better themselves, you earned about seventeen hundred dollars a month—slightly more than a mail carrier. For graduating from law school and dealing with the legal problems of teen-agers, you earned about forty-five hundred dollars a month. For working at a TV station and making a documentary about teen-agers in gangs, you earned about eight thousand a month. For being a Hollywood star and killing teen-age actors with a prop Uzi, you earned an incalculable sum.

THE Insanity Boys have always been a good-time group—no big trouble, nothing terrible going down. They party on weekends, do a little writing, maybe drink some beer and do some smoking. About forty of them were gathered in the parking lot at Hawthorne High School, milling around a white Nissan truck at recess. They were teen-agers in all their abundant variety—stubby, gargantuan, brilliant, stupid, shy, aggressive, utterly normal. The Insanity Boys come in many colors. They dress in a myriad of styles. The truck's owner was a short, curly-haired kid in a Harry Belafonte calypso shirt and blue clamdigger trousers. He told me that the truck had once been stolen and stripped, but the cops had found it for him in Huntington Beach. "I had to go down there to get it," he said.

"You expected them to deliver it to you?" asked a friend.

The Insanity Boys were listening to Power 106 on a radio. Power 106 is popular with youth gangs, playing a dance mix of up-tempo songs which covers a spectrum of eternal teen verities. Almost all the vocalists are female, and they sing in high, quavery voices, as if they were pleading for a date to the prom. When men sing, they use unthreatening falsettos, à la Michael Jackson. The big hit that spring was Miami Sound Machine's "Bad Boy":

> Bad, bad, bad, bad boy
> You make me feel so good

Marianne was not in the mood to let the Insanity Boys lounge around and sunbathe. She felt that they were slipping and sliding, losing their focus. For one thing, they had written up the walls of a new shopping mall, treating them as if they were scarred bits of

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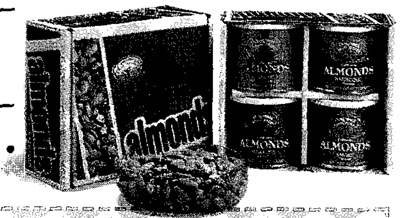

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concrete under a bridge. "You know you're not supposed to be writing in there," she lectured them. "I don't want to see your names when I do my shopping." But she was much angrier about some other writing they had done. A dude from Little Watts had crossed out an Insanity Boys graffito, and they had retaliated by making marks that linked them to Lennox 13. "You think you know about Lennox 13, but you don't," she told them. "If you get involved with them, you'll be gang-banging pretty soon."

"If trouble comes to us, we'll be ready," one kid said.

Rahsaan corrected him. "You think you're ready."

"I'm not saying we're *looking* for trouble. But if trouble comes, we're ready."

"You're not ready," Rahsaan said.

"Little Watts is packing, man," said Marianne.

"Then we'll pack, too," said an Insanity Boy. He had braces on his teeth and weighed about a hundred pounds.

"Don't you be talking like that," said Marianne, glaring at him. "You think it's a game. It's no game, man. You don't need to be involved with that stuff. You got all kinds of opportunities around you."

A tall, pudgy teen-ager who did not belong to the gang appeared on its fringes, lifted a foot, and extended a sneaker for us to examine. The sneaker was slashed in three or four places, cut to ribbons. "That crazy dude, he just came up to me out of nowhere," he said, laughing. "He came up and used his knife."

Across the parking lot, a few Rebels were chatting among themselves. They were white kids, stoners, fifteen and sixteen years old, and they wore the obligatory heavy-metal T-shirts. But, more than anything else, their hair set them apart, flowing from their heads in such lush cascades that I was reminded of a Breck-shampoo advertisement. Every ounce of protein in their bodies appeared to be concentrated in their scalps. After Rahsaan introduced himself, he jived for a while, warming them up. "So you been going to classes, man?" he asked a Rebel who bore an uncanny resemblance to Jimmy Page, of Led Zeppelin, circa 1971.

"Somewhat," the Rebel said, rather nervously.

"So you into music, man?"

"Yeah."

"What do you play?"

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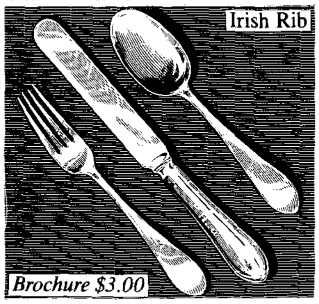

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"I'm a singer."

"That's cool," said Rahsaan, not missing a beat. "What's this I hear about Satanism. You Rebels, you into that?"

"Aw, no," the Rebel said. "We just mainly party."

The Rebels wanted Rahsaan to arrange a football game with another gang. Like many youth-gang members, they enjoyed sports but hated coaches, uniformity, and rules about hair length.

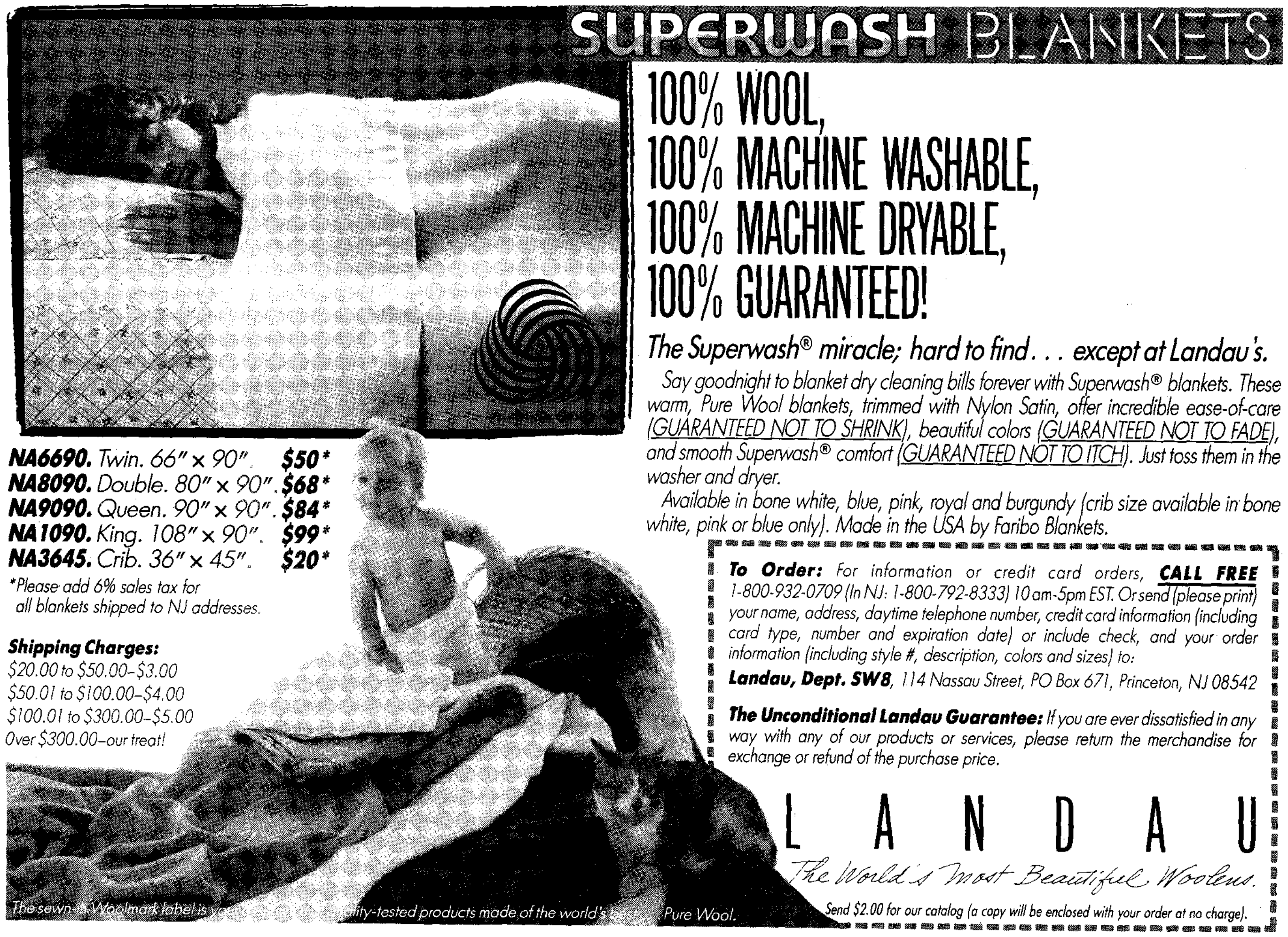
I talked to a Rebel who was carrying a big ghetto-blaster. He came from a good family and kept a decent average in school. In terms of possessions, he was set. He had a stereo, a TV, and a VCR. He had an electric guitar. Although his home was comfortable, he spent much of his free time in the streets. He said that the Rebels had recently put together a party pad in a vacant lot near a freeway. Through a hole in a chain-link fence they had carted in a couch and some old chairs, and in the evenings they would assemble at the pad with their musical instruments, their amps, speakers, and girlfriends. For refreshment, they had beer or wine or Club Cocktails or those wine-type drinks that liquor manufacturers target at kids. They would build a fire and mess around, not making a lot of noise, but an old lady in a house by the pad had complained, and the cops had come around and busted them. The bust was nothing, really, just a minor harassment, and the Rebels were already back in business, planning a keg party at a local park that weekend. "Drop by and check us out," he said.

Rahsaan shook his head. "It's too cold out there, man."

The Rebels said that was O.K. It made the girls want to cling to them.

In summer, the action around Hawthorne shifts to the coast—to Hermosa Beach, Manhattan Beach, Redondo Beach. The Rebels would drift with that tide, and so would the Insanity Boys, driving to the ocean in caravans of trucks and old cars, and raving for adventure. In their travels, they would brush up against Compadres, Little Watts, and Lennox 13. If they went north, to Venice, they would meet hard-core Crips and Bloods, as well as motorcycle gangs that specialize in heroin, methamphetamines, and guns. They would encounter beach rats, surfer punks, and skateboard stoners eager for a fight. In time, they would probably lose the last of their innocence, and one of them would mistakenly respond to a challenge. According to Marianne, he would do it fearlessly, as if in a dream. "When you're a kid, you're not afraid of anything," she said. "You don't think you're ever going to die."

THE kid Manuel Velazquez was looking for—I will call him Jody—is fifteen, white, and big for his age. Manuel gave me his case history as we set out from Sylmar one morning. Jody lives in a middle-class valley town, in a quiet neighborhood of apartments and single-family houses. He has one brother. His room is large, private, and plastered with posters of punk-rock bands. "You'd have to use a scraper to get them off the walls," Manuel said. Jody wears the same clothes for days on end and often needs a bath. He smokes, drinks, and does almost anything on a dare. His father is dead, or simply missing—Manuel wasn't sure, because he had heard different stories. His mother has an administrative job with a valley corporation, but she works long hours, and Jody spends much of his time alone. Since his last birthday, he has done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poorly in school, and his behavior has become much more radical and intense. "Fifteen," Manuel said. "That's when they start pushing everybody's buttons."

A frustrated kid learns how to manipulate his elders, provoking them, forcing them to drop their masks. In class, Jody ragged his teachers and gave them little respect. At home, he was disobedient. When a riot broke out at his high school, with punks and stoners battling each other, he was fingered as a ringleader and expelled. He transferred to another school eventually, but in the meantime his gang activities had increased. He was arrested once for a petty offense. He kept pushing his friends, wanting them to go further, to be more outrageous. When the other gang members backed down from a fight with some rivals, Jody accused them of being cowards and "talking smack." So they got rid of him—"jumped him out"—turning him into a free agent, a wanderer.

From the moment Manuel met Jody, shortly after the riot, he had tried to make the boy aware that he was heading for real trouble. When Jody got arrested, Manuel said to him, "You think it's cool to be busted, don't you? Well, it isn't. The next time, they'll drag your mother into court. They'll insult her, maybe tell her she's unfit. Are you going to allow that to happen?" But he doubted whether Jody was paying much attention. The kid was headstrong, and Manuel was amazed to see him following the same course that had led so many Hispanic teen-agers to disaster. This course could be mapped out, step by step. After failure in school and a few casual brushes with the law, a kid begins to view himself as an outsider, beyond redemption. He will reject everyone who has rejected him. His loyalty to a gang grows, and he is drawn more deeply into crime. He may confirm his status as a lost one by buying a weapon. In the streets, a handgun costs about twenty-five dollars.

Sometimes Manuel compares a kid like Jody to an apple that has fallen from a tree. "People can see it lying on the ground, but they don't pick it up," he told me. "They wait for a while. They ignore it, go do something else. Then, when they finally reach down and touch it, they find out that it's rotten."

We started looking for Jody in Van Nuys. Manuel parked on a broad boulevard and led me through a vacant lot where beer cans were strewn among

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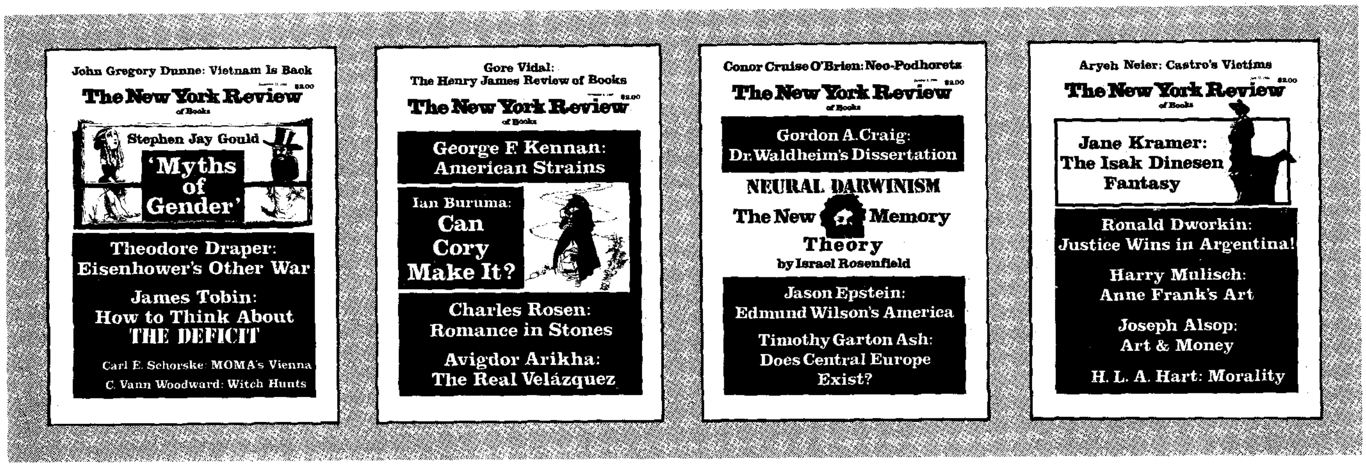

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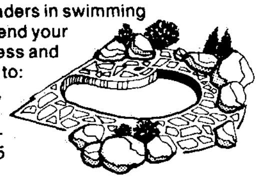

knee-high weeds. Punks hung around there, he said. A night club called Hot Trax was nearby, and a murder had occurred outside it a few months ago—a Vietnamese teen-ager had shot a white kid in an argument over a girl. To the best of Manuel's knowledge, the victim was the first white gang member in the valley to die in a shooting. But the police refused to classify it as a gang-related homicide, because the Vietnamese youth did not belong to a gang. This bothered Manuel. He believed that the killer would not have used a gun if he hadn't been outnumbered—white kids had been taunting him, waving sticks and baseball bats. While the victim was stretched on the pavement, a friend dipped a finger in his blood and wrote "FFF" near his body. That fact vanished from newspaper reports in a matter of days, and Manuel felt that the white community was protecting itself, denying that its gangs existed.

In grade school, Manuel had begun to distrust whites. He was a good student, but the only prize he ever won was for jumping rope. Academic awards went almost exclusively to white children, reinforcing stereotypes. As a boy, he came to expect such subtle forms of discrimination, and when he was thirteen, predictably, he joined a neighborhood gang. He remained a member until he was stabbed during a fight at San Fernando High. He was in tenth grade, and he remembers being caught in a pack of kids, wrestling, shoving, and punching, when, out of nowhere, a blade flicked into sight and was thrust from the tangle of bodies into his upper chest. It left a small puncture below his right collarbone. All the classrooms were locked, most of the teachers were in hiding, and police sirens wailed in the distance. Manuel ran away with the rest of his gang. They urged him to go to a hospital, but he was afraid. He was also afraid to go home, because then his father would have to be summoned from work, and that would mean even more punishment. At last, he stopped at an emergency room and let a doctor apply butterfly bandages. His wound was something miraculous to him, an initiation into another phase of the gang process, and it convinced him that he was on a path that would lead him to prison or an early grave. So he quit and underwent counselling at school to help him with his anger. "We did role-playing," he told me with a smile. "I even got to play a mean white person, man."

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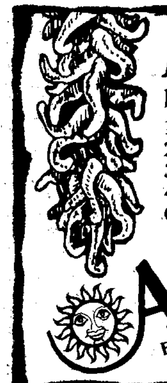

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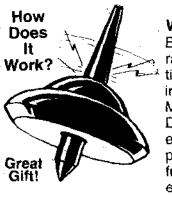
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In Van Nuys, there is a General Motors plant, where Manuel's father has worked on the line for more than twenty-five years. As we drove by it, Manuel told me about his family. "One thing I'll always remember about my father is the back of his hand," he said. "He always gave us discipline. But I understand it, you know? He had a hard life. He kept having to go back and forth across the border, bringing in other people. My great-grandmother, she was in the Mexican Revolution. She dressed up as a man to smuggle troops around. My grandfather was a bracero for a while, working in the fields. He had thirteen children. He got arrested once and did a year in jail. He died of alcoholism. My mother and father used to take us to Mexico City about every four years, so we'd know where we came from. They wanted us to know our culture. Diego Rivera is still my hero. The way he combined art and politics. His feeling for people. Once, my father told me if I ever went to work in a plant he'd really be angry with me. I have an older brother who's been at G.M. for thirteen years. He was all ready to graduate from high school when he took that job. My father even got mad at me when I went to work for Youth Gang Services. I think he wanted me to finish college, but for me college just obstructed learning. In my neighborhood, I grew up with about twenty boys. Eight of them are dead now. Some of them committed suicide. You could consider them almost like brothers to me. People say, 'Why did it happen?' But it's really 'Why did we let it happen?' Who are you going to blame it on, really?"

All afternoon, we looked for Jody. I had a sense that Manuel was tracking a ghost from his past, seeing himself in the boy, trying to break a cycle before it completed itself in destruction. We cruised through parks, checked shopping malls and pizza parlors. Again, I saw the drugged kids walking the streets. Sometimes, on the periphery of schools, they stood by playground fences with their fingers threaded through the mesh and stared at the buildings in a posture of intense longing. In the United States, only about seventy per cent of all teen-agers graduate from high school. The percentage is lower in the San Fernando Valley. In the late afternoon, Manuel admitted defeat. He thought about phoning Jody at home, but Jody's mother had forbidden him to

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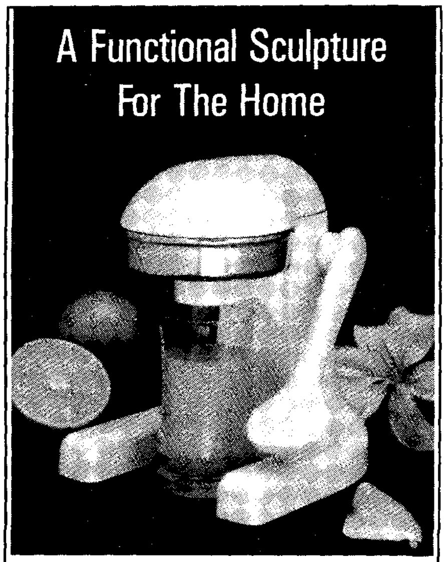

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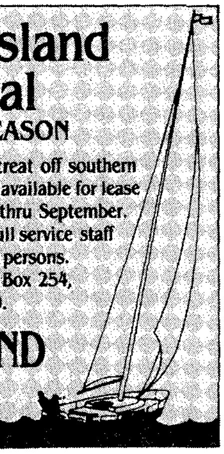

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INN ON THE ALAMEDA

do it. Manuel had visited her once to express his concern, and she had become so upset with his talk of guns and violence that she called him names and threw him out.

THAT evening, when we returned to Manuel's house, he invited me inside. He collects videotapes of movies and TV shows about youth gangs, and he wanted to play some for me. His babysitter, Juanita, who looks after the two Velazquez children while Manuel and his wife, Anne-Marie, are at work, was watching the last of a soap opera. Juanita is from El Salvador and speaks no English. With her stony face and stern, grandmotherly presence, she carries with her the silence of a *zócalo* at midday and seems somehow trapped in the wrong century. Juanita is no bigger than a child herself. Her own son is twenty-eight and had just been drafted into the Salvadoran Army. He was only permitted to write to her once a month. His letters, she had told Manuel, left much to be desired.

I watched first a documentary about youth gangs that had aired on local television a few months before. It offered a record of gang members performing for a camera. They could have been Hopi Indians induced to demonstrate tribal dances. Some Hispanic girls, *cholas*, beat up another girl, jumping her into a gang. Two stoned black teen-agers did the same thing to a teen-age boy. A fourteen-year-old cocaine dealer, his identity fully revealed, discussed his trade in hyperbolic tones. A kind policeman reprimanded another young dealer instead of taking him to jail. Three members of a traditional gang stood by an open coffin and vowed to avenge the death of a fallen homeboy. Such themes were repeated for an hour, and they had the effect of separating youth gangs from the culture at large. I felt that I was seeing a colonial's film about the strange habits of the colonized. I asked Manuel if he liked the documentary. He shrugged, and said, "No."

He showed me next an episode of "Helltown," which featured Robert Blake as a tough-guy priest who attempts to mediate a truce between feuding gangs. Almost every detail of the program was wrong—costumes, dialogue, graffiti. There was none of the suffering and torment I had witnessed in the streets. "Helltown" was such an absurd distortion of reality that Manuel knew parts of it by heart,

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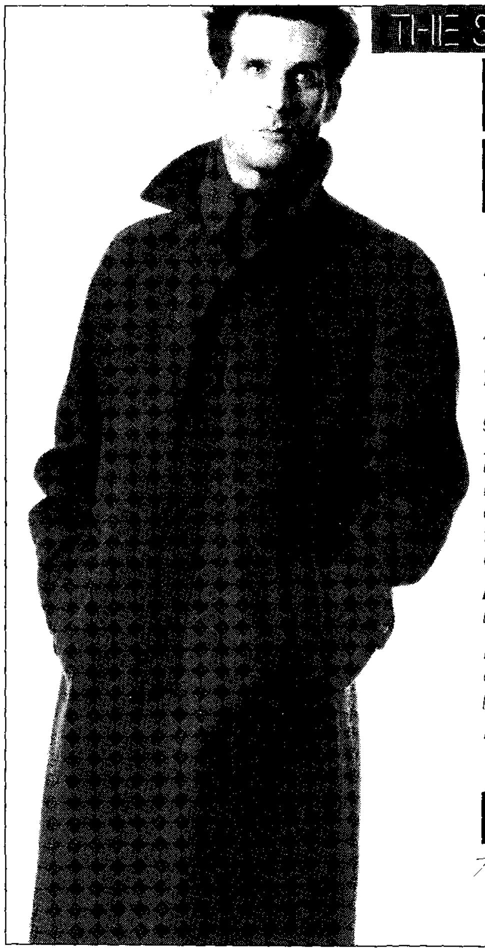
revelling in its dumbness. He wanted to show me next an episode of "The Insiders" in which a white actor masquerading as a *cholo* invades the barrio to help some poor Mexicans solve a murder, but I'd had enough and left.

DETECTIVE RANDALL PASTOR, of the Burbank Police Department, was among the first in the San Fernando Valley to identify groups of white teen-agers as gangs. He is a big, bulky, physically intimidating man in his late thirties, and he serves as secretary to the California Gang Investigators' Association, which has affiliates in nine other states. When I went to precinct headquarters to have a talk with him, he was waiting for me at the end of a long corridor, looming outside his office with his hands buried in his pockets and his tie loose at the collar. In many police departments, the juvenile division is something of a joke, staffed by malcontents and officers heading for an early retirement, but there is nothing funny about Pastor. "They call us kiddie cops or diaper detectives," he said, engulfing my hand in his.

In the past, a cop in juvenile had little to do except roust truants, chase runaways, and lecture shoplifters, but in the eighteen years Pastor has been on the force juvenile crime has taken an exponential leap in terms of its seriousness, even in small towns. In fact, Burbank is really just a small town, having grown up around Lockheed Aircraft during the Second World War. Its streets are clean and orderly, its municipal buildings fly the flag, and yet an increasing number of its teen-agers are threatening to run wild. At one point in our conversation, Pastor showed me a snapshot of some spiky metal rods that were used in a homicide last December. Three members of Burbank's only significant Hispanic gang, high on PCP, had beaten up and then shot a Mexican teen-ager from Cypress Park, who had recently moved to the valley. The case had been turned over to the county's hard-core prosecution unit, but other counties did not have such support systems. "Suppose a Crip gets paroled to Arizona," Pastor said. "He takes with him everything he knows about crime and introduces it in a new area."

In Pastor's jurisdiction, Burbank Punk Organization, or B.P.O., is the most active white youth gang. It has between twenty and twenty-five members at its nucleus and about twenty-



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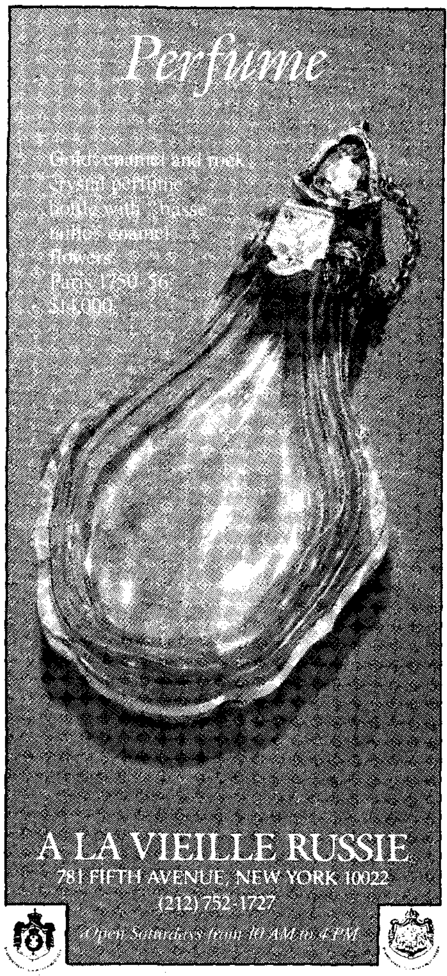

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five "wanna-be"s on its fringes. In spite of its moderate size, the gang generates a tremendous amount of writing, defacing property around the valley. The crimes that its members commit usually fall into the category of malicious mischief or vandalism, but for Pastor either category is too broad. In Burbank, white teen-agers have ripped the plumbing from a rest room at a drive-in. They have poured phosphorus on cars, blown up trash cans, and thrown the blade of a lawn edger through the window of a house. Pastor does not accept such acts as "innocent fun." To discourage them, he likes to "shake, rattle, and roll," making lots of legal but very minor arrests, in the hope of creating a climate in which a kid has to think twice before he misbehaves.

Not everybody agrees with Pastor that a group of rowdy suburban kids ought to be classified as a gang. The argument goes, There is a difference between making a *youthful mistake*—say, getting drunk and slashing someone's tires—and conspiring to sell cocaine. When I asked Pastor about this, he produced a state-task-force report on youth-gang violence which was published last January. Operating under the aegis of the California Council on Criminal Justice, the task force conducted hearings in several cities, and Pastor appeared before it to offer testimony. He read me its definition of a youth gang: "A gang is a group of people who interact at a high rate among themselves to the exclusion of other groups, have a group name, claim a neighborhood or other territory and engage in criminal and other anti-social behavior on a regular basis."

In its deliberations, the task force considered some of the problems facing law-enforcement agencies, and it made a number of recommendations to improve the situation. In effect, the recommendations added up to a major revision of the existing criminal code, stripping away many of the protections that are now afforded to minors. The task force suggested increased penalties for drive-by shootings and other gang-related homicides, and for the possession and sale of controlled substances, including phencyclidine. It suggested that courts be allowed to detain juvenile probation violators for up to a year. There were provisions to ease the laws of search-and-seizure, and to amend the death penalty so that it could be applied to anybody who killed a witness in a trial.

Panache NOT spoken here

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As a working cop, Pastor felt that such changes were necessary. The current laws did little to deter juvenile crime, and they sometimes hampered him in doing his duty. But he was also willing to address some of the cultural issues surrounding youth gangs, and he spoke about them in leisurely fashion for half an hour or so.

"Kids today are out of control," he said. "I don't care if a kid is seventeen years old or three years old, he has to have rules. Parents are afraid of their kids. I can't always blame them. Some of these kids in gangs are bigger than me. It's hard for a single parent—especially for a woman. Around our house, my wife doesn't let our children get away with anything. One time, my twelve-year-old daughter wouldn't finish her milk at breakfast, and my wife marched down to the bus stop with a glass and made her drink it. If you don't have responsible parents, you won't have responsible kids. Yesterday, we picked up a girl for joy-riding. Her dad won't take her back, so she has to go through the probation systems, which is a real pain in the butt. I get between two and five calls a week from parents who want me to take their children into custody. Everybody looks to cops or courts or social workers for relief. You'd be surprised how many kids in gangs tell me they want to be cops. They don't have any role models. Sometimes there isn't a person in the world who cares whether they live or die."

ONE more time, Manuel went looking for Jody. He had heard from his co-workers on the night shift that the boy was hanging around Sylmar, where he had been transferred to yet another school. They didn't know whether he was really attending classes, or even whether he still lived at home, but at least he was behaving himself. For a while after his punk gang dumped him, he had talked of joining a traditional Hispanic gang, which would offer him the boldness he'd been seeking. In exchange, he would be able to do favors for the gang, passing into neighborhoods where Hispanics couldn't go. For Jody, this would have been a ticket to prison, so Manuel was glad to hear that he'd decided to cool it instead, apparently happy enough to be on his own.

I met Manuel at his house on a warm morning in June. He wore his usual work uniform of jeans, high tops, and a shirt with the tails hanging

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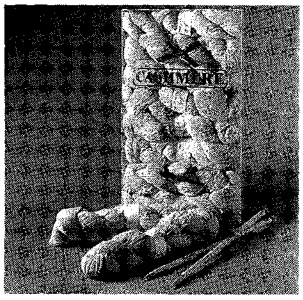

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out. He'd been on vacation for a month, and he was suffering from having taken a break. In relaxing, he had let his defenses down, and he needed some time in the streets to develop the crust—like a surgeon's—that enables him to deal with little doses of horror on a daily basis. The high point of his vacation came when he went to see Little Joe and La Familia at the Palomino club. Little Joe is to Tex-Mex music what James Brown is to soul. Manuel took some photos of Little Joe, and Little Joe was so pleased he invited Manuel to another gig and appointed him his official Los Angeles photographer.

Another night during his vacation, Manuel held a Mad Whip Thunder concert at his house. "I got permission from everybody around here," he said. "Joe set up in the living room. Some gang kids came, and so did some regular kids. Hey, we got a new gang in Sylmar! Right around this block. They've been doing some writing, too. They call themselves Led Zep Freaks. The neighbors, they asked me, 'Manuel, what kind of gang is it? Black? Hispanic?' " He laughed. "I told them, 'No, man, it's white kids.' "

We got into the Dodge Colt. It had a fresh dent in a fender where a woman had backed into it. As we drove, Manuel explained that his primary worry about Jody was that he would now fall into the juvenile-justice system. When a kid has to go before a judge, he works on his excuses. The excuses often have some validity, but for a kid in court they become a kind of passport, establishing his credentials as a "troubled youth." The system is set up to cope with troubled youths. In Manuel's eyes, it endorses failure. It makes a kid believe that failure has always been his destiny, that he has fulfilled, however perversely, his obligation to society. "Around here, every kid has problems," he said. "Every kid has excuses. There are a million reasons to fail and only a few to succeed. That's the truth of it. You shouldn't lie about it. If you come up through the streets, it's hard to get an education. It's hard to get a job. But you can't feel sorry for yourself. Because then you're finished."

We were cruising through towns that were familiar to me now—through Pacoima, Arleta, Panorama City. The day was balmy, and as we stopped at corners to talk to kids I could smell a trace of chlorine in the air. I found myself remembering summers from my own adolescence, going out to a suburban schoolyard to play baseball or meet girls, and I experienced the remarkable innocence of that time. In the thirty years or so since Elvis Presley first sang "Heartbreak Hotel" on the Ed Sullivan show, the music of young people had become more raw and aggressive, and often more despairing. The drugs they used were stronger, more addictive, and more widely available, and the traps that had been set for them were far more insidious. In a crucial sense, they were being denied the luxury of making a simple mistake—a few wrong turns, and they were strung out or in prison. That so many teen-agers had accepted all this as the given of their lives was tragic, and I felt that their unaddressed grievances would return to haunt us someday.

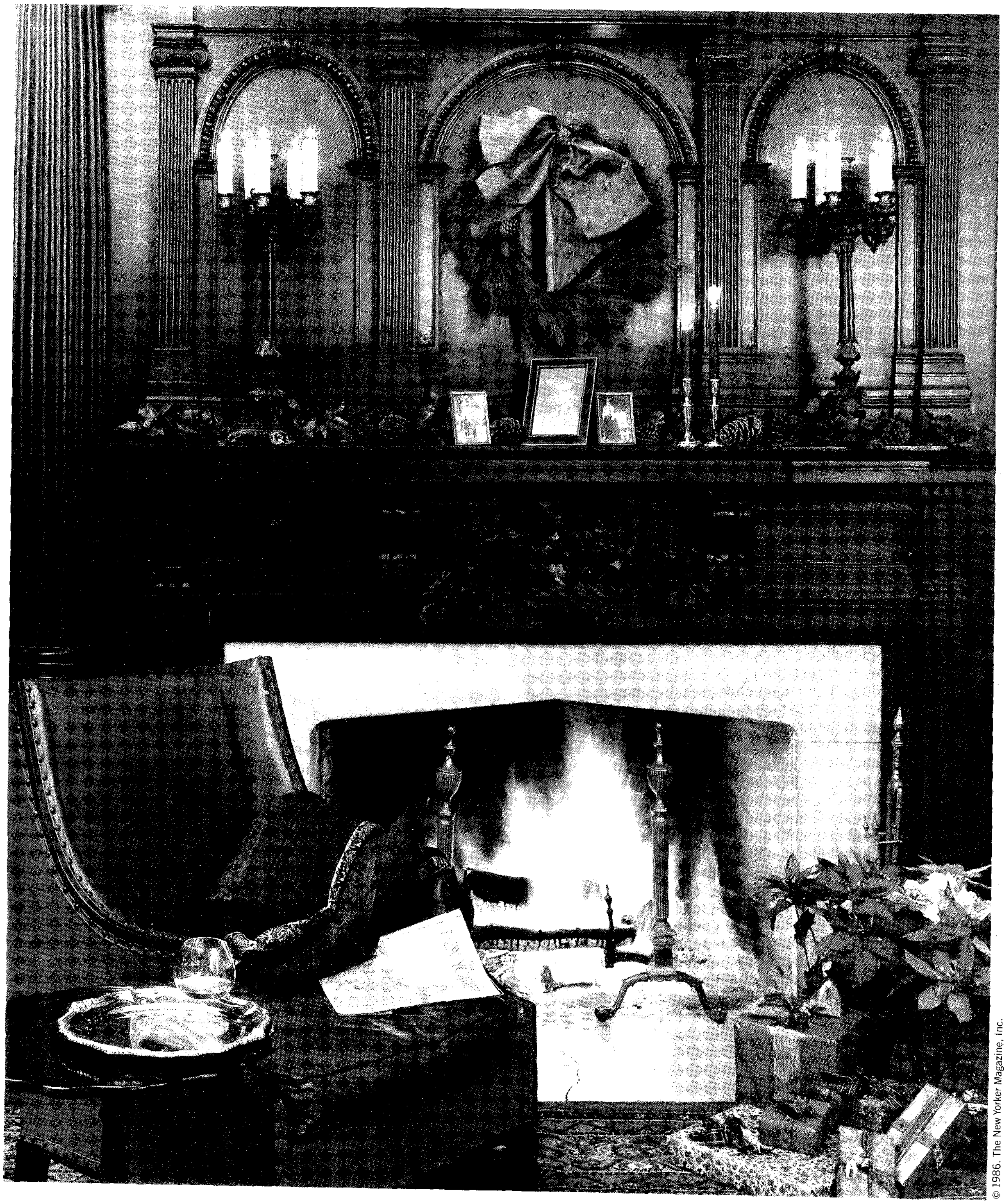
Jody eluded us again that afternoon. For the moment, he was missing in action, maybe lost for good. At Manuel's house, we parked the Colt and stood outside for a bit and chatted. I asked him if there was really any way to deal with gangs.

"Just to deal with gangs, no," he said. "You make new laws, criminals always find a way to get around them. If you want to deal with gangs, you have to deal with parents and families. You have to deal with schools. You have to deal with the whole environment."

Since gang activity was continuing to increase, spreading to new segments of the community, I said I wondered if Manuel had any hope that his work would make a difference.

"You can't get depressed about it," he said. "You know, with the people on my team, I tell them they have to make their job fun—even though it's a crummy job. It's got lots of negatives, but lots of positives, too. Once you start an input into somebody's life, you begin to influence them, you break the monotony. Some kids, they don't know any other kind of life. What we do, it's like throwing a wrench inside an engine. It screws up the structure. Suddenly, you're a part of their lives. That's good to feel. Sometimes it's like I can almost control what's going on. It's like having a sixth sense. Like seeing into the future and controlling it. That's when you know you're doing your job."

—BILL BARICH



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Scorsese's Showmanship

At the end of Robert Rossen's 1961 film "The Hustler," Paul Newman, as Fast Eddie Felson, defeated the poolroom champion, old Minnesota Fats, and then quit the game—the only thing he was really good at—rather than spoil it by truckling to the evil, crooked gambler who had staked him. Martin Scorsese's "The Color of Money," in which Paul Newman is Fast Eddie twenty-five years later, starts off with one terrific scene after another. Silver-haired and fit-looking, Eddie is a Chicago liquor salesman who drives a white Cadillac and wears a neat mustache and natty duds; he has become a bit of a dandy (like old Fats himself). He's a likable cynical sharpie, who thinks he's a pretty shrewd judge of character and wants to give people the impression that he knows all the angles. It's the message he's trying to get across when he offers Janelle (Helen Shaver), a woman barkeeper he likes, a cheap, good booze that she could get by with if she uses the brand-name labels he can supply. And though he doesn't shoot pool anymore, that upstairs-back-room world has a tang for him that nothing else has, and he stakes young hustlers (for sixty per cent of their winnings).

The script, by the novelist Richard Price, which was shaped in confabs with Scorsese and Newman, is essentially an original screenplay using the Fast Eddie character developed in the earlier movie (and by Walter Tevis in his novel "The Hustler" and its sequel "The Color of Money"). Price's pungent lowlife dialogue makes it possible for Newman's Fast Eddie to be a sleazo who enjoys himself. Having drinks at Janelle's bar, he keeps an eye on the action at the pool tables, where a young guy he's staking is defeated in game after game by a cocky upstart—Vincent (Tom Cruise, with a thick head of hair standing up in a wedge cut), a clerk in a toy store. Charged with excitement, Vincent is a kid who just likes to play; he jumps around the table and crows over his victories, while his girlfriend, Carmen (Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio), who comes from a rough background, shows more interest in their loot. Eddie sees possibilities in Vincent the flake, and when he goes to work on Carmen, who is the kid's driving force, he has a charmer's energy. His voice is raspy—slightly sandpapery—and you can feel his snappy, rhythmic undercurrent of excitement as he tries to clinch a deal to train the kid as a hustler. He has to be a little dirty to do it: he makes Vincent feel that if he doesn't start making some dough he'll lose Carmen. Eddie the city slicker as teacher explains to them that playing pool isn't about winning and isn't about pool—"it's about money." And the three of them go on the road for a six-week tour of Midwestern pool halls, with the aim of hustling suckers, picking up a bundle, and then entering Vincent in the 9-Ball Classic, the big championship tournament at Atlantic City. Cozy in the Cadillac, Eddie tells them that the best is the one with the most money—in all walks of life.

During this first half, you may be a bit too aware of Scorsese's cold flamboyance, but Newman is like a great veteran tap dancer showing you how easy it all becomes, and the kick he gets out of acting is inseparable from Eddie's con artistry. The actor and the role carry the action along (despite some interference from an obstreperous score). And when Eddie observes the raw kid who's as dumb as he used to be, his disgusted expression helps to take us over the scenes of Cruise swaggering around during his pool matches. Cruise puts on a hotshot show that has about as much authenticity as Richard Gere's freaked-out display in "Looking for Mr. Goodbar." Scorsese whips the camera angles this way and that and gives the kid's rock 'n' roll prancing a high-tech sheen, as if Scorsese imagined he was creating a razzle-dazzle big number. (For Scorsese, filmmaking is like popping amphetamines—which is what shooting pool is meant to be for Vincent.) But at least he keeps cutting back to Newman's reactions. In one scene, Eddie deliberately gets Vincent riled up during a match by petting and stroking Carmen in clear view of the pool table. It's perhaps the most assured piece of smiling deviltry that Newman has ever brought off; he has a wonderful lewd satisfaction—his hand moves over her backside so smoothly that you could almost weep for poor Tom Cruise, with his mousy voice and the way he overdoes poor insecure Vincent's anger.

The picture might have been a pop classic if it had stayed near the level of impudence that it reaches at its best. But about midway Fast Eddie has a crisis of conscience, or something. It's signalled by a sud-

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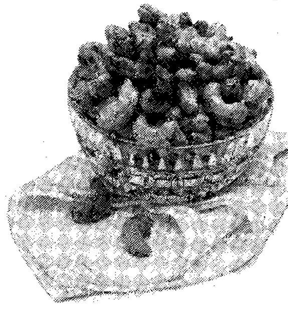

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den change in his expression while he's watching Vincent during a match, and by a series of closeups in which Eddie's head seems to take over the screen. But what's going on is pretty blurry—we don't know exactly what has triggered it. And it takes a while before we gather that (a) Eddie realizes that his efforts to wise up the kid have actually been attempts to corrupt him, much like the attempts of that evil gambler who long ago tried to take the challenge and the beauty out of the game for Eddie, and (b) watching Vincent play gives him the itch again—he realizes that he hasn't been doing what makes him happy, *that he wants to shoot pool, too.* Stirred by these recognitions, Eddie locks his jaw, sets forth to become a man of integrity, and the joy goes out of Newman's performance, which (despite the efforts of a lot of good actors) is the only life in the movie. It's the only life, that is, except for a brief, startling performance by the twenty-five-year-old black actor Forest Whitaker as a pool shark called Amos, who talks about being a subject for experiments at a university. Whitaker might almost have been put on the screen by Cruise's enemies (if this sweet-faced kid had any). Cruise tries; he really works at it, and he's certainly a more active presence here than he was in "Top Gun"—he goes through the motions of a real performance. But there's nothing underneath his motions, and they don't mean anything to us. He's so wholesome and harmless he's like a cheerleader's idea of a De Niro flake. And he keeps flashing his big grin, but not to the effect desired. Whitaker is up there for a minute or two, and the movie vibrates. He has the inner qualities that Cruise lacks. What an actor! And what a mistake not to bring him back in the Atlantic City scenes! His reappearance was about all I was looking forward to.

Why don't we feel that itch that Eddie is supposed to be scratching? And why doesn't he look happier when he rediscovers himself and what he cares about? I think it's because Scorsese and Price have attempted to make a movie that, according to one approving magazine article, "with its themes of mortification and redemption," is linked to "many of the searingly personal Scorsese movies of the past." There's bughouse madness in this approach: Scorsese is trying to turn slick, amiable Eddie into a tortured, driven artist, suffering whatever

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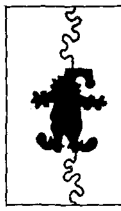

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temptations Scorsese is suffering, or—being a show-biz fantasist—imagines he's suffering. It's a bum idea, I think, to take Eddie Felson back to the tables that he swore off twenty-five years before, yet conceivably Eddie the sharpie might decide he wanted to shoot pool again and still be a juicy character—if he rediscovered the crazy elation of shooting pool to win, or if he just rediscovered the flukiness and fun of the game. But to have Eddie trying to redeem himself—to purify himself—through pool is just an artistic conceit. There's no grit in this plot development, no sleaze—nothing that Newman can turn into a tap dance. He's back to being the sodden lawyer of "The Verdict," carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

It isn't really surprising that Scorsese, who tried for several years to get financing for "The Last Temptation of Christ," should have instinctively tried to turn "The Color of Money" into a Jesus story. (Rossen lost perspective when he made "The Hustler," too. It was swollen with windy thoughts, and George C. Scott's evil tempter seemed to be a Satan figure. But it had conviction; it was the movie that Rossen wanted to make, and it had a human scale. You could see all the picture's faults and still love it.) What's surprising about "The Color of Money" is how inexpressive Scorsese's visual style is. There has been considerable publicity about Newman's doing all of his own pool shots, and Cruise's doing all of his except one, but the way the picture is photographed they could be robots shooting pool. The matches are zap-zap mechanistic; they're impersonal, as if they'd been choreographed for the cameras without any consideration given to the players' individual qualities, and they all look the same. Scorsese is excessively conscious of his visual craft, and the images (the cinematographer is the celebrated Michael Ballhaus, who shot Scorsese's last picture, the 1985 "After Hours") are handsome in a hyperkinetic version of the inflated, "classic" style that big-name Hollywood directors used in their prestige pictures. Scorsese shows off the dynamics of moviemaking, overdramatizing everything—punching it up. He gets high on camera movement: "Swish pan, swish pan—watch my camera go!" When Eddie and Vincent play each other for what may be the last time, the pool table is in a sumptuous mirrored salon that looks the length of

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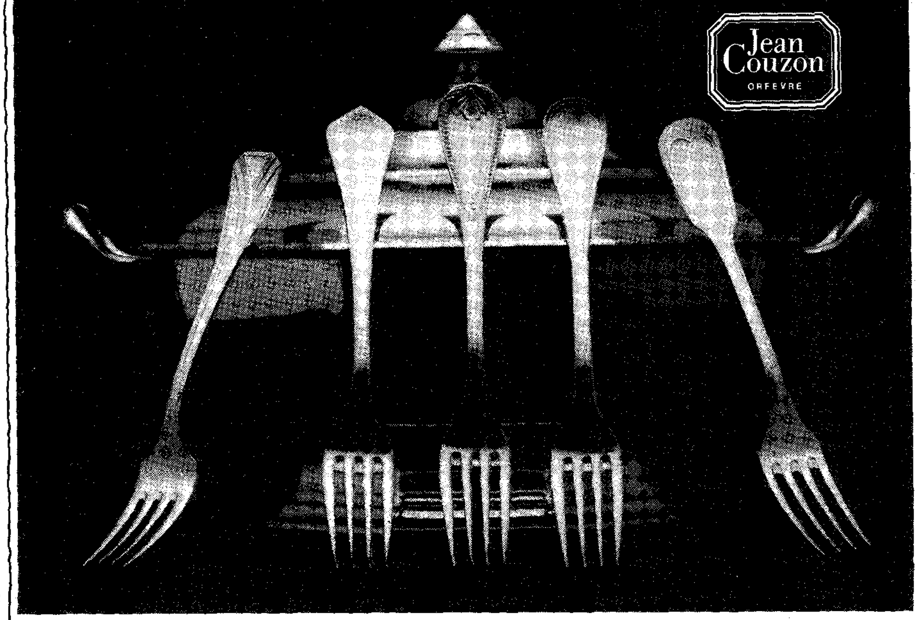

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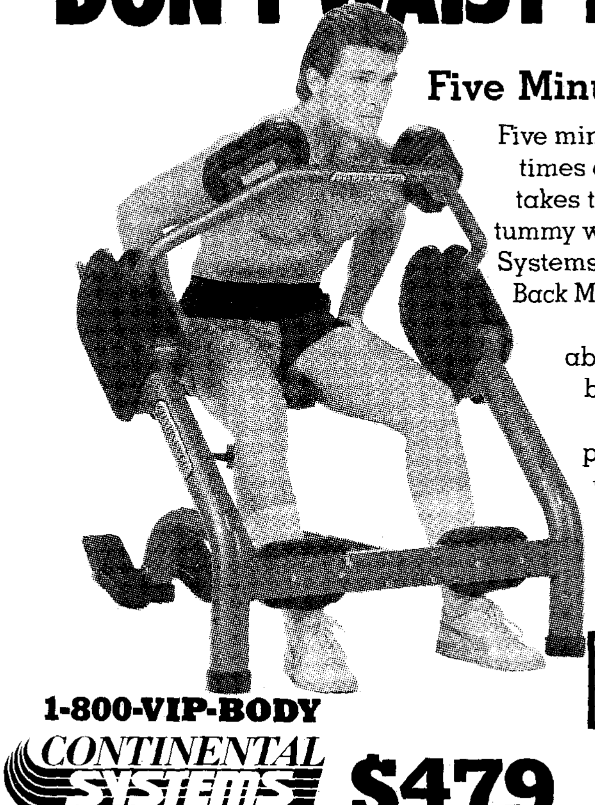

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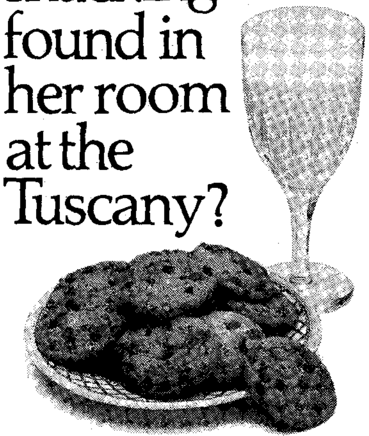

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the QE 2. Scorsese seems to feast on big pictorial effects, and he neglects the simple effects that might mean more to an audience. Carmen's feelings about Vincent—who's something of a simp—are never quite brought into focus. The beautiful young Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio has a fascinating, humorous quality, but the framing makes her acting seem overcalculated. Is Scorsese so distanced from the characters that he doesn't notice that she has no light moments and that there's too much camera emphasis on her smirking-sneering wide mouth? And that Helen Shaver's Janelle has nothing to tip us to what Eddie sees in her—that she has nothing to do in the picture? Scorsese takes more care with the cue balls. It's a remarkably craft-absorbed, out-of-contact style, especially when you remember the heat and the vividness of the people in Scorsese's fevered, visionary "Mean Streets" and "Taxi Driver." I don't think he himself believes in his "mortification and redemption" routines here. If he did, the second half wouldn't be such a letdown.

During the movie, I wondered why the sound mix was so irritating in the early sections. Richard Price's glibness is entertaining, and the audience was having a good time with Newman's small talk in the barroom—why did Scorsese have the score (by Robbie Robertson) up so loud that we had to strain to hear the wisecracks? Scorsese, who made the great rock-concert documentary "The Last Waltz" (1978) and was the supervising editor of the 1970 "Woodstock," isn't somebody who'd be sloppy about sound. It wasn't until the picture was over that I understood the clamorous music. What was funny and likable in "The Color of Money" got jettisoned midway because Scorsese thought that that material was just marking time and setting things up. He had the music drown out some of the dialogue because he didn't think it mattered. Scorsese never got into the spirit and warmth and the beautiful canniness of Paul Newman's performance; he didn't take comfort from it, as we in the audience did. He saw Eddie's charm and slyness—what we enjoyed about him—as what had to be redeemed.

Scorsese tries to turn Eddie Felson into himself; he even tried to turn Rupert Pupkin, of "The King of Comedy," into himself. He couldn't do it with the musicians of "The Last Waltz," because there they were right in front of him, and it's a magnificent

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film. But when he deals with fictional characters he carries identification over the top. Maybe he insists on making everything "searingly personal" because it's his only way of getting into a subject. Does he lack the imagination to become involved in other characters—characters with their own distinct individuality? I'd rather put it this way: his obsessiveness may be so strong that his imagination doesn't operate freely. And I'd speculate that Scorsese is still hung up on a New York street kid's confusion of aggressiveness and getting ahead and sexuality. The reason he doesn't get into the believable, appealing side of Newman's performance is that he isn't about to move into the things that come with experience. Even if he identifies with Eddie the con man, that isn't enough for him, because he sees himself as an artist. So Eddie has to be a candidate for purification. That's the purpose of the plot switches and reversals of the second half (which leave us with unanswered questions and feelings of being left out). Scorsese is probably the only greatly talented American director who can be schematic and crazily confusing at the same time. He mucks up Eddie Felson's story because he doesn't care about the fires within; when he thinks about art, he's still a downtown kid looking for flamethrowers and hard-hitting "integrity"—salvation.

But his obsessiveness has plunged him into some serious binds—like the psychodramatic morass of "New York, New York" (1977)—and so he doesn't go all the way with it anymore. He pulls back, or maybe he no longer has anywhere to go. The showmanship he exhibits here may be the only ground where he feels confident. When he plays with camera angles, he can feel like the Master he's being called. —PAULINE KAEL

•

WE DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Washington Post*]

The elderly, who now get a double personal exemption (an elderly couple gets four exemptions worth $1,080 per exemption, instead of only two) would be abolished.

•

"A jug of wine, a loaf of bread, and thou. Ah, wilderness were paradise e'en now." I can't help with the loaf or the thou, but I'd like to try with the jug. —*Barbara Ensrud's wine column in the News.*

Enow, enow, Barbara!

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MUSICAL EVENTS

AmeriGrove

THE New Grove Dictionary of American Music has appeared, published by Macmillan, London, and costing four hundred and sixty dollars (as a prepaid order). The editors are H. Wiley Hitchcock, the founder-director of the Institute for Studies in American Music at Brooklyn College, and Stanley Sadie, the editor of the New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians. In a preface they explain that Mr. Hitchcock was "concerned chiefly with the detailed content of the dictionary" and Mr. Sadie with "applying to the present work many aspects of the lexicographical experience gained with *The New Grove*." The editorial coördinator was Susan Feder. It's a great achievement—two thousand seven hundred and twenty-five double-column pages, in four volumes, dealing with American musical matters from Emma Abbott, the prima donna who once displeased a Milanese audience by interpolating "Nearer, My God, to Thee" into "La Sonnambula," to Ellen Taaffe Zwilich, the first woman to win a Pulitzer Prize in music. (The terminal entries are in fact "AACM" and "Zydeco," which carry cross-references to discussions elsewhere.) The initial plan was for a one-volume dictionary in which American material from the New Grove would be collected, amplified, and updated, but this, in the words of the preface, "gave way to plans for revision of that material in terms of a different context, for recommissioning a great deal of it, and for supplementing it not by an equal number of new articles but by approximately three times as many—not only on individuals but on many other topics germane to the specific character of American musical traditions." More than twice as many American cities have entries as in the New Grove. The disappointing New Grove article on Roger Sessions has been replaced by a good new one, by John Harbison. Bayan Northcott's good New Grove article on Elliott Carter has been amplified. About half the space seems to have been allotted to folk music, ethnic music, jazz, rock—popular music of all kinds, and its executants. "American Music" means music of the United States. There are no entries for Glenn Gould or Carlos Chávez, Montevideo or Montreal. United States musicians who have worked mainly abroad are included. So are foreigners—Dvořák, Jussi Bjoerling, Luciano Berio—who have worked significantly in this country.

The title is cumbersome. AmeriGrove is the nickname the dictionary acquired while it was being prepared—sometimes shortened to Merigrove, which trips off the tongue more easily. (There *are* some flashes of wit in the work, although the tone is generally sober.) The volumes, their pages the size of this magazine's, are cumbersome, too—not as convenient to use as those of the New Grove (whose pages measure six and a half by nine and three-quarters inches). Perhaps one day a "handy volume issue," like that of the famous eleventh-edition Encyclopædia Britannica, will appear. But don't wait. AmeriGrove on just a few days' acquaintance has shown itself to be a mine of interest and of information cleanly presented. I shan't attempt any review of it yet. It must stand at my elbow, to be proved—and reported on—piecemeal, tested by daily use.

WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED
Fruit cup
Tomato soup
Steak, mashed potatoes, peas
Strawberry-rhubarb pie, coffee with milk
R. Chast

AN account of the major American musical competitions seemed at first to be one thing unfindable in AmeriGrove, but I tracked it down at last under "Awards." The pianist Randall Hodgkinson won the International American Music Competition in 1981. He came to his first Tully Hall recital, last month, preceded by a sheaf of glowing reviews from Boston and elsewhere. He has made his name, it seems, chiefly as an interpreter of MacDowell, Gershwin, Copland, Duke Ellington, and other American composers. But the Tully recital began with the first eight of Schumann's "Bunte Blätter" ("Drei Stücklein" and "Albumblätter"), Bartók's Piano Sonata, and Beethoven's Opus 101, and the performances suggested that Mr. Hodgkinson was hardly more than a decent, accomplished pianist, like many another. There were flaws in the gradation of line, smudges in the pedalling. More important, the Schumann pieces lacked fantasy; the Bartók and Beethoven finales, for all the percussive footwork that Mr. Hodgkinson indulged in, were tame. And so to the second half of the concert—Donald Martino, Sessions, Ives, along with Cage's silly "Water Music" and Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody No. 17—one brought a critically sharpened ear. Can one trust the champion of a specialist repertory whose accounts of the classics prove to be nothing special?

Martino's "Impromptu for Roger," a winning, dapper miniature, introduced Sessions' own "Pages from a Diary"—four *Albumblätter* that made a nice complement to Schumann's. Both sets of gathered and grouped "album leaves" work out unconventional harmonic, textural, and rhythmic ideas—Sessions' rather more adventurously than Schumann's. Andrew Imbrie once pointed out that whereas a "learned exegesis" on the third piece of the Sessions set was published on the basis of its being in D major "in fact the piece is in B minor, although it allows

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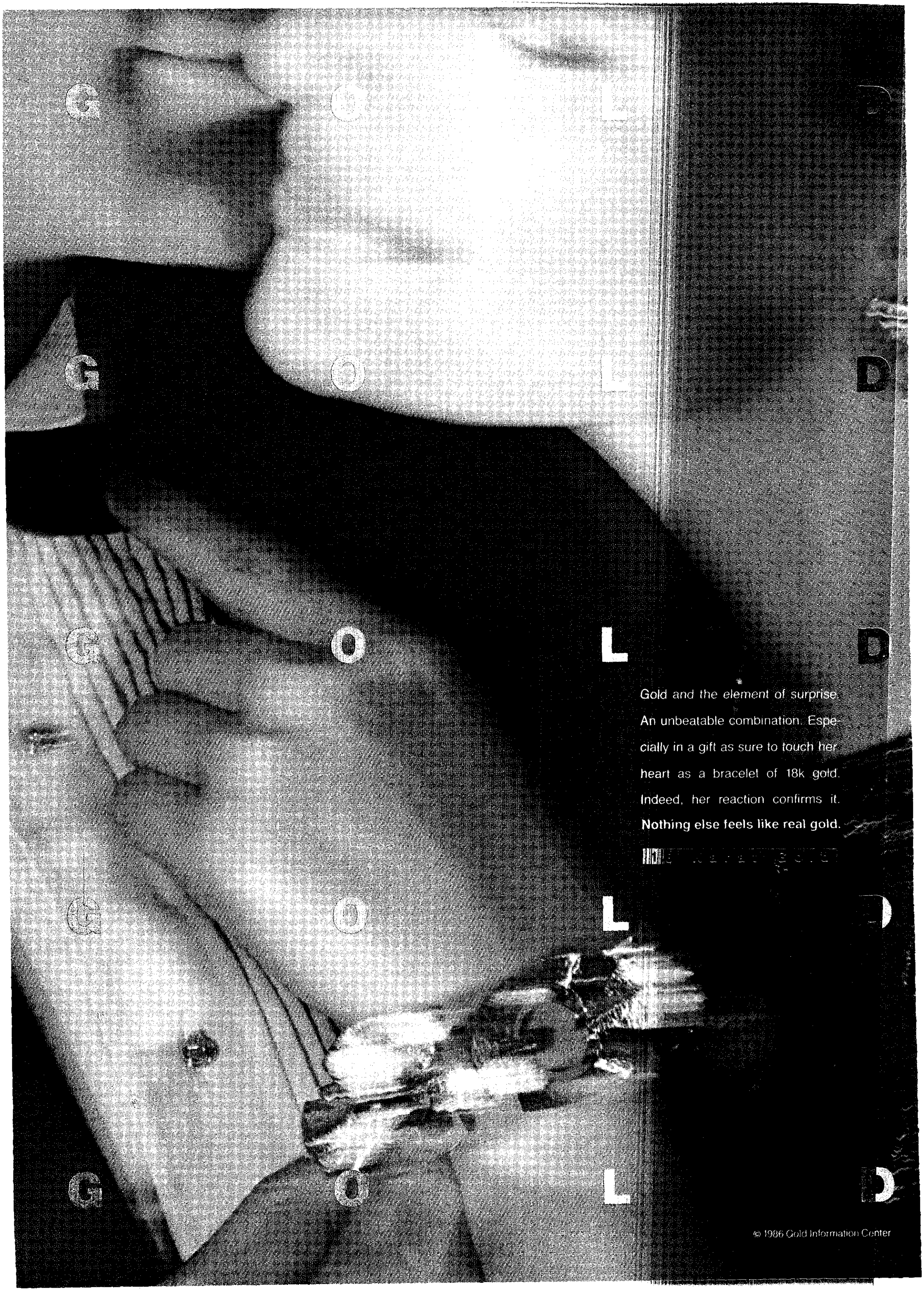

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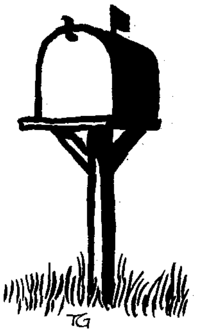
for the real possibility of being heard in E-flat major." Both composers, it happens, call for notes to swell, then diminish, after they have been struck—an instruction to the player's imagination, but one incapable of literal execution (except on an electric piano). Mr. Hodgkinson played the pages agreeably, even deftly, but a shade glibly. His account of the "Hawthorne" movement of Ives' "Concord" Sonata had beautiful sounds in it but not much intellectual force. Perhaps he was just not in top form. Perhaps he was unhappy with the instrument (whose bottom octave didn't sound convincingly in tune). The hall was less than a third full, and on such a night it must be like playing into a vast, bleak cavern. I'm prepared to give Mr. Hodgkinson the benefit of any doubt: on a New World record (NW 320) he plays Sessions' Piano Sonata No. 2 none too stirringly but of Martino's "Fantasies and Impromptus"—a long, passionate composition, a milestone in American piano music—gives a glowing, masterly performance.

SESSIONS' Piano Sonata No. 3 had what was billed as its British première at this year's Edinburgh Festival, done by Alan Feinberg at a stunning midday recital. It began with Charles Wuorinen's Capriccio; after the Sessions, four Milton Babbitt pieces, and then Busoni's Toccata. Mr. Feinberg doesn't always make "beautiful" sounds; he can be stern, searing. Whatever he plays, he plays so potently that one feels the work in question can never have had a more cogent interpreter. The Babbitt pieces danced and glittered. The Sessions finale—based on music that flowed, unbidden, into the composer's mind when he learned of President Kennedy's death—was strong, poetic, and beautiful.

Furtwängler once called the Edinburgh Festival a *Musikschau*—music's version of a motor show, where the glossiest and costliest products of the industry are on display. There's this difference, of course: automobile manufacturers show their latest models, the international virtuosos only their latest fashioning of works of the past. Edinburgh has changed since Furtwängler's day. The international parade of orchestras and soloists continues, but, under Frank Dunlop's direction, spoken theatre has become the festival's splendor: this year "Crime and Punishment" directed by Andrzej Wajda; "John Gabriel Borkman" and "Miss Julie" directed by Ingmar Bergman; the Nuria Espert company in "Yerma," directed by Victor Garcia; the Toho company in "Medea," directed by Yukio Ninagawa; and much else, including hundreds of fringe productions filling every hall, church, studio, and cellar. Mr. Dunlop also gave contemporary music a fuller showing than usual: seven close-gathered concerts, at morning, afternoon, and early-evening times, so that one could go on to the theatre. This weekend (Friday evening to Monday morning) of twentieth-century music, Composer's Choice, was sponsored by the Scottish Post Office. The programs were chosen by the composer Alexander Goehr, to form a small panorama of music in the present and near-past, along with some perspective-giving earlier pieces (Stravinsky, Bartók, Janáček, the Busoni Toccata). The venue was the Queen's Hall, once a Georgian meeting house and now the home of the Scottish Chamber Orchestra. It has windows—a rare pleasure in a modern concert hall—and has a bar-restaurant-café, where listeners, composers, and performers mingled to talk before and between the concerts. The sun shone. The informed, informal atmosphere was not unlike that of Tanglewood during new-music week.



I was glad to hear, live, the famous Adrienne Csengery, peerless interpreter of György Kurtág's "Messages of the Late R. V. Trussova" and his "Attila József-Fragments"—chiselled, passionate epigrams for unaccompanied soprano. Peter Maxwell Davies' serene, intricate First String Quartet (1961) and Goehr's taut, tangy music-theatre piece "Sonata About Jerusalem" (1970)—very different works, which share the Sonata of Monteverdi's Vespers in their ancestry—were welcome revivals. Bayan Northcott, perhaps Britain's most thoughtful and trenchant music critic (he has moved from the *Sunday Telegraph* to the new *Independent*), is now also making a name for himself as a composer; his Sextet, written last year for the Fires of London, is a lucidly argued, attractive composition, very skillfully set out. Would that all music critics could thus demonstrate their command of music! "Moon of the Dawn," by Philip Cashian, a rising young British composer (born in 1963), had its first performance—a precise, delicate setting of Japanese lyrics, for soprano and string quartet. Most young composers produce a precise, delicate Japanese piece (Goehr's "Four Songs from the Japanese" appeared at the Cheltenham Festival when he was twenty-seven); in Cashian's specimen the lines are strongly drawn. "Corranach," by Nicholas Sackman (born in 1950), an instrumental fantasy based on Smollett's account in "Humphrey Clinker" of a Scottish funeral—"A multitude of hags who beat their breasts, tore their hair and howled most piteously . . . pipers playing the while . . . a discharge of pistols"—brought the lively weekend to a boisterous close.

Opera had moved largely onto the concert platform of the Usher Hall: Méhul's "Uthal," from the Scottish National Orchestra; a "Soldier's Tale" and "Oedipus Rex" from the Toronto Symphony; the semistaged "Oberon" also seen at Tanglewood, conducted by Seiji Ozawa, directed by Mr. Dunlop, but with the Junge Deutsche Philharmonie replacing the Boston Symphony. The Stockholm Folkopera played "Aida" with a cast of six. In the King's Theatre, where at earlier festivals Ljuba Welitch, Maria Callas, Magda Olivero, Birgit Nilsson, Joan Sutherland, Elisabeth Söderström, the young Renata Scotto sang to us, there was a dismal troupe: that of the Maly Theatre, Leningrad's second company, after the Kirov. (Shostakovich's "Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk" and Prokofiev's "War and Peace" had premières at the Maly.) Its Edinburgh performances of "The Queen of Spades" and of Sergei Slonimsky's "Mary Stuart" were contemptible: blunt, bawled by singers often unsteady and unpitched—without musical, dramatic, or scenic merit. I turned in my tickets for "Onegin." I'd stuck out the three acts of "Mary Stuart." There is an admirable Indian restaurant near the King's; there, after the show, I found three London colleagues deciding, over their second course, that none of them had encountered a worse opera. ("I have ransacked my memory, which includes some pretty duff nights," the London *Times* critic wrote later, "and can find nothing to compare with this for ineptitude.") Jacob Gordin's libretto is a twenty-two-scene village pageant, omitting little: from Mary's arrival in Edinburgh through the executions of Chastelard (who, as Swinburne put it in the eleventh Britannica, "expiated with his head the offence or the misfortune of a second detection at night in her bed-chamber"), Rizzio, Darnley, and the Queen herself. Slonimsky's score is a gallimaufry of "Brigadoon"-type popular scenes, olde-Scots music for Mary, twangling harpsichord tushery whenever Elizabeth appears, and a braying trombone to herald bass droning from John Knox (whose followers crossed themselves fervently). "Mary Stuart" was awarded the Glinka Prize in 1983.

EVERYONE knows how bold Beethoven's writing for cello and piano is—texturally and formally—in his early (he composed the first true duos for the instruments), middle, and late periods alike. I'd not before "felt it with my ears" quite so keenly as at Anner Bylsma and Malcolm Bilson's recital last month—the first of Merkin Hall's *On Original Instruments* series. They played the Sonatas Opus 5, No. 2; Opus 69; Opus 102, No. 1; and the "Bei Männern" variations. They left one wishing there could be a second recital, with the two remaining sonatas, the Handel variations, and the other Mozart variations. Later this season, in another Merkin series, Joel Krosnick and Gilbert Kalish are to play the five Beethoven sonatas, and sonatas by Ralph Shapey and George Perle. They are fine artists, but they play modern instruments. Mr. Bylsma played an unmodernized eighteenth-century cello and Mr. Bilson a 1985 replica of an 1815 Louis Dulcken piano. On the eve of the Bylsma-Bilson recital, the two duos both came to the Ann Goodman Hall, above Merkin, and, in succession, ran through the first movement of Opus 5, No. 1. Polite discussion followed, but it was apparent to anyone with ears that Beethoven's music rang out more bravely, more beautifully, and in better balance on the early instruments. In that direct comparison, the modernized cello sounded chocolate-coated and the little Yamaha piano loud and coarse. I'm not about to throw out my modern-instrument Casals-Horszowski and Fournier-Schnabel records of Beethoven sonatas. I look forward to the Krosnick-Kalish recitals but will know them more clearly for what they are: transcriptions, in effect, in which Beethoven's tone colors, textures, at-

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tacks, and sonic durations are inevitably altered.

The recital the next day more than fulfilled the promise of the demonstration. Mr. Bylsma played the music by heart, in sensitively molded phrases and with eloquent, varied vibrato. Mr. Bilson played from the book, alertly and with fantasy, but he tended to scamper when the pace grew hot and to rush his closes. These were not perfectly finished performances. I wonder whether Jean-Louis Duport and Beethoven when they played Opus 5 or Joseph Linke and the Countess Erdödy when they played Opus 102 sat turned away from each other; Mr. Bilson craned round on the piano seat when eye contact was needed to assist simultaneous attacks, but even so the piano and the cello weren't always quite together. Yet there was such vitality in the sound, such energy and keenness in the playing, such zestful give-and-take between the instruments that the music sprang to life: Beethoven's writing seemed more adventurous than ever. On the simplest level, a pianist can play his heart out, whack out sforzandos, rumble through bass figuration on an early instrument without drowning his partner (the same is true in Schubert songs), whereas on a big Steinway he must throttle back and render the written score at half power. Merkin's remaining On Original Instruments recitals present Mozart's piano quartets, next month, and, in February, violin-and-piano sonatas by Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann.

MOST studies of Massenet dwell tenderly on "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame" (1902), the first of his seven operas that were brought out in Monte Carlo (two of them posthumously). Bold as Britten in "Billy Budd," Massenet wrote a work without female singing roles. (The Virgin is a mimed part, and women sing only in choruses.) The plot tells of a humble, hungry fourteenth-century juggler, Jean, who, welcomed into the Abbey of Cluny and awed by the brothers' prowess in art and learning, offers to an image of the Virgin the only gift he has, his act: patter, a war song, a love song, the tale of Robin and Marion, and a rustic bourrée. The monks are scandalized, but the image of Our Lady accepts the tribute with a gentle smile, and the monks acclaim a miracle. Cornflowers and lilies rain down, angel voices sing, Jean expires in ecstasy, and his soul goes to Heaven. In Louis Bethléem's stern, useful opera guide, which assesses operas by their moral worth, "Le Jongleur" is the only Massenet piece to rate a IV, the grading for "*les pièces que nous appelons morales.*" The others range between I, "*nettement condamnables*" ("Hérodiade," "Thaïs"), and III, "*passables*" ("Werther," "Cendrillon"). "Don Quichotte" is not *passable*, because its staging includes "arched torsos, lascivious glances . . . dancers who kiss on the lips."

"Le Jongleur" has become a rare piece today, but once it was quite well known. Oscar Hammerstein brought it to New York in 1908, with Mary Garden in the title role. In her autobiography Garden says:

> It should always be a woman who sings the Jongleur. The part is so spiritual and so simple, and when a man sings it, it becomes too *terre à terre*. . . . You needed to get the naïve spiritual beauty of an unspoiled child into that rôle, and you didn't get it in a man.
>
> And I had just the body for it.

Garden and the tenor Adolphe Maréchal, the first Jean, both recorded the air "Liberté," and Garden's version certainly sounds younger and fresher.

Hammerstein played "Le Jongleur" for twelve performances, in two seasons, and then the production passed—with the other effects of the Hammerstein company—to the Chicago Opera. Chicago played it for twenty years and—in those rich days for the regions—took it on tour to Baltimore, Boston, Cincinnati, Kansas City, Los Angeles, Milwaukee, Minneapolis, New York (in seven different seasons), Philadelphia, St. Louis, St. Paul, and San Francisco. Many of the performances had Garden as Jean (Geraldine Farrar did some) and Maurice Renaud as Boniface, the role he had created in Monte Carlo. Boniface, the priory cook, befriends the juggler, and he sings the best-known number in the piece, the much recorded "Légende de la Sauge," telling how the humble sage bush, at Mary's entreaty, sheltered her Child from Herod's soldiers when the proud rose had refused its aid. Of Renaud's "Légende" W. J. Henderson wrote—in 1933, after sixty years of hearing opera's greatest artists, in the greatest operas—"Its finish of style and its tenderness of expression have lingered in this writer's memory among the more precious experiences of opera."

"Le Jongleur" returned to New York last month, modestly presented

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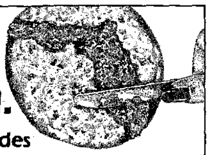

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by the Bel Canto Opera for four performances, two in the Marymount Manhattan Theatre and two in St. Bartholomew's Church. Jean was played by a woman. The roles were doubly or trebly cast; the orchestra was much reduced; the opera was essayed in French, much of which could not be followed with any ease. Yet the merits of the work were apparent. It has charm, variety, and humor as well as tenderness. It is brief (Chicago usually did it on a double bill), concise, and shapely—not padded out to fill a regular opera evening. Fauré admired the "uniformly happy touch" of the score. Passages with simple, antique melodies delicately harmonized and subtly scored recall the Berlioz of "L'Enfance du Christ." Marymount is a gem of a theatre, but in St. Bartholomew's, despite difficult sight lines, the work bloomed in fuller acoustics and against the mosaic-and-marble richness of Bertram Goodhue's apse. The fiery trumpets of the Aeolian-Skinner organ, pealing from the gallery to mark the miracle, provided a coup de théâtre unobtainable in the theatre. In the church, I heard Camille Capasso as a bright, touching Jean; in the theatre, Margaret Astrup had the right presence and appearance but was vocally unsure. David Ward, as the priory musician, was good. Some of the others tended to boom rather than place the words on lines of clear, forward tone. David Abell's conducting was deft. Marc Jacobs' staging was happier in the church than in the theatre.

—Andrew Porter

•

WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Sonoma* (*Calif.*) *Index-Tribune*]

Study Less and Learn More by Valerie Brown of the Sonoma Valley Educational Center, first class meets 7 to 8:30 p.m. today for five consecutive Wednesdays at the Sonoma Community Center, Room 110. Class is for children who have trouble remembering what they read, always seem to study the wrong thing, think studying is a drag or plan to go to college.

•

Two decades later, water beds are respectable.

The last bastion of resistance may lie in apartment buildings, where owners, still fearful of damage, ban them. But even that concern is falling away as water bed insurance policies and the fact that there have been accidents reassure people, a Waterbed Manufacturers Association spokesman said.—*Richmond* (*Va.*) *Times-Dispatch*.

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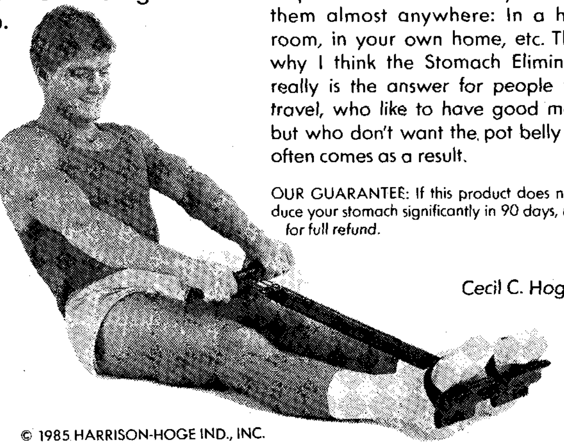

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THE THEATRE

Requiescat in Pace

UP to last week, I would have guessed that the most difficult challenge ever faced by serious composers of musical comedies was "Sunday in the Park with George," in which Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine chose as their subject matter Georges Seurat's painting "La Grande Jatte." Now, "La Grande Jatte" is one of the *stillest* paintings ever placed upon canvas, and perhaps it was the death-defying intellectual acrobatics required to transform this quintessence of inaction into action that prompted Sondheim and Lapine to undertake the work—which if it had been content to confine itself to a single act, instead of being stretched uneasily into two acts, would have been one of the most charming musical toys ever invented. For a few days last week, a rival for the title of Most Difficult Challenge appeared at the Neil Simon Theatre, in the form of a musical comedy called "Into the Light." As a rival, it was successful only in that very limited respect; in every other respect, it failed continually, and no wonder, for if Shakespeare himself had been faced with a project at once so ambitious and so outrageous he would surely have burst into tears and flung his goose quill into the Thames.

The plot of "Into the Light" concerned the testing by a team of distinguished American scientists of the authenticity of the celebrated Shroud of Turin, which many Catholics believe to be the winding sheet in which the body of Christ was wrapped after His scourging and crucifixion. (According to a note in the program, the shroud doesn't make an appearance in history until the fourteenth century, when it turned up in the possession of a French knight named Geoffroi de Charnay. Later, it was acquired by the House of Savoy, the capital of whose kingdom became Turin. The House of Savoy handed the shroud on to the cathedral in Turin, where it remains an object of veneration to this day.) The team of scientists was granted a hundred and twenty hours to carry out its manifold tests. Meanwhile, the leader of the team, a Los Alamos physicist named Prescott, was revealed to be unduly eager to disprove the authenticity of the shroud; indeed, he went so far as to encourage his associates to fudge the results of their experiments if the experiments should happen to come down on the side of authenticity. This drastic bending of his rigorous moral posture as a scientist was hard enough on poor Prescott; to make matters worse, in the course of pursuing the shroud experiments he neglected his wife and little son, the latter being driven back upon a fantasy companion (a blue zombie, to whom he talked when he would talk to no one else, the zombie replying always in pantomime). Prescott was in deep trouble in Turin and in deep trouble at home; also in deep trouble were the author of the book of the musical, the author of its lyrics, and the composer of its music—Jeff Tambornino, John Forster, and Lee Holdridge, respectively. Having brought a cast of fifteen onstage and knotted up a plot that could never be tidily unravelled, they fell back upon some fetching laser beams and pocketa-pocketa electronic testing gear to take the place of exposition and resolution, whether in the form of songs or dialogue. Laser beams and pocketa-pocketa were not enough.

More pleasingly than I would have thought possible, Dean Jones played the hapless Prescott, Susan Bigelow played his long-suffering wife, and Danny Gerard played his lonely son. The blue zombie was played by Alan Mintz. The scenery and its accompa-

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nying mock-scientific projections were by Neil Peter Jampolis and Hervig Libowitzky, the lighting was by Mr. Jampolis, the costumes were by Karen Roston, the choreography (which, I'm sorry to say, consisted largely of a vulgar lampooning of Italian nuns and priests) was by Mary Jane Houdina, and the direction was by Michael Maurer. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Literary Pursuit

"THE COMMON PURSUIT," by the English dramatist Simon Gray, at the Promenade, opens in the rooms of Stuart Thorne at Cambridge, where four of his undergraduate friends and his girl, Marigold, gather to start a magazine that will be edited by Stuart. The time is the sixties. The magazine, to be called *The Common Pursuit*, is to conform to the rigorous, not to say asinine, artistic strictures of the late F. R. Leavis, who has written Stuart an encouraging letter and insists that it be published uncut in the first issue. In the course of the action, over the next seventeen years, we follow the lives of these five Britons (and Marigold), steely idealists to start with, as, one by one, they compromise their ideals, and even throw in a betrayal or two. The theme is hardly an original one; what distinguishes it from other literary and dramatic works of its kind is Mr. Gray. His characters are shrewdly drawn and never allowed to become types, but he is the most interesting man aboard—a real playwright, who has given us a real play of wit and irony and sadness, and of scenes and dialogue and construction. Although I hope I never have to see or read about another Cambridge undergraduate, these people are, as I say, good company through the years. The friskiest of the men lands a lectureship at Oxford; another becomes the host of a televison talk show; the most gifted of them is murdered by some boy he picks up; Stuart, cuckolded by his closest friend, writes a best-seller; only the most modest of them ends up with a satisfactory life—satisfactory, one hopes, to the late F. R. Leavis. As for the plot, I'll let Mr. Gray speak for himself. In his book "An Unnatural Pursuit," which is a record in diary form of the progress of this play from acceptance to opening night in London, he writes, "But let's face it, there really isn't a plot. Simply happenings. Love affairs, abortions, adulteries, treacheries, compromises, lingering deaths, sudden deaths. The routine stuff of English social comedy, in fact."

"The Common Pursuit" makes an entertaining evening, beginning to end. Although I have a number of reservations about the script, I have none whatever about its performance, under the direction of the dramatist and Michael McGuire. Kristoffer Tabori, Dylan Baker, Michael Countryman, Nathan Lane, and Peter Friedman are the flawed men to the life, and Judy Geeson does all that can be done with the sketchy role of Marigold. The fine scenery was designed by David Jenkins and lighted by Frances Aronson, and the appropriate costumes were designed by David Murin.

LEIGH CURRAN'S "Alterations," at the WPA, is a play about family stress. Erica, its embattled heroine (for want of a better term), designs and makes theatrical costumes, and she lives with her rickety, deaf old mother and sixteen-year-old daughter. Mother, who staggers around the premises with a blank look on her face, refuses to use a hearing aid or a walker; Daughter, just graduated from high school, has been accepted by Harvard, but she has been seeing a guru and prefers to spend some time in his ashram nearby. The old woman, who talks constantly of God and spiritualism and reincarnation, dotes on her granddaughter but battles with Erica and undercuts her at every turn. The girl is devoted to her grandmother but can barely speak to her mother. Erica is separated from her husband, who lives nearby and comes over when Grandma invites him. Things are so strained that Erica expresses herself only in sarcasm, and then could bite her tongue off. In the course of the action, Erica and her husband come to some sort of understanding, the old woman learns of plans to send her to a nursing home and raises hell, and—a truly comical idea—a young actress comes for a costume fitting, goes upstairs to a dressing room, and is trapped there (in full view of the audience) by domestic fights below.

Again, the situation is banal but the execution is not, even if two hours of domestic bickering are hard to take. There are too many the-trouble-with-you-is speeches, but most of the writing is good and the characters are well drawn. The estimable WPA has a

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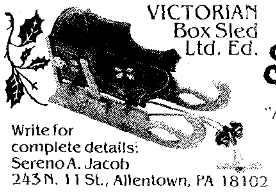

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reputation for excellent productions, and this one is no exception. Under Austin Pendleton's direction, the acting is highly satisfying. Gretchen Cryer, as hard-pressed Erica, is given the chance for some monumental tantrums, and she makes the most of them, heaving furniture and other props with intense abandon. Jane Hoffman is the old mother; Cynthia Nixon is the young daughter; Wayne Tippit is the husband; and Mary Kane, making her Off Broadway début, is the actress. Hooray for all of them. Edward T. Gianfrancesco designed the spacious setting on a tiny stage. Costumes by Don Newcomb; lighting by Craig Evans.

THOMAS STRELICH'S "Neon Psalms," at American Place only through November 2nd, is about a husband and wife who live, in mutual hatred, in a trailer in the California desert, near "the world's largest open-pit borax mine" and within sight of the lights of Los Angeles and of whatever goes on at Los Alamos. The play does not lack for symbols or for amusing comic speeches, either. It certainly does not lack for good actors. Tom Aldredge and Scotty Bloch are the couple, Cara Duff-MacCormick is their divorced daughter, who comes to stay with them, and Kelly Connell makes a brief appearance as a young deliveryman for a gas company. Richard Hamburger was the impeccable, self-effacing director.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

"We can trap them, we can cool them off, put them in boxes, put a layer of ice on them, put a lid on them, send them to L.A. and fly them overseas," Hutsell said of the fishermen.—*Sacramento Bee.*

And what say the fishermen of Hutsell?

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[*Adv. in the Frederick (Md.) News-Post*]

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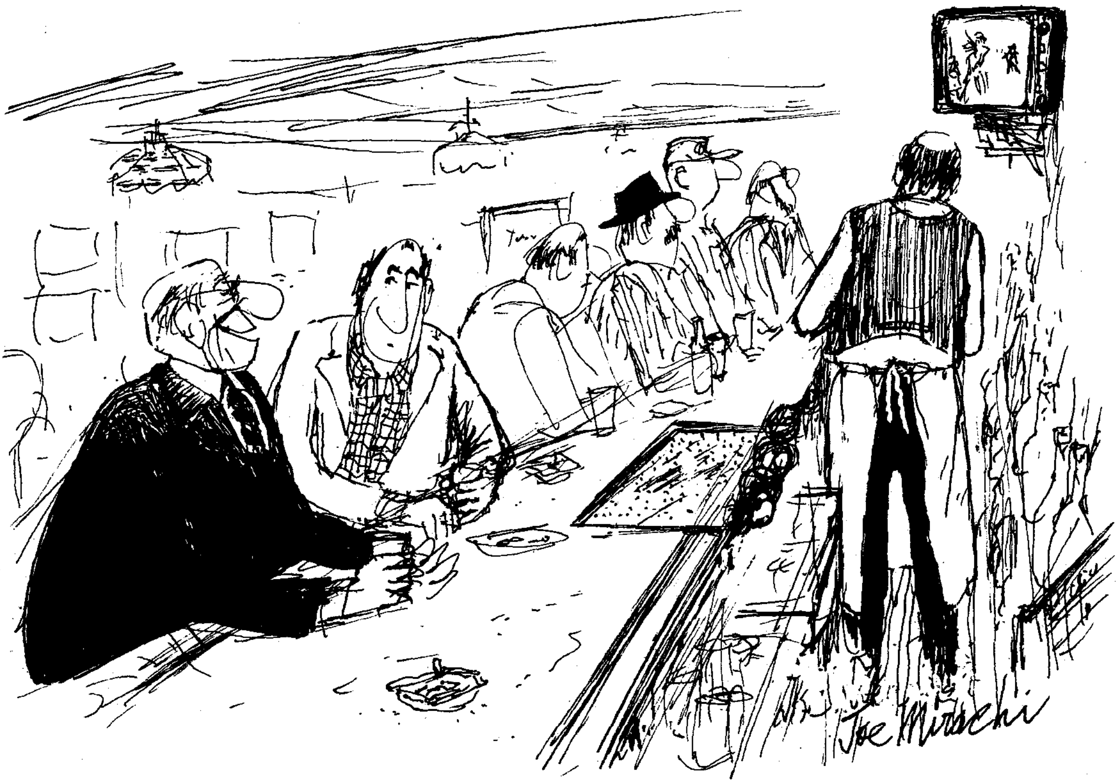
AROUND CITY HALL

THE RITES OF FALL

IN March of this year, when it was clear that early revelations of local municipal corruption, which first broke in January, were just the preliminary phase of a historic political scandal, Governor Mario Cuomo invited Mayor Edward Koch to join him in establishing a State-City Commission on Integrity in Government. Last month, the Sovern Commission, as it is known—its chairman is Michael Sovern, the president of Columbia University—held a press conference to make public a second series of proposals for new laws designed to help prevent similar governmental debacles in the future. The conference was held in the large second-floor meeting room of the city's Association of the Bar, on West Forty-fourth Street. The same room had been the setting for the October, 1971, hearings of the Knapp Commission, named by Mayor John Lindsay to investigate charges and recommend legal remedies in the city's last big corruption scandal, which was limited to the Police Department. Whitman Knapp, the chairman of the 1971 commission, who is now a federal judge, was not in a position to drop by for old times' sake. He is busy in New Haven presiding over the first major trial to grow out of New York City's 1986 corruption story. The trial is based on indictments brought against former public officials and political figures—the best known is Stanley Friedman, the Democratic boss of the Bronx—who, along with several fellow-conspirators in the private sector, are accused of having turned the city's Parking Violations Bureau into a highly lucrative racketeering enterprise. The first set of Sovern Commission proposals, released in June, dealt with limitations on campaign contributions. It has been no secret that companies whose officers have contributed to the campaigns of public officials who are members of the city's Board of Estimate, the governmental body that votes on city contracts, have often expected and received favorable decisions on contracts and other accommodations they sought from the Board. Most politicians have fiercely denied that there was any connection between this giving and receiving. The central concern of the New Haven trial is a nearly twenty-three-million-dollar contract won by the Citisource company after it made a contribution worth a million dollars or so to Friedman and the late Donald Manes, the borough president of Queens and a Board of Estimate member, who committed suicide in March. A question put to the Mayor at a City Club luncheon, back in October of 1984, mentioned the payment to Friedman and suggested that the way the contract was won might be worth looking into. Koch's response was to accuse the questioner—Jim Smith, a Brooklyn publisher—in bullyragging tones of having maligned Friedman, then Koch's good friend and close political ally. "Do you know of any criminality on his part?" the Mayor demanded of Smith. "If you do . . . rush to the D.A." Otherwise, "how dare you say those terrible things about him?" On a return visit to the City Club last October 17th, he explained that he had had no responsibility for knowing about the background of the Board of Estimate contracts he voted on or for following up on Smith's suggestion. His remarks were greeted at intervals by indulgent laughter from the watchdog group, and he got a nice hand at the end.

Most of the first Sovern Commission recommendations, which, like those in the series offered last month, were intended to apply to both city and state officials, depended on action by the State Legislature. Any hope of getting them through was scotched by Warren Anderson, the majority leader of the State Senate, which is controlled by the Republicans. Anderson, from upstate Binghamton, explained that political corruption was strictly a New York City problem. Earlier, he had called for the appointment of a bipartisan special state commission to investigate the shame of the Democratic city. Cuomo had declined to go along with this suggestion, pointing out that at least four of the city's district attorneys, all Democrats, and the two local United States attorneys, both Republicans, were already on the case. By setting up the State-City Commission on Integrity, to which the Mayor as well as the Governor made appointments, Cuomo, who from time to time finds it political-



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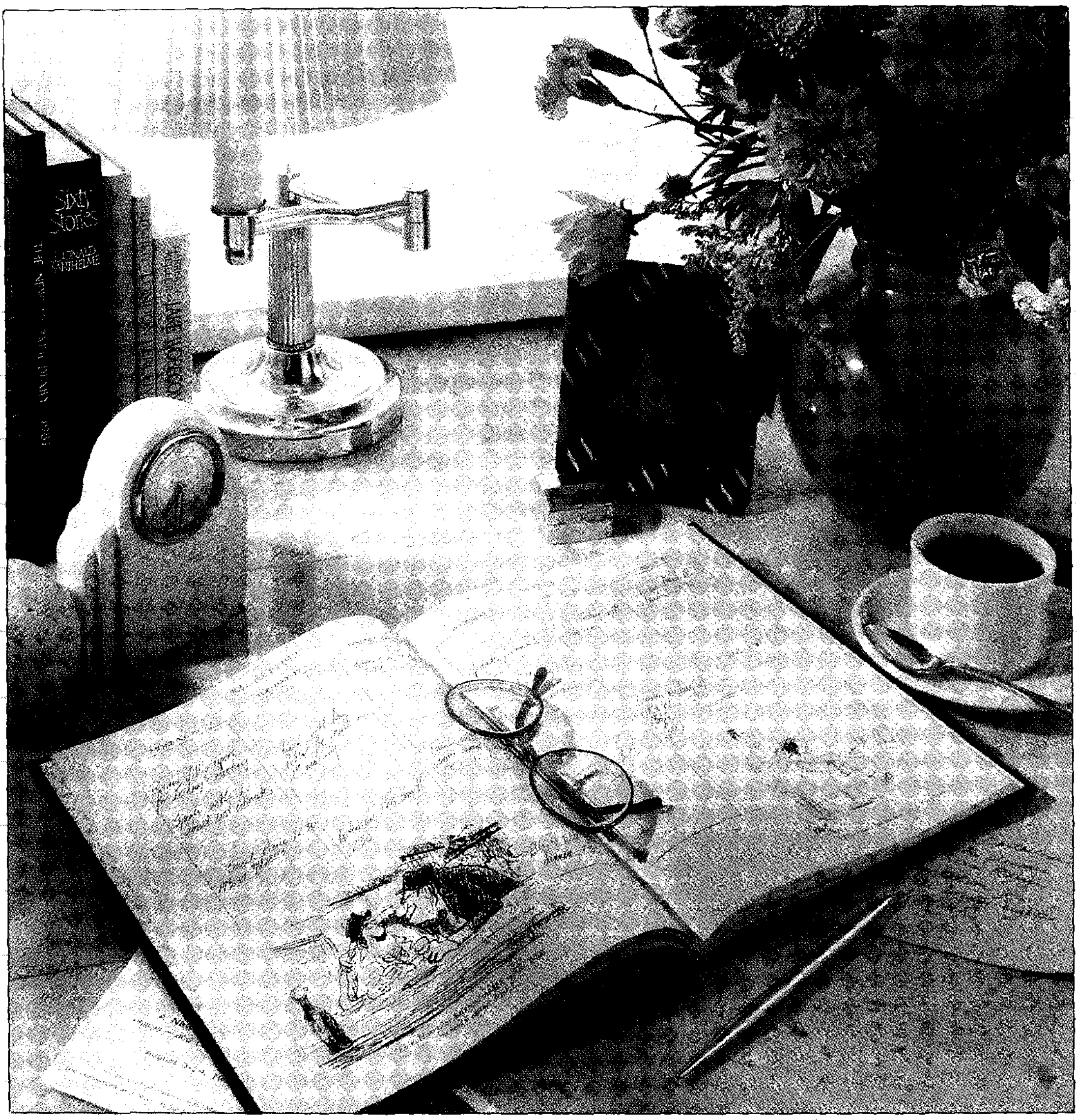

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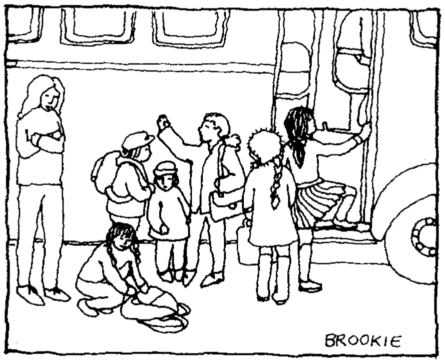
useful to have Koch under obliga- on to him, was doing the Mayor a g favor, especially since Cuomo ould have to give up some of the litical benefits of sharply distancing imself from the mess in the city.

In 1932, the Democratic governor, ranklin D. Roosevelt, was not so bliging to New York's Democratic ayor, Jimmy Walker, and it was ghteous Albany versus Sin City all e way. After a state legislative com- ission, named with Roosevelt's con- nt, concluded that Walker had been uilty of running a corrupt adminis- ation, Walker resigned and sailed off n the Italian liner Conte Grande for long exile in Europe, just in time to vert the embarrassing political specta- le of a Democratic governor—and emocratic Presidential nominee— eing forced to remove a Democratic ayor. Oddly enough, however, when eter King, the Nassau County comp- roller, who is the Republican candi- ate for attorney general in this year's tate election, wanted to associate what e called the "sleazeball" mayor of his city with historic corruption the olitician who came to mind was not Valker but a Republican President. Koch, he said, "is the Warren Har- ling of the nineteen-eighties." The Teapot Dome President was also cited ecently for pejorative purposes by Senator Anderson—in connection, iowever, with another Democratic olitician: Cuomo. The majority leader apparently had in mind not Harding's sleazeball practices but his sedentary campaigning style. Refer- ring to Cuomo's refusal during most of this year's gubernatorial campaign to publicly debate his Republican opponent, Westchester County Executive Andrew O'Rourke, Anderson said, "I think it's killed him nationally. I think they'll see him as Warren Harding sitting on the front porch, rocking." Apparently, he forgot that Harding's front-porch campaign in 1920 was a winner. Rocking away in Marion, Ohio, he carried every single county in this state, including all five boroughs of New York City.

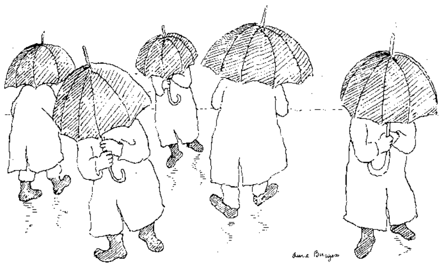
ALTHOUGH the Sovern Commission was set up in response to the scandals in the city, the fact that the Mayor made appointments to it—they included Frederick Schwarz, his corporation counsel, and Kenneth Conboy, his commissioner of investigation, who was previously his criminal-justice coördinator—insured that the commission's public reports would not spend time deploring City Hall's inattention to agency conditions that were "ripe for corruption" (as Edward Regan, the Republican state comptroller, said of the Parking Violations Bureau back in September, 1981) or other lapses that caused the city government to end up in its present fix. The proposed laws that the commission offered last month were concerned primarily with the need to establish stronger ethical and legal standards for officeholders in matters of conflict of interest and financial disclosure. Also recommended were strong laws to protect whistle-blowers. Attempts by whistle-blowers in the present city administration to alert city leaders to internal incompetence and corruption have often won them not gratitude but grief. Some of them have been demoted, transferred, or fired. Though there are existing laws that supposedly protect whistle-blowers, ways are found to get around them. In answer to a question at a hearing of the State Senate Investigations Committee last year, Dr. Judith Piesco, a sixty-five-thousand-dollar-a-year deputy director of testing in the city's Personnel Department, agreed that the literacy level of a Police Department test amounted to a joke, thus embarrassing the Koch administration. She was fired shortly thereafter. The committee chairman, Manhattan State Senator Roy Goodman—who, although he is a Republican, has been endorsed by the Mayor in several of his elections—concluded that she should not have been retaliated against merely for testifying honestly to his committee. He inquired into the possibility of her being hired by another city agency and quoted Schwarz, the city corporation counsel, as saying that this was impossible. When she tried to collect unemployment insurance, the corporation counsel's office blocked it. A State Labor Department referee ordered the city to cut that out, a ruling that Schwarz's office has appealed. The Sovern Commission report does not deal with the issues raised in this particular case. At a hearing of Goodman's committee last January, Dr. Piesco testified that "many dedicated people in city government live in terror, afraid to report malfeasance or gross corruption." Former Police Lieutenant David Durk, who was one of the two police officers (the other was Frank Serpico) whose revelations to the *Times* of widespread corruption in the Police Department led to the establishment of the Knapp Commission, is in the process of setting up a foundation that would help whistle-blowers and, as far as possible, prevent them from being unfairly punished for speaking out.



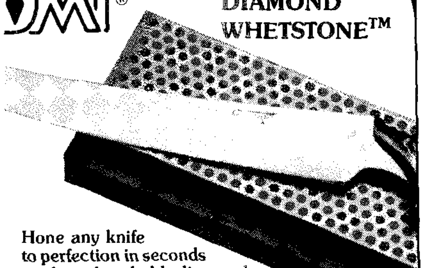
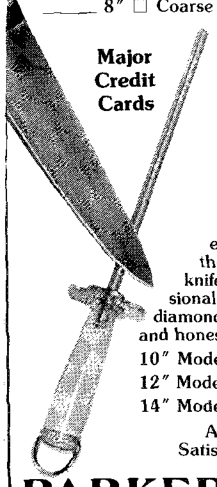
At the commission's press conference last month, a reporter asked if the new proposals had any better chance of becoming law than the earlier recommendations on campaign contributions. Sovern's answer was "Sad to say, pressure is not yet coming from the voters"—and, as a result, he might have added, it was not coming from most politicians. Another commission member, the investment banker Felix Rohatyn, who was one of the principals in the valiant band of New Yorkers from the worlds of finance, business, state government, and the unions who helped pull the city through the mid-nineteen-seventies fiscal crisis, pointed out that what made it possible back then to save the city from bankruptcy was a ground swell of public anger. "I guess moral bankruptcy isn't the equivalent of financial bankruptcy," he said. People in Washington and in London, he told reporters and his fellow commission members, are more outraged by what they have learned about corruption in the New York City government than are the people who live here. "The stench that comes up from the city is absolutely overwhelming," he said mournfully. "In New York, people put up with the stench of garbage or the stench of corruption. It doesn't seem to bother us. The time has to come when somebody will get indignant here." Meanwhile, he said, most New Yorkers seem to look on corruption "as part of the fall theatre season."

No doubt there are residents of this city (especially defendants in court cases) who think that New York already has enough laws on its books concerning the curbing of unethical behavior. Thanks to the numerous trials of local public figures which are now going on, New Yorkers have their own live alternatives to such more or less true-to-life television spectacles as "The People's Court," "Divorce Court," and "Superior Court." Perhaps for that reason, they skip the popular comedy program "Night Court" more often than viewers in other parts of the country: in recent ratings, "Night Court" was seventh nationally and not even in the top fifteen in the city, in spite of the fact that it is set in the Criminal Courthouse on Centre Street and has other local connections. Although local politicians are often quick to boast about success stories that started in their city, so far the Mayor, who often appears on television, has not made a cameo appearance on "Night Court," although its central character, an antic jurist played by Harry Anderson, is based on a real-life judge who was a 1979 Koch appointee to the Criminal Court. The devisers of the comedy program had read press reports of how that judge, Alan Friess, flipped a coin to decide a defendant's sentence, asked for a show of hands from courtroom spectators on the reliability of a witness's testimony, and, one Thanksgiving Eve, took a young woman defendant home with him, explaining, essentially, that it was a cold night and he had a warm heart. All these episodes have turned up in "Night Court" scripts—with some modifications. On television, for example, the judge's overnight visitor had been charged with prostitution; in real life, the charge was homicide, and she was eventually convicted. On commercial television, even comic *cinéma vérité* can be carried only so far. Friess eventually resigned after being censured for his behavior by the State Commission on Judicial Conduct. He is currently counsel to the Transit Patrolmen's Benevolent Association and the defense lawyer in a gory local murder case. The Friess record on the bench has been an embarrassment to Koch, who prides himself on the quality of his judicial choices, most of which have been excellent. However, he made the mistake of introducing the subject of such appointments in a debate in Buffalo during the 1982 gubernatorial campaign, when he ran against Cuomo for the Democratic nomination. Cuomo was then not well known—especially compared with the Mayor—and he badly needed the forum of debates to impress the voters in what turned out to be a winning campaign. In Buffalo, when the Mayor bragged about the high level of his appointments to the bench, Cuomo said, "Are you talking about the one who flipped the coin?"

THE New Haven trial of wheeler-dealers in the Parking Violations Bureau, which has its offices in Manhattan but was heavily populated by officials from Queens, will soon be matched by a trial of officials of the city's Taxi and Limousine Commission, a Brooklyn patronage fiefdom. Indictments have also been handed up in the matter of the city's awarding of cable franchises in Queens, and a federal grand jury is investigating such franchises in the Bronx. A federal grand jury in Manhattan is hearing testimony concerning city towing contracts that go back seven or eight years. These days, it is hard to get some current city officials, or former officials—many of whom suddenly converted to that category soon after the corruption investigations started—on the telephone, which they routinely assume must be tapped. In addition, leaders of organized crime have in recent months been in court in Brooklyn and Manhattan in six different trials, some of them completed, some of them still going on. The testimony in these cases has described how, through tactics that include extortion and murder, the Mafia dominates such essential services, in both the public and the private sectors here, as the moving business, trucking, and the delivery of concrete. Meanwhile, up in the Bronx, former United States Secretary of Labor Raymond Donovan, the first incumbent Cabinet member ever to be indicted, is on trial for conspiring to defraud the city of seven and a half million dollars in the building of a subway tunnel. Among his codefendants is State Senator Joseph Galiber. For more than a year after the indictment was handed up, in September, 1984, Galiber continued as a member of the State Legislature's Ethics Committee; by the time the trial began, however, he had been persuaded to shift to other committee assignments. (At one point in the nineteen-seventies, a member of the State Assembly's Ethics Committee and a member of the local City Council's Ethics Con mittee were simultaneously under i dictment on criminal charges; bo eventually went to jail.) New Yorke who keep up with baseball rather th politics have also seen one of the heroes in the dock lately. In a tri that ended September 18th, the form Yankee first baseman Joe Pepitone w charged on several counts involvin the possession of drugs, including c caine, with the intent to sell. ("SAY I AIN'T SO, JOE" was the inevitab headline in several papers here durin the trial.) Though he was convicte of misdemeanor charges, he was ac quitted on the felony counts, whic could have meant a fifteen-years-to life jail sentence. The reason for th acquittal may have been depressing t believers in law and order: some mem bers of the jury said they just hadn believed the testimony of the member of the New York Police Departmen who arrested him. On October 22nd Pepitone was sentenced in Brookly Supreme Court to six months in jail Judge Alan Marrus described him a "a very ordinary Brooklyn criminal, and said, "I find it a particularly sa day when someone who once grace New York in Yankee pinstripes wil now spend his time in the New Yor Department of Correction in priso stripes."



Possibly because the effect of s many of the current trials has been big downer, any light moments along the way were appreciated. Last month Geoffrey Lindenauer, having pleaded guilty to racketeering charges including extorting bribes, was the first major witness in the Parking Violations Bureau trial. During the seven days he was on the stand, he testified about the job he had held before Donald Manes arranged for him to go on the city payroll. He had been head of the Institute for Emotional Education, where sexual encounters between patients and faculty were not uncommon. It did not seem a likely prerequisite for the position Manes got for him: deputy director of the P.V.B., for which the salary, when he was arrested in January, was seventy-one thousand dollars a year. The defense lawyers had many juicy questions to put to him about the Emotional Education phase of his life. His bumbling answers caused much [laughter] in the court transcript. In later comments to reporters, the Mayor, neatly distancing himself from the circumstance that for eight years Lindenauer had been a high-level official in his administration, said of

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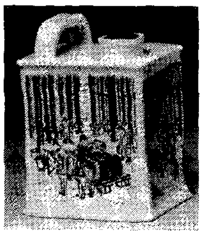

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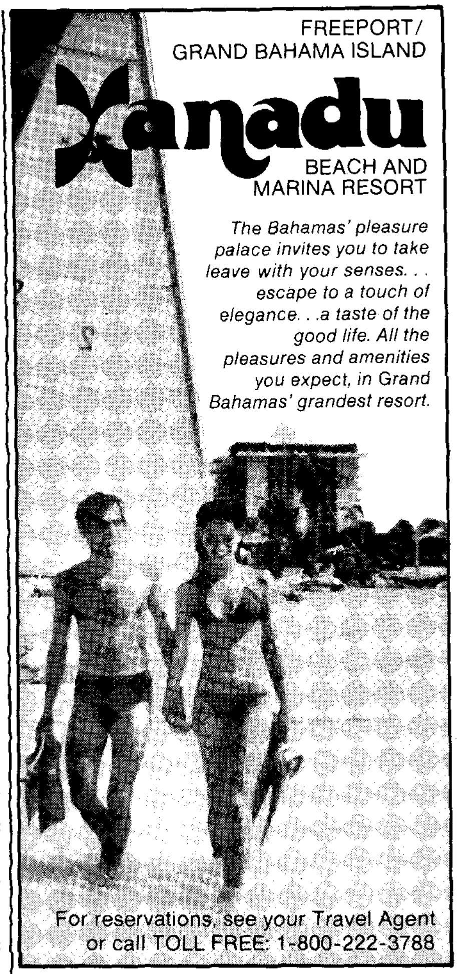
Lindenauer's testimony, "I read it just as you read it. It will make a wonderful movie."

New Yorkers with a less detached attitude who have been somewhat unnerved by the revelations in New Haven and elsewhere about how their city government has been run have had the option of turning for entertainment to another enterprise that is properly thought of as serious business rather than comic material: this year's state election campaign. Cuomo has had a good year as governor. Last year, the Washington *Post* ran an article that gave as the verdict of both New York Republicans and Democrats: "The farther away you get from Albany, the better he looks." Late this September, in the same paper, an Albany Republican was quoted as saying of the 1986 legislative session, "It was him playing us the way Lucy and the football play Charlie Brown." It might seem that Cuomo could have afforded to be generous (the latest Gannett News Service poll shows him with sixty-five per cent of the vote to twenty-one per cent for O'Rourke). During most of the campaign, however, refusing to debate his relatively obscure Republican opponent, he declined to match the favor that Koch did him by agreeing to several debates in 1982. (The Mayor might not have been so unselfish if he had suspected that the future governor, who had never been elected on his own to any public office, would turn out to be the great communicator. His now nationally celebrated oratorical talents were not then known to his fellow New Yorkers, or even to his fellow-Democrats here. His rousing speech at the 1982 State Democratic Convention, in Syracuse, came as a stunning surprise to most of the delegates.) Cuomo would not debate his opponent this year on the ground that from the beginning of the campaign O'Rourke has said that the Governor should share the blame for the city's corruption scandals. O'Rourke offered no evidence of Cuomo's involvement except that he is from Queens—that is, Donald Manes territory. Cuomo aides pointed out that he had been so uncozy with Manes and the Queens Democratic organization that in 1982 they had repudiated their Queens neighbor and endorsed Koch for the governorship. O'Rourke's campaign manager then said there was another reason Cuomo should be blamed: "The Governor is a Democrat." An



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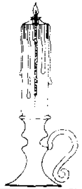

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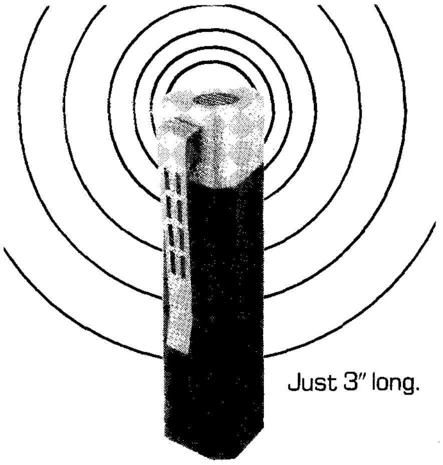
O'Rourke commercial asked, "Mario Cuomo, if you knew about corruption in New York City, why didn't you do something?" And, if not, "how could you be so dumb?" Cuomo's response was that since O'Rourke had raised the matter of corruption there would be no debates unless O'Rourke produced tax returns and a list of clients proving that he had not represented individuals before Westchester County agencies when he was a county official. O'Rourke said that to provide such a list would be a violation of the lawyer-client privilege. Each candidate spoke fervently of the value of debates to discuss the issues, but during most of the summer and fall the only campaign issue discussed was whether there would be debates. At one point last month, O'Rourke, stymied in his effort to arrange a formal confrontation with the Governor, was reduced to telephoning in to an upstate radio call-in show on which Cuomo was scheduled to answer questions from listeners. During that exchange, Cuomo took the bullying tone that is popular with many incumbents who seem headed for landslide victories. He told O'Rourke, "The minute you make a statement that 'I, Andy O'Rourke, am telling you I had no other clients, Mario, other than the ones you caught me with,' I'll take your word for it and we'll have a debate." Twice, the Republican said plaintively, "Tell me what you caught me doing." He declined to make the self-incriminating statement, and the Governor told him he'd lost his chance. "Mario obviously pictures himself somewhere between emperor and Pope," said O'Rourke, and one of his commercials pointed out that Presidents Reagan, Ford, and Carter had debated their opponents, "but . . . they were only Presidents."

Starting in early September, O'Rourke carried with him to every stop on the campaign a five-and-a-half-foot cardboard replica of Cuomo, which also appeared in all his campaign commercials, sometimes shown sitting on a cardboard high horse. The Republican candidate did not increase his chances of bringing Cuomo around when at one point he showed the dummy plastered with labels that said "Crime," "High Taxes," and "Corruption." Hearing that O'Rourke had bought television time for a mock debate with the dummy, Cuomo said, "We expect the dummy will win." He added that some members of his family had told him h looked better in cardboard. The si foot Governor did complain that th dummy was shorter than he was—presumably to make O'Rourke loo more governorly by comparison. I any event, the chosen height was useful, enabling the dummy to travel t campaign stops folded up in the trun of the candidate's car. Early in th summer, there was brave talk from th O'Rourke camp that the Presiden would be making a fund-raising appearance on his behalf, but the Republicans in power in Washingto showed little interest in bein publicly associated with a presumed loser. After a June visit t the White House, O'Rourk joked that just about all he ha got out of it was ten packs of Whit House matches. When he left ther after another brief, unrewarding session, in September, he told reporter that actually he had just gone back t replenish his match supply. During hi visit, the Cuomo dummy had waite patiently in the car trunk.

O'Rourke isn't the only candidat for governor of New York State thi year who has travelled with a prop Everywhere Denis Dillon, the Righ to Life Party nominee, goes, he carrie with him a pink plastic fetus for demonstration purposes. Dillon, a registered Democrat, is the district attorne of Nassau County. On several occasions, he has joined protesters marching in front of abortion clinics. He ha said, however, that if any anti-abortion demonstrators engaged in violence in his county there would be n conflict of interest in his conducting the prosecution of such offenders. While he deplores Cuomo's belie that, although he is a Catholic, a governor he must comply with the law and fund Medicaid abortions, the district attorney rarely attacks the Governor's record in other matters. When Stanley Lundine and Michael Kavanagh, the respective Democratic and Republican candidates for lieutenant governor, held a debate last month, they spent most of their time discussing not each other or O'Rourke but Cuomo. The campaign commercials of Edward Regan, who is a candidate for reëlection, twice mention Cuomo and note that he has spoken well of the Republican comptroller. "The Governor is governing," Andrew Cuomo, who is the Governor's son and also his campaign manager, has said of his father's campaign strategy. "I believe the Titanic was in great shape until it it the iceberg," O'Rourke said, hope-lly. By mid-October, every news-aper in town had criticized Cuomo or his intransigence (*Newsday* called im "Governor Duck"). On October 2nd, he agreed that on October 29th nd November 2nd—which would be wo days before Election Day—he vould debate his Republican chal-enger. However, he insisted that there e added participants: not only Dil-on, who, according to polls, is sup-orted by one per cent of the voters, ut also Dr. Lenora B. Fulani, the andidate of the New Alliance Party, vhich got five thousand votes state-vide in the last gubernatorial election nd which supports Louis Farrakhan. 'Rourke said that if Dr. Fulani was ncluded to include him out. Still, it eemed likely that there would be a lebate or two. "We're running out of ime. The World Series is going to be ver," Cuomo had said after he agreed o debate. "The great Oz has spoken," aid O'Rourke.

A SIDE effect of the municipal scandals has been the virtual grounding of the Mayor. In a six-nonth period starting in the fall of 1984, he took three trips abroad. After his reëlection to a third term, last No-vember, he was scheduled to travel to India. However, he cancelled the trip after the Indian representative at the United Nations cosponsored a resolution inviting the Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yasir Arafat to address the General Assembly. "I have concluded that this is the only response I can take of a personal nature to demonstrate my distress," he said in a letter to Indian officials. During January and February of this year, he visited half a dozen American cities, promoting his second book of memoirs, "Politics." By that time, the shadow of the corruption charges was closing in on City Hall, and further gallivanting was clearly out of order. Presumably, restricting himself to the five boroughs—the unchallenged domain, surely, of someone who won seventy-eight per cent of the vote last November—was not a hardship; he has often said that he gets the bends whenever he crosses the line from the Bronx into Westchester County. By August, however, there were signs that the Mayor was getting restive. He flew down to Atlanta to campaign for Julian Bond, who, after twenty-one years in the state legislature, was running for the House of Representatives. Koch and Bond had never been political pals, but they have a pal in common: both are clients of the media adviser David Garth. The enterprise did not work out well: Bond lost the runoff to Atlanta City Councilman John Lewis, who, like Bond, is a veteran of the civil-rights movement but, unlike Bond, had not spent much of his time in recent years as a kind of lecture-circuit dilettante. ("Look at that girl shake that thing. We can't all be Martin Luther King" was a jingle that Bond recited to a reporter during his last, rather lackadaisical race for the State Senate, in the summer of 1984, before he decided to get serious and try to move on to Washington.) The Mayor has attributed Bond's defeat to his having appeared, toward the end of the campaign, before an Arab-American group to whom he criticized Israel—a charge that Bond denied. Late in September, Koch made two other out-of-town excursions. He went to Florida to support the campaign of Bob Graham, the Democratic candidate for the United States Senate; Graham was ten points ahead at the time, so the venture seemed politically safe. And he attended a United States Conference of Mayors meeting in Charleston, South Carolina, to push for stronger federal drug laws. While he was there, he and Houston Mayor Kathy Whitmire laid bets on the outcome of the Astros-Mets playoffs. When Koch took off for Charleston, just a few days after the Friedman trial started, the *News* columnist Jimmy Breslin claimed to be reminded of Jimmy Walker's sudden decision to get out of town on the Conte Grande. However, Walker stayed away three years, and Koch was back the same day. After the state election, the Mayor had planned to take a longer out-of-town trip, to Mexico and Latin America, which would reinforce the impression that, in Koch's mind, at least, the worst of the scandals were over and that they hadn't amounted to much anyhow—a favorite theme at City Hall. (The Mayor often observes that, after all, only two of the four hundred or so people who work at the Parking Violations Bureau are on trial—sliding past the fact that the two, Lester Shafran and Lindenauer, were its director and deputy director.) But in mid-October it was announced that the south-of-the-border trip had been cancelled. Prudent types around him had pointed out that with the Friedman trial going full blast and with the appearance several times a week of prominent stories predicting the immi-



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nent indictment of other former city officials and Koch allies it was no time for him to be seen in the role of the carefree tourist. One of his close advisers told Joyce Purnick, of the *Times*, "It was idiotic even to think about it."

FORTUNATELY, October brought the Mayor and other New Yorkers a major diversion from all the bad news. After the Mets victory over Houston in the playoffs, Felix Rohatyn was shown in the *Times* actually smiling. Of the Mets, he said jubilantly, "They're irreverent, they seem to have a good time, they play to win, they laugh, they're emotional—they're New York City." Koch, of course, won his bet with Mayor Whitmire, and, as had been agreed, a New York flag designed by the *Post* cartoonist Bay Rigby was flown in Houston's Tranquillity Park. In Charleston, Koch had specified that it would read "I LOVE THE NEW YORK METS" and, below that, "DON'T STEP ON ME." When he got back home, somebody reminded him that the verb in the motto on the old Revolutionary War flags had been "tread." He was also persuaded that the pronoun might better be made plural—to let the legend read "DON'T TREAD ON US"—in view of his own famous lack of interest in the sport being celebrated. (After the big Mets win in the playoffs, he told William Geist, of the *Times*—who got the impression that Koch did not know that there were usually nine innings in a game—"When reporters ask me about baseball, I think to myself, 'You dog, you,' except I use a different word than dog.") In sending the flag to Houston—where he did not make friends for New York when he said that he deliberately pronounced its name "Howston," since that was the way the street of that name was pronounced in this city—Koch included a letter demanding that the flag be guarded around the clock by two Houston policemen or one Texas Ranger. Mayor Whitmire gently suggested that his absolute monarchy did not extend to her city, saying that in Houston the winner's flag would need no special protection, although, she added (in a reference to the alleged pitching habits of the Astro star Mike Scott, which Koch almost certainly had to have explained to him), "we won't guarantee that it won't get scuffed up a little as we raise it." Some New Yorkers, on learning that after the Mets victory in the remarkable sixteen-inning final game of the playoffs the forty-six thousand people i the Astrodome gave both teams standing ovation for a game brilliantl played, were bound to wonder if any thing like that could ever happen afte a Mets loss at Shea Stadium. (Yanke owner George Steinbrenner, wh covered the postseason games for th *Post*, said of the playoff finale, "Now it belongs to the ages"—a zone t which Mets fans have also promote the wild-comeback sixth game of th Series.) Koch's letter that accompanied the flag honoring his team on it trip to Houston also specified that it fl until high noon on October 22nd and be back for the big parade celebrating the Mets victory in the World Series The day before the Series began, he announced that the city governmen was scouting all over for ticker tape "If we don't get enough, I'll have the three deputy mayors tear up phone books," he said. On the day the Series began, at Shea Stadium, the front page of the *Post* showed a large picture of Mets pitcher Ron Darling winding up as—according to the caption—"he and the Mets get ready to mug the Red Sox in the World Series." (After the home team lost the first two games to Boston, the headline in the same paper was "SHEA IT AIN'T SO.") Of course, New York's mayor had bet on the outcome with Boston's mayor, Raymond Flynn. Koch bet a bushel of apples from the Dutchess County farm of his good friend Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau. (The circumstance that Morgenthau's office was hard at work trying to make indictments on corruption charges involving leasing arrangements by Koch's Ports and Terminals agency was momentarily forgotten.) Although mayors are customarily allowed to propose their own payoffs, the Mayor said that in return he expected that when the Red Sox lost—"and they will lose"—Flynn would send him a crock of Boston clam chowder and a crock of Boston baked beans, because, he said, "Boston is known as a city of crocks." The day after the Series began, articles on the Series by each of the two mayors were published in the *Times*. Flynn began by briefly saluting the Red Sox and then at greater length praising the Mets, mentioning their "talent and character." Koch's article began, "In the first year of my first term as Mayor, a World Series championship came to New York City. In the first year of my third term, another World Series title is coming to New York, this time to the Mets. . . . I am

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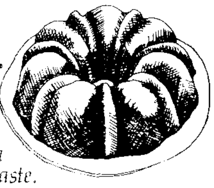

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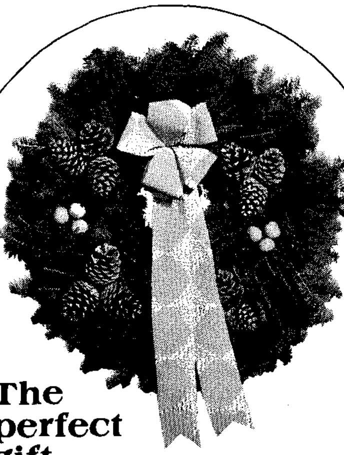
counting Boston's goose eggs before they go on the scoreboard."

Koch was not the only politician who found that the Mets victory in the playoffs came along at just the right time. Senator Alfonse D'Amato, who is running for reëlection, showed up with a campaign commercial that featured Ed Kranepool, who was with the Mets from 1962 to 1979, standing in a dugout wearing a Mets uniform and urging viewers to vote for D'Amato, because "he's fighting and winning for New York." The team's owners asked the Senator to quash the commercial, reminding him that the Mets are nonpartisan. "It's quite clear to anyone . . . that Ed Kranepool is speaking on behalf of Ed Kranepool," Gary Lewi, of D'Amato's staff, maintained. Another politician, too, was happy to associate himself with the Mets, although he is not running for anything. Encountered early in October at Shea Stadium, where he has attended most of the recent games, Richard Nixon predicted a Mets victory in both the playoffs and the Series. ("NIXON MAKES IT PERFECTLY CLEAR: METS WILL WIN!" was the *Post* headline.) Reading about this, Cuomo, who is, of course, a Mets fan (after all, Shea Stadium is in Queens), wrote to Nixon and told him that as the result of a bet on the playoffs Governor Mark White, of Texas, had promised to send him "a king-sized barbecue." He suggested that the former President and his wife, whom Cuomo described as "fellow-Mets fans," might like to share it with him and his family. (Possibly out of partisan circumspection, Election Day being imminent, Nixon did not respond.) That same week, the Governor held a press conference with most of the leading Hispanic officeholders in state government, at which he was apparently successful in smoothing over a divisive issue: some Hispanics had taken offense at what they considered a disparaging reference by him to Puerto Ricans. The Governor said at the end of the press conference that he had just been in Niagara Falls, where, like many upstaters, people tend to feel that their interests are closer to those of Massachusetts than to those of New York City and were rooting for the Red Sox in the Series. He had been interviewed by an Albany reporter wearing a "Go, Sox!" sweatshirt. Said Cuomo, "Now this is really a divisive issue in the state, and I'm very concerned about it."

—Andy Logan



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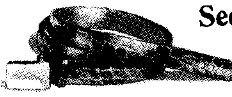

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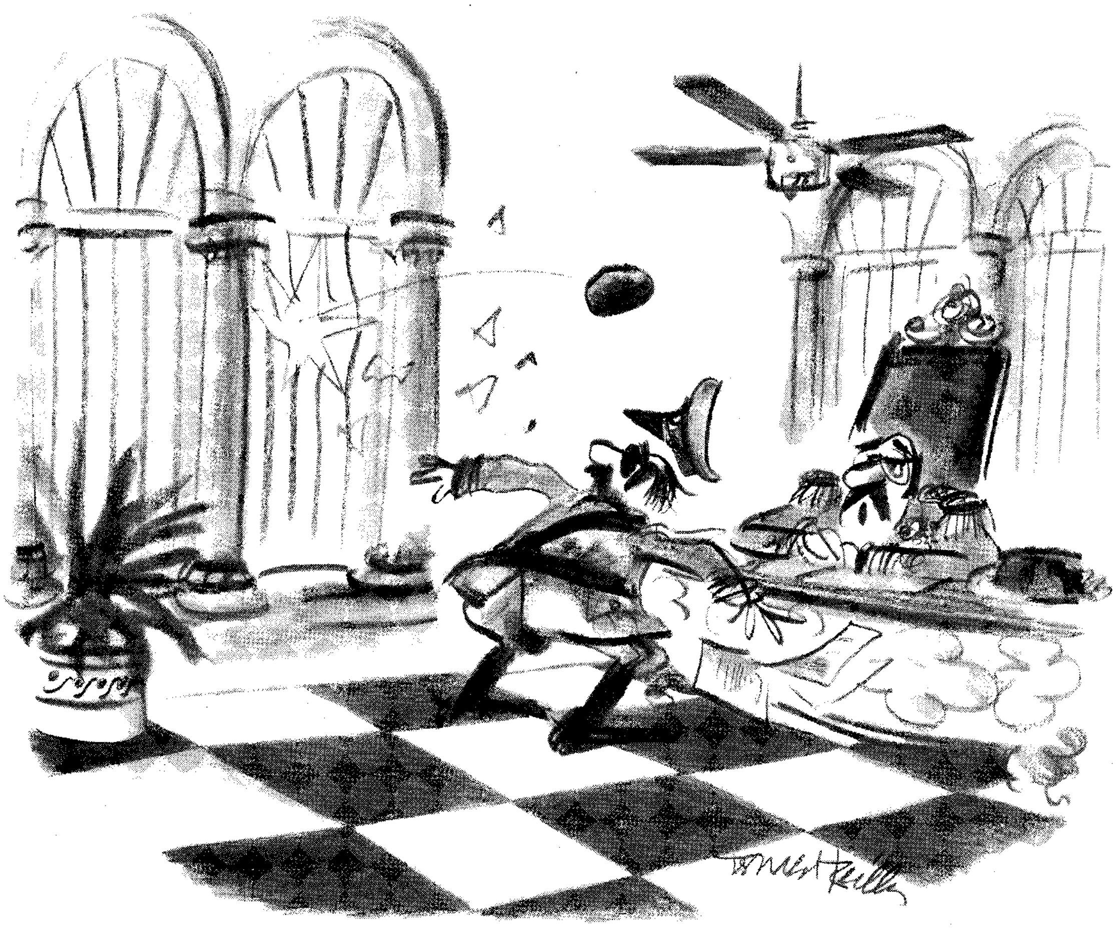
Summonses, Indictments, Extenuating Circumstances

"A Summons to Memphis," by Peter Taylor (Knopf; $15.95), is not quite the distinguished short-story writer's first novel; thirty-six years ago, he published "A Woman of Means," which, little more than forty thousand words long, might be called a novella. The two books have much in common: a narrator who has been moved from a bucolic Tennessee childhood to a big house in a river city (Memphis, St. Louis), a handsome and strong-willed father recovering from a business setback, a witty but somehow incapacitated and mentally fragile mother figure (a mother, a stepmother), two older and wearingly vivacious sisters or stepsisters, a psychological core of ambivalent and ruminative passivity, and a lovingly detailed (architecturally, sociologically) portrait of life in the upper classes of the Upper South between the two world wars. This last is Mr. Taylor's terrain, and he rarely strays from it. The narrator of "A Summons to Memphis," Phillip Carver, lives in Manhattan, on West Eighty-second Street ("one of the safer neighborhoods on the Upper West Side, but still we have to be very careful"), with a woman fifteen years younger, Holly Kaplan; New York, that bulging plenitude, is felt as a kind of blissfully blank limbo, and the principal charm of his mistress seems to be that she, from a prosperous Jewish family in Cleveland, shares with the forty-nine-year-old Southern refugee a rueful, guilty obsession with the tribal reality left behind. "She felt they had a real life out there in Cleveland that she didn't have, had never had, would never have now." Both Holly and Phillip are in publishing, and their principal activities seem to be reading galley proofs and discussing their families:

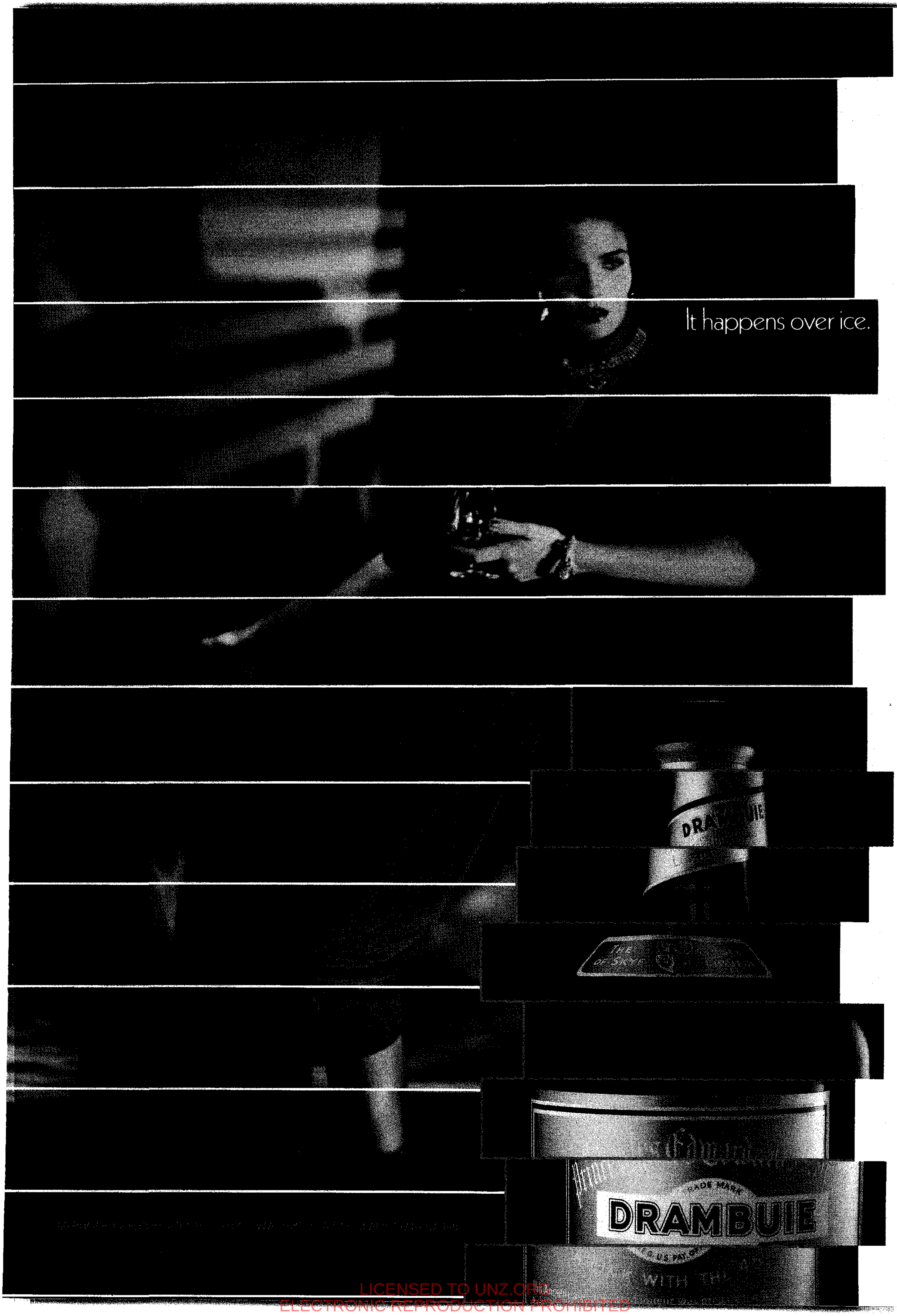
> Suddenly, with a sigh, Holly blew out a great billow of smoke and said irritably that I *was really* absolutely obsessed with my family!
>
> This was an accusation which Holly and I frequently hurled at each other. In the beginning our complaints about our families had been perhaps our deepe bond. We had long since, however, wor out the subject.

So worn out, indeed, that in the cours of the novel they separate, only to b reunited on the firm basis of mor family talk: "During the days an weeks that followed Holly and I talke of almost nothing but our two families . . . And we sat there in the twilight and sipped our drinks while w talked our own combined nonsens together, each his or her own brand o inconclusive nonsense about the reconciliation of fathers and children, talke on and on until total darkness fell . . .

In the course of this meanderin narrative, it is possible to feel like Holly when she blew out the impatient billow of smoke. After a lifetime of tracing teacup tempests among gentee Tennesseans, Mr. Taylor retains a unslaked appetite for the local nuance The rather subtle (to Yankees, a least) differences between the styles o Memphis and Nashville are thoroughly and repeatedly gone into, with instructive side-glances a Knoxville and Chattanooga. "Nashville," a old social arbiter of tha town explains, "is a city of schools and churches, whereas Memphis is—well, Memphis is something else again. Memphis is a place of steamboats and cotton gins, of card playing and hotel society." The narrator puts it, "Memphis was today. Nashville was yesterday." His own temperamental preference, as we could guess from his leisurely, laggard prose, is for yesterday: "As one walks or rides down any street in Nashville one can feel now and again that he has just glimpsed some pedestrian on the sidewalk who was not quite real somehow, who with a glance over his shoulder or with a look in his disenchanted eye has warned one not to believe too much in the plastic present and has given warn-



"I think that sort of thing says infinitely more about the throwers than it does about me."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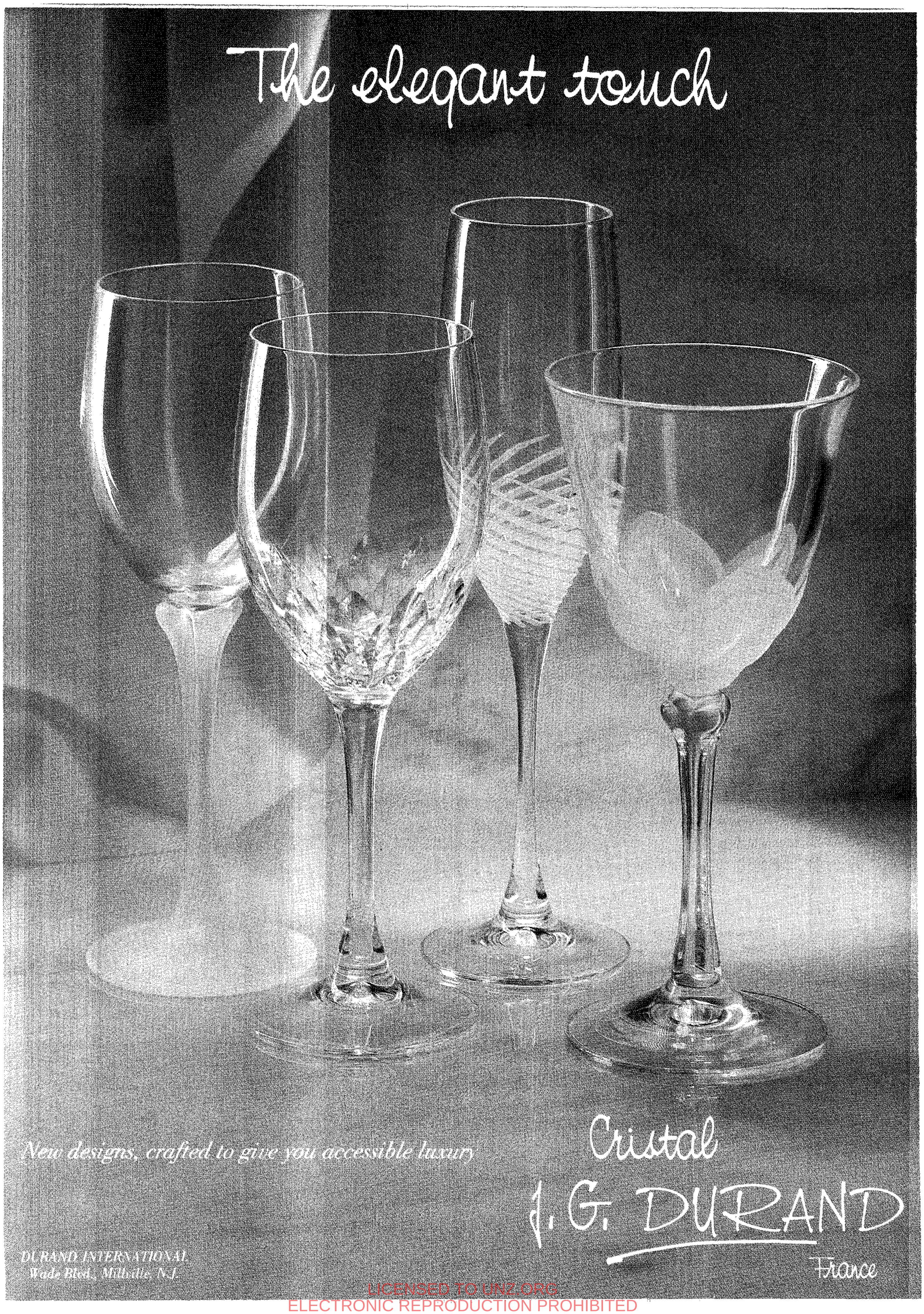
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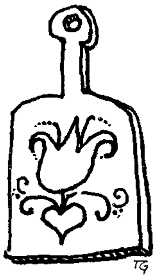
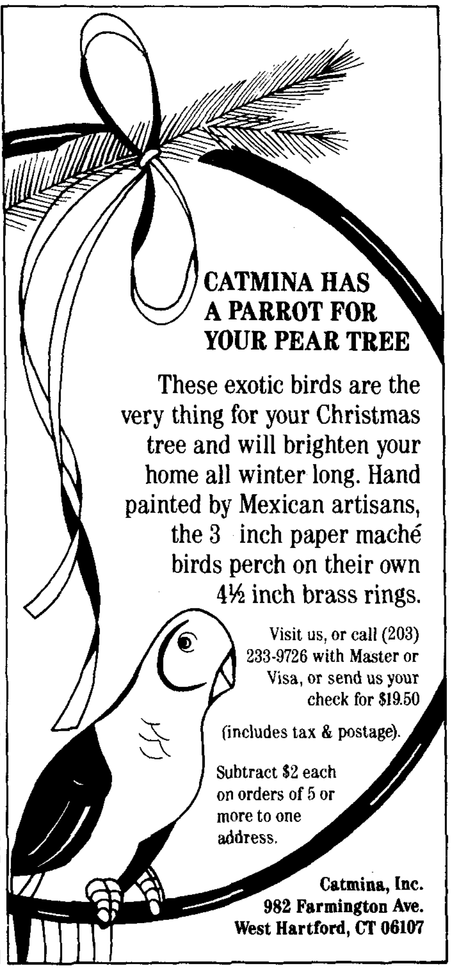
ing that the past is still real and present somehow and is demanding something of all men like me who happen to pass that way." When Phillip moves to Memphis, just turned thirteen, he reports to school "in knee britches and wearing a sort of Buster Brown, highly starched collar" and discovers that (this is 1931) not only is his costume retrograde but his hair is cut too long, and he even fails to carry his books the Memphis way—"alongside my hip or thigh, with my arm hanging straight down from shoulder to wrist" rather than (evidently Nashville-style) "like a girl, in the crook of my arm." The accents are different, and men play golf instead of riding to hounds and don't wear cutaways downtown to the office: "Unlike other Memphis businessmen [George Carver, Phillip's father] frequently went to his office wearing striped trousers and a cutaway jacket—a morning suit, no less—along with a starched wing collar and a gray four-in-hand silk tie." He comes to adopt the Memphis way of dressing: "In Manhattan or even in Nashville or Knoxville or Chattanooga people on the street might have turned and stared at Father and remarked on the peculiar cut of his jacket and the width of his hat brim." A hat alone will send Mr. Taylor into a rhapsody of Southern social history:



> It seems that when a local gentleman was on the courthouse square of Thornton or when he was walking his own land in that part of the world, a hat was a very important item of apparel. Father's father and his grandfather always ordered their hats from a manufacturer in St. Louis, and Father did so too, wherever he might be living. Even I can remember, as a small child, seeing my father and my paternal grandfather and great-grandfather, for that matter, in their hats walking the farm roads on the Town Farm, as we called it, or crossing the wide, wooden blocks in the streets on the courthouse square. In their law practice and even in their wide-ranging farm dealings (they also owned cotton farms in western Kentucky as well as in southern Illinois and southeastern Missouri) there were various occasions in the year when it was necessary for them to visit St. Louis and Chicago. Whether those visits related to their law practice or to their landowning I don't know. Anyhow, it was always in St. Louis that they bought their hats and in Chicago whatsoever sporting equipment they owned. They shopped there in person for those articles or they ordered them through the mail from "houses" where they were known. They spoke of St. Louis as their "hat place," and Father continued to do so always. I am sure it was in a St. Louis hat that he met me that near noonday when I arrived at the Memphis airport. On the other hand, his shoes would always be Nashville shoes.

Now, this is admirably circumstantial and, within the generous space demanded by the unhurried tone, elegantly turned; but it is talk, not action. Direct dialogue in "A Summons to Memphis" is sparse, and the plot feels skimped, even snubbed. Though Mr. Taylor tells us a great deal about costumes, furniture, and civic differences, there is a great deal he avoids showing. Indeed, he almost cruelly teases, with his melodious divagations and his practiced skill at foreshadowing and delaying climaxes, the reader of this novel. Its kernel of action—Phillip Carver's trip to Memphis at the summons of his sisters, in 1967—does not occur until well after midpoint. He at last boards the plane on page 132, arrives at the Memphis airport on page 135, and by page 153 is back on a plane, winging his way into more cloudy retrospect and having refused (implausibly, I think) to spend a single night with his father and sisters. And the events while he is briefly there seem oddly betranced; though his vital if elderly father has been frustrated in an attempt at marriage, the old man submits without a peep, and though his son has been summoned a thousand miles for a family conference, he says hardly a word. Concerning an earlier frustration, it is not made clear why or how the father covertly wrecks the romance between Phillip, who is a soldier and all of twenty-three, and Clara Price, who sounds lovely and, even if she does hail from far-off Chattanooga, would appear to be socially acceptable; she and her family live "in a splendid Tudor-style house atop Lookout Mountain"—presumably above bribery and bullying persuasion. Some nuance, no doubt, escaped me, just as, in trying to grasp the scarcely-to-be-forgiven trauma of being moved from Nashville to Memphis, I fastened on the tragic fact that the two girls thereby "came out" in the wrong city and wasted their débutante parties: "Young ladies in present-day Memphis and Nashville cannot possibly conceive the profound significance that the débutante season once held for their like or imagine the strict rules that it was death to disobey."

In any case, one might argue that the action of the novel is not so much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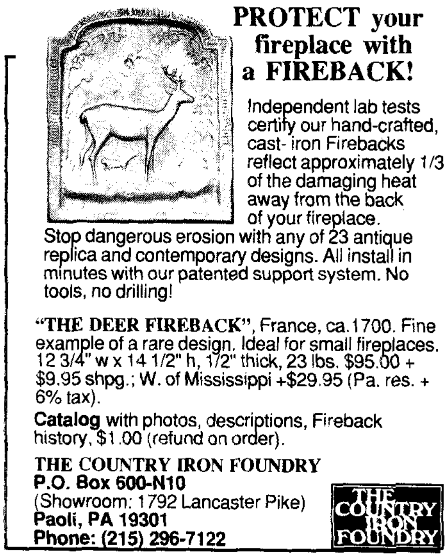
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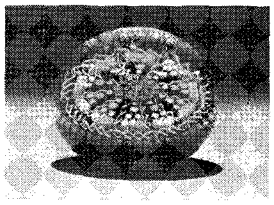

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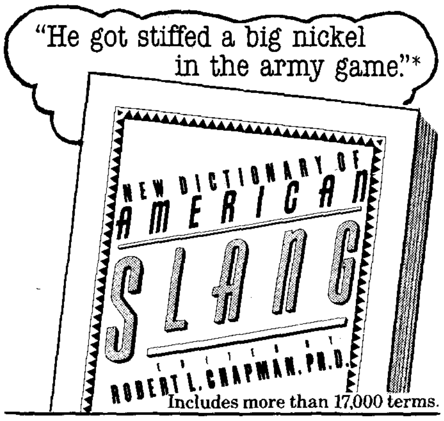
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the doings, past and present, of the Tennessee Carvers as the struggle by the self-exiled Phillip, staged in "these very irregular notebooks" of his which we are mysteriously reading, to come to terms with his past—the magnificent, crushing father, the "cluttered-up, bourgeois life," the tenacious, static idyll of the South. As the boy rode behind his father outside Nashville, "the foliage of the black gums and maples and oaks often met overhead on those lanes, and it seems to me that every morning somewhere on our ride there would be an old Negro man bent down beside one of the walls, making repairs. It was a timeless scene. I could not imagine a past time when it had not been just so or a future time when it would not be the same." From this South, with its omnipresent past, Mr. Taylor, like Faulkner, draws endless inspiration; he stirs and stirs the same waters, watching them darken and deepen, while abstaining from Faulkner's violent modernist gestures. He stirs instead with a Jamesian sort of spoon.

In praise of "A Woman of Means" thirty-six years ago, Robert Penn Warren claimed for it "the excitement of being constantly on the verge of deep perceptions and deep interpretations." We stay on the verge much of the time. "A Woman of Means" did plunge, with the empathy of a James Agee or William Maxwell, into the frightening dark of boyhood, when one is able to observe so much and do so little. Its evocation of a child's helpless, sensitive world seemed to close hastily, but not until our essential loneliness and the precariousness of even the best-appointed home were made painfully clear. In "A Summons to Memphis," though the canvas is broader and adorned with fine comic splashes, some of the narrative churning brings up only what is already floating on the surface: "And I grasped at once that my not having other luggage meant to him that we would not be delayed by waiting at the baggage-claim window." Or, a perception still more hard-won:

> But as we turned between the boxwoods at the entrance to Father's two-acre plot, I at once became aware of a large rectangular object, somehow inimical to the scene, drawn up to the house and visible at the end of the two rows of old cedars that lined the driveway. The house was set back some three hundred feet from the road, and when we had traversed half that distance I recognized the unlikely object as a commercial moving van. I was able to identify it immediately then by the name of the local storage warehouse which was

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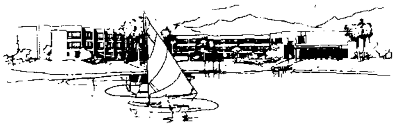

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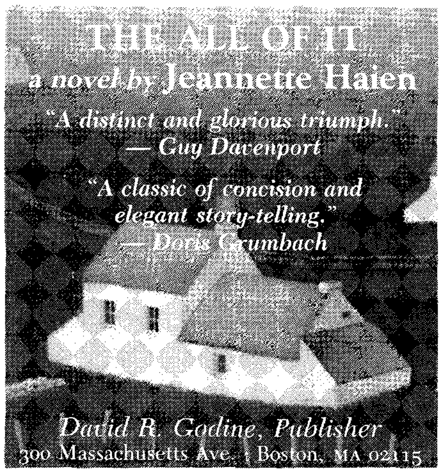

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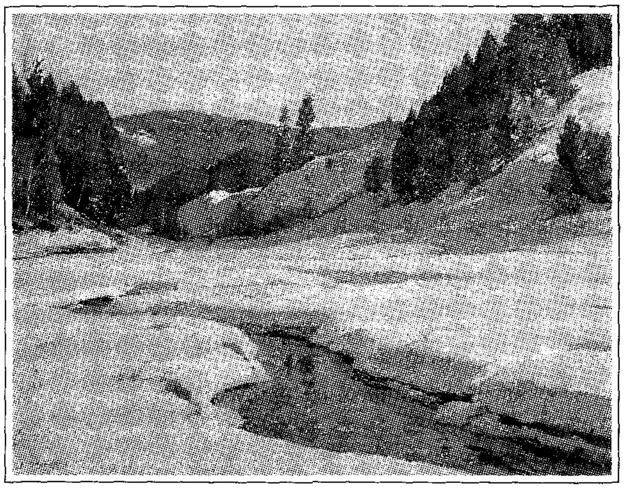
James's heavily mirrored halls of mutual regard seem but feebly imitated by reflections like "I knew always that the affair referred to was pure fantasy but I do not know even now whether or not they knew I knew." The diction at times is so fastidious that a smile at the narrator's expense must be intended: "If slit skirts were the fashion, then my sisters' would be vented well above the knees, exposing fleshy thighs which by this time in my sisters' lives were indeed of no inconsiderable size." Some sentences can only be called portly: "But about Alex Mercer himself there was something that made him forever fascinated by and sympathetic to that which he perhaps yearned after in spirit but which practically speaking he did not wish himself to become." Such measured verbal groping among the shadows of morality and good intention has suffered a diminishment since James; he had no commerce with God but had retained the religious sense, and the ground beneath his characters authentically trembles when they—for example, Kate Croy and Merton Densher—commit what they feel is a sin. In Phillip Carver's world, no religion remains, just an old-fashioned code of behavior, and its defense is hard to distinguish from snobbery or, to use a word he uses of himself, "lethargy." He is so imbued with lethargy that he speaks of "debating the question of how many angels could sit on the head of a pin" when in the conventional image, of course, the angels dance. As a young man he registers for the draft as a conscientious objector (in peacetime, early in 1941), but when the draft-board clerk fails to understand and sends in his form with the others, "this was *so* like a certain type of Memphis mentality . . . I could not even bring myself to protest;" he indifferently puts on his uniform and goes off to Fort Oglethorpe. When, six years later, he flees Memphis for New York, "it was as though someone else were dressing me and packing for me or at least as though I had no will of my own"—his sisters are acting through him. And when, in 1967, he discovers himself in the same restaurant as his long-lost love, Clara Price, he doesn't trouble to get up from his chair and present himself; like those angels, he just sits. On his visits home, the dynamism of his ambitious father and animated, vengeful sisters oppresses him; it seems that "the whole



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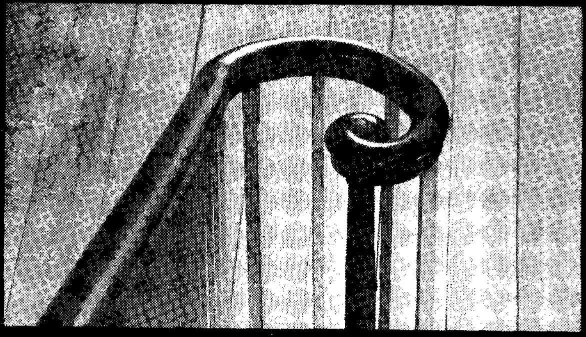

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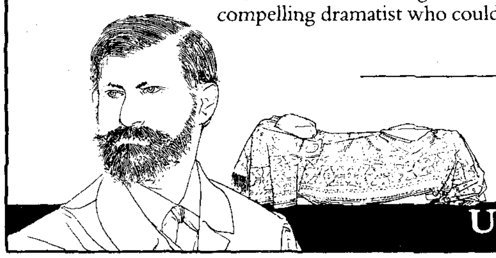

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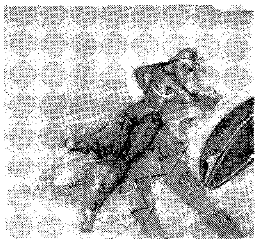

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family had finally become completely demented and didn't know how consummately and irreversibly life had already passed us by." His narrative can scarcely bring itself to describe present events, and comes to life only when recapturing some moment or fact from the buried past. The prissy, circuitous language (confided to "notebooks" yet elaborately explanatory and in one spot openly concerned about "the reader") is flavored with anachronisms like "for the nonce," "lad," and the word "dependencies" to describe a farm's outbuildings.

And yet this language, with its echo of old usages and once-honored forms, delivers things a less quaint diction could hardly express. Explaining the ugly secondhand furniture he and Holly have in New York, Phillip writes, "It was not the kind of furniture either of us had grown up with, but we felt that the presence of such plain objects in our rooms was proof of our not having succumbed to the sentimental aesthetics of domesticity." A beautiful fittingness develops whenever the father is the subject. "And what I must confirm is that this man, my father, this Mr. George Carver, did care more about clothes than any other man of his very masculine character and temperament that I have ever been acquainted with there in Memphis or here in Manhattan or in any other place at all." Balked by his dim sight from finding an empty table in a night club, the old man "simply stood still and waited for events to develop in his favor." His manner of posing and dressing, Phillip comes to see, was "his most direct means of communicating his aspirations and his actual vision of how things were with him." A page of reminiscence about his father's two cumbersome and cherished wardrobes culminates when, arriving at the Memphis airport and unexpectedly greeted by his elegantly clad progenitor, Phillip feels "as though someone had thrown open the double doors to one of those wardrobes of his and, figuratively speaking, I was inhaling the familiar aroma of his whole life and being. Only it wasn't like an aroma exactly. For one moment it seemed I was about to be suffocated. For one moment it was as if I had never left Memphis." Phillip's virtually morbid interest in costume delivers, too, a telling and vivid portrait of his two sisters, who into their fifties dress with an embarrassing rakishness partly as parody of the Memphis (as opposed to the sedater Nashville) style and partly in protest at having been denied marriage and "frozen forever in their roles as injured adolescents." The father and sisters are old-fashioned characters, with costumes and settings and histories and psychologies; Phillip, by leaving the hinterland where clothes make a statement and the family "things" are worth inheriting, has become a non-character, a sensate shade dwelling in the low-affect regions of Don DeLillo and Donald Barthelme, a human being who assigns only a limited value, hedged about with irony, to himself. Someday, Phillip Carver fantasizes, he and Holly will simply fade away in their apartment—"when the sun shines in next morning there will be simply no trace of us." The lovers will not have been "alive enough to have the strength to die."

Peter Taylor's apparently cozy Tennessee world is bleaker than Henry James's transatlantic empyrean, for it is a century more drained of the blood of the sacred. The sacred, Mircea Eliade has written, "implies the notions of *being*, of *meaning*, and of *truth*. . . . It is difficult to imagine how the human mind could function without the conviction that there is something irreducibly *real* in the world." For James, the real constituted the human appetites, mostly for love and money, that flickered beneath and secretly shaped the heavily draped society of late-Victorian times. By Mr. Taylor's time, appetite has shrivelled to dread—dread of another's aroma, of being suffocated by one's father's appetites. For all the fussy good manners of his prose, the ugly war between parents and children has been his recurrent topic; one thinks of the short story "Porte Cochère" (the house in "A Summons to Memphis" also has a porte cochère), which ends with that old father, in the darkness of his room, while his adult children noisily besiege his door, taking out the walking stick "with his father's face carved on the head" and stumbling about "beating the upholstered chairs with the stick and calling the names of children under his breath." In "A Summons to Memphis," Phillip Carver wins through to a real, non-trivial insight when he accepts "Holly's doctrine that our old people must be not merely forgiven all their injustices and unconscious cruelties in their roles as parents but that any selfishness on their parts had actually been required of them if they were to remain whole human beings and not become merely guardian robots of the young." The wrongs of the father are inevitably visited upon the son, as part of the jostle of "whole human beings" sharing the earth. Beneath his talky, creaking courtesies, Peter Taylor deals fascinatingly with the primal clauses of the social contract.

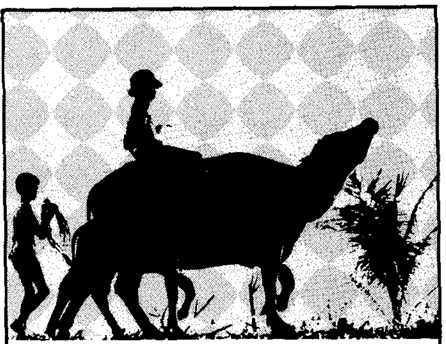
—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

AN ACADEMIC QUESTION, by Barbara Pym (Dutton; $15.95). "It was supposed to be a sort of Margaret Drabble effort but of course it hasn't turned out like that at all," Barbara Pym (1913-80) wrote to Philip Larkin, in 1971, about this first-person novel. Later, she began and abandoned a third-person version. Hazel Holt, her editor, has reconciled the two drafts, and has given the wonderful result its cunning title. The narrator is the overqualified wife of an ambitious anthropology professor at a provincial university, and the plot involves an old manuscript that she helps him purloin from a dotty missionary in a nursing home. Death's way of making a question moot is never far from Pym's heroine's mind, as she finds herself attending various sorts of memorial services (including lunch with an old flame), but her vision is defiantly comic. On a mulberry sapling: "None of us would live to see it gnarled and venerable or even to pick up its red squashy fruit from the grass." On a pair of young lunch guests, one of whom once seemed a sexual rival, and who may yet be an academic one: "I imagined them striding along criticising us and perhaps the meal, too, and then lying down and rolling about in the bracken."

A FLATLAND FABLE, by Joe Coomer (Texas Monthly; $12.95). "Flatland," Edwin A. Abbott's 1884 fantasy in which two-dimensional shapes are seen from their own point of view, comes to mind as this ingenious little novel, set on a Midwestern plain, unfolds. The story, spanning one day, begins in a bedroom at dawn and ends on a ballfield at dusk. In between, a fire engine, a baseball, and two conversations (one by a deathbed and the other in a sort of tinderbox) teach the hero—a fireman, a Little League coach, and the husband of a would-be mother—that the real world is nothing but curves. Joe Coomer, a



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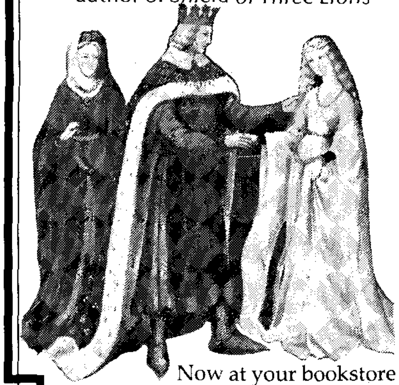

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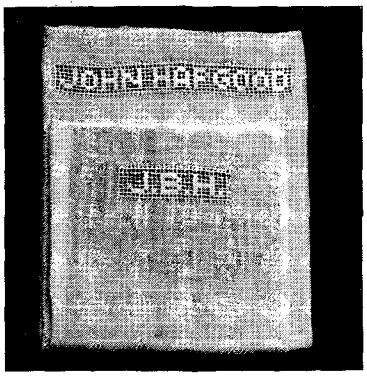

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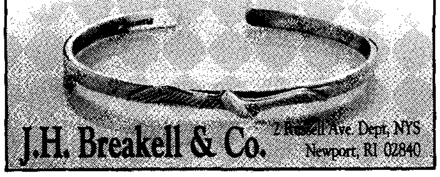

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young Texan, whose previous novels are "The Decatur Road" (1983) and "Kentucky Love" (1985), sometimes seems to teeter on the brink of fictional formulas, but the reader soon learns that he pitches miracles, not morals. The best one comes in the bottom of the ninth, when he follows a fly ball into a time and place that the hero will never see.

THE PIANOPLAYERS, by Anthony Burgess (Arbor House; $16.95). "She Was As Pure As Snow and She Drifted." That about sums up the career of Ellen Henshaw, the elderly narrator of this mock memoir, who rattles off hundreds of such song titles as facts in her life and as the Facts of Life. Her father played the piano in the pubs, cinemas, and seaside variety halls of Lancashire between the two world wars. She recalls travelling with him as a child, learning about music and hypocrisy. He gets fired for his accompaniment to a solemn Hollywood epic about Christ ("Symphonic Variations on For He's a Jolly Good Fellow"); they flee a respectable boarding house when it turns out to be far bawdier than the flashing of knickers in song-and-dance numbers about "This common phenomenon called Love." Ellen drifts into prostitution, and finds it a chance to teach men love as "an art, like music." Eventually, she opens a School of Love, with branches from Singapore to London. At this point, where her usual explicitness would be literally clinical, the book gets theoretical and dodgy; it isn't clear whether this is Ellen's smoke screen for a mere bordello or Mr. Burgess's impatience with schemes for human improvement. But Ellen's voice (one of the author's vigorous cultural hybrids) rallies for the narrative bravura of the final chapter—an extended mother-in-law skit whose cruelty is tempered by Mr. Burgess's love of music and his interest in the aesthetics of ordinary, artless domestic and sexual relations.

GENERAL

FRANCE, FIN DE SIÈCLE, by Eugen Weber (Belknap/Harvard; $20). An overview of French society at the end of the nineteenth century, enlivened by anecdotes and contemporary commentary on manners and morals. The author's principal theme is the contrast between the decadence that pervaded upper-class circles and the gradual rise in the

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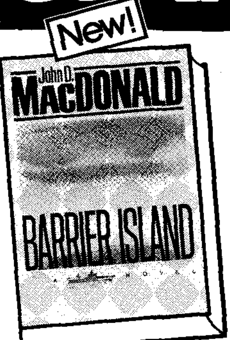

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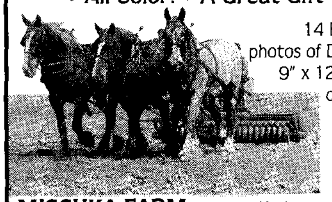

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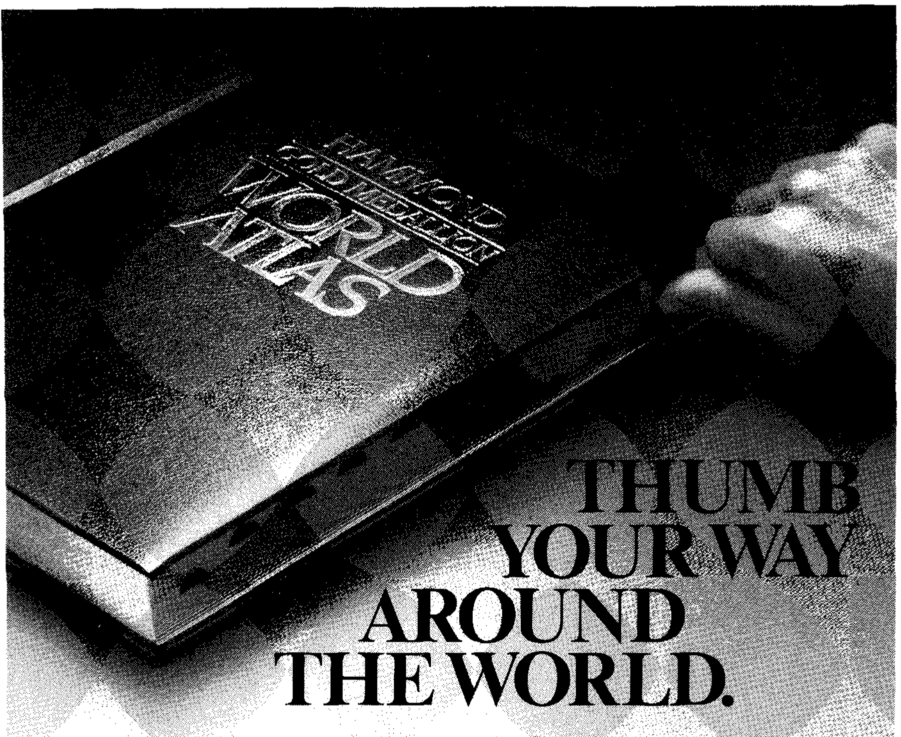
standard of living of common people. While the aesthetes and narcotized aristocrats of Paris, still suffering from the pessimism that followed France's military defeat of 1871, were indulging themselves in refined perversions and nihilistic despair, their social inferiors were glimpsing hope of a better material existence—the unkept promises of the Revolution of 1789. Mr. Weber touches on nearly every aspect, superficial and profound, of French life as the century wound down. He discusses the status of women; changing ideas of personal hygiene in a time when few people bathed regularly, or at all; the hatred and malevolence that servants felt toward their masters; the startling rise in crime in the last years of the century. He also treats of the ferment in the arts which preceded modernism; the scandals and convulsions that threatened the Third Republic (the Panama Canal fiasco, the Dreyfus affair); and the epidemic of xenophobia that resulted in bloody pogroms of foreign workers, especially Italians, as the century ended. This is a first-rate social history of a period that has been romanticized out of all recognition. Illustrations.

Orwell: The War Commentaries, edited and with an introduction by W. J. West (Pantheon; $18.95). Forty-nine radio propaganda scripts that were written by George Orwell and delivered between mid-December, 1941, and mid-March, 1943. The programs were conceived by the Eastern Service of the BBC for an educated Indian audience, and were intended as rebuttals to Axis propaganda broadcasts that were further destabilizing the politically unstable subcontinent. Orwell's brief was to provide a weekly description and analysis of military and political events around the world, and his ability to relate widely separated movements and campaigns is even more impressive when one realizes that he was working from often fragmentary source material and under the constraints of censorship. The pieces seem at a first reading so evenhanded that the occasional footnote explaining what facts Orwell was eliding or ignoring comes as a jolt. Although the scripts are very minor Orwell, they demonstrate how effective a first-class writer can be as a propagandist, and they raise some unset-



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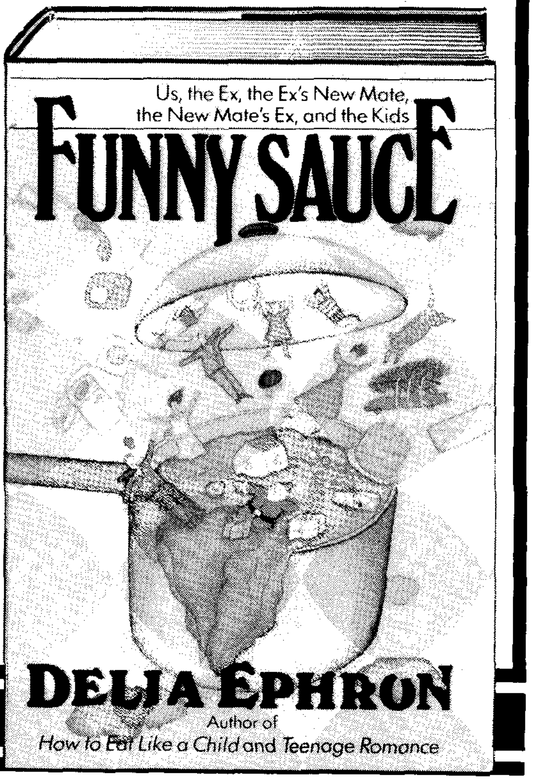
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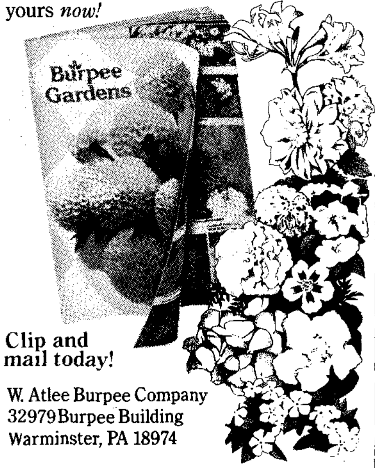

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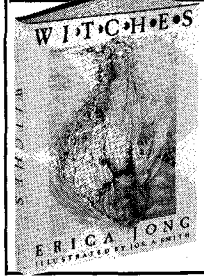

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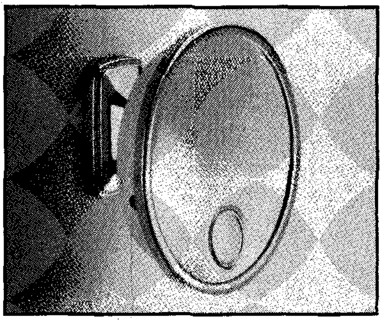

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tling questions about the responsibilities of a writer in wartime.

The Railway Station: A Social History, by Jeffrey Richards and John M. MacKenzie (Oxford; $22.50). A comprehensive survey, casting back over the hundred and fifty years in which railway stations have figured in human affairs. The authors deal not only with the architecture of the railway station and with its function but also with the part it has played in painting, literature, the cinema, and drama, and in politics and war. The book evokes the glories and vainglories embodied in the palaces, pseudo mosques, secular cathedrals, and huge glass-roofed sheds that have served as points of arrival and departure for millions, and it laments the senseless destruction of these monuments. It abounds in particulars: the history of St. Pancras, in London; of the Gare d'Orsay, in Paris; of Victoria Terminus, in Bombay; of Union Station in St. Louis; and of less assuming depots of branch lines in Africa, India, Australia, and our own Middle West. It is vastly entertaining. Illustrated, mainly with photographs.

Note: "American Musicians: 56 Portraits in Jazz," by Whitney Balliett, has been published by Oxford ($22.95). All the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . . "Bitter Victory," Robert Shaplen's account of recent trips to Vietnam and Cambodia, has been published by Harper & Row ($16.95). Most of the contents first appeared here.

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Nobody intimidated him back, not the government, whose IRS he challenged; not the Mafia, some of whose hoods he defended; not the press, whose bad publicity he courted; not the Catholic Church, whose archdiocese in New York he represented; not "bomber" lawyers, whom he outbombed in court; not even Frank Sinatra, whom he was willing to offend when I needed on-the-record verification for a story in this space. How many other fierceless advocates can you name?—*William Safire in the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.*

Plenty.

•

UP LIFE'S LADDER

[*From the University of California's University Bulletin*]

Roger Revelle, Professor of Science and Public Policy, San Diego, was presented the Roger Revelle Award for outstanding contribution to education during commencement ceremonies at Revelle College.

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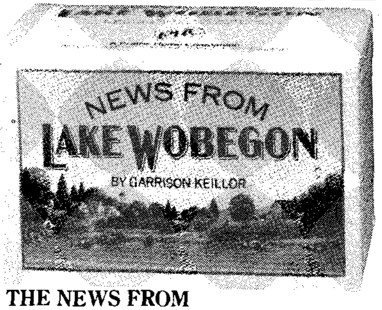

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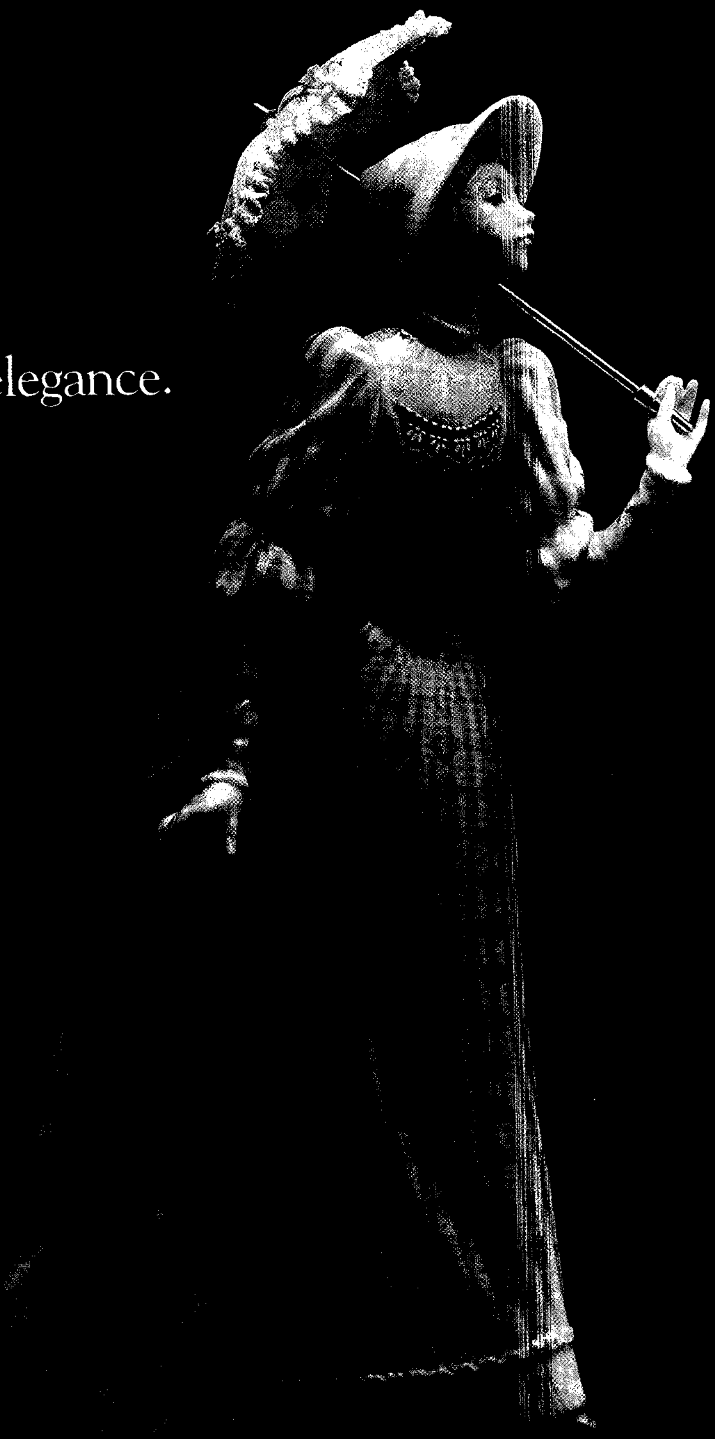

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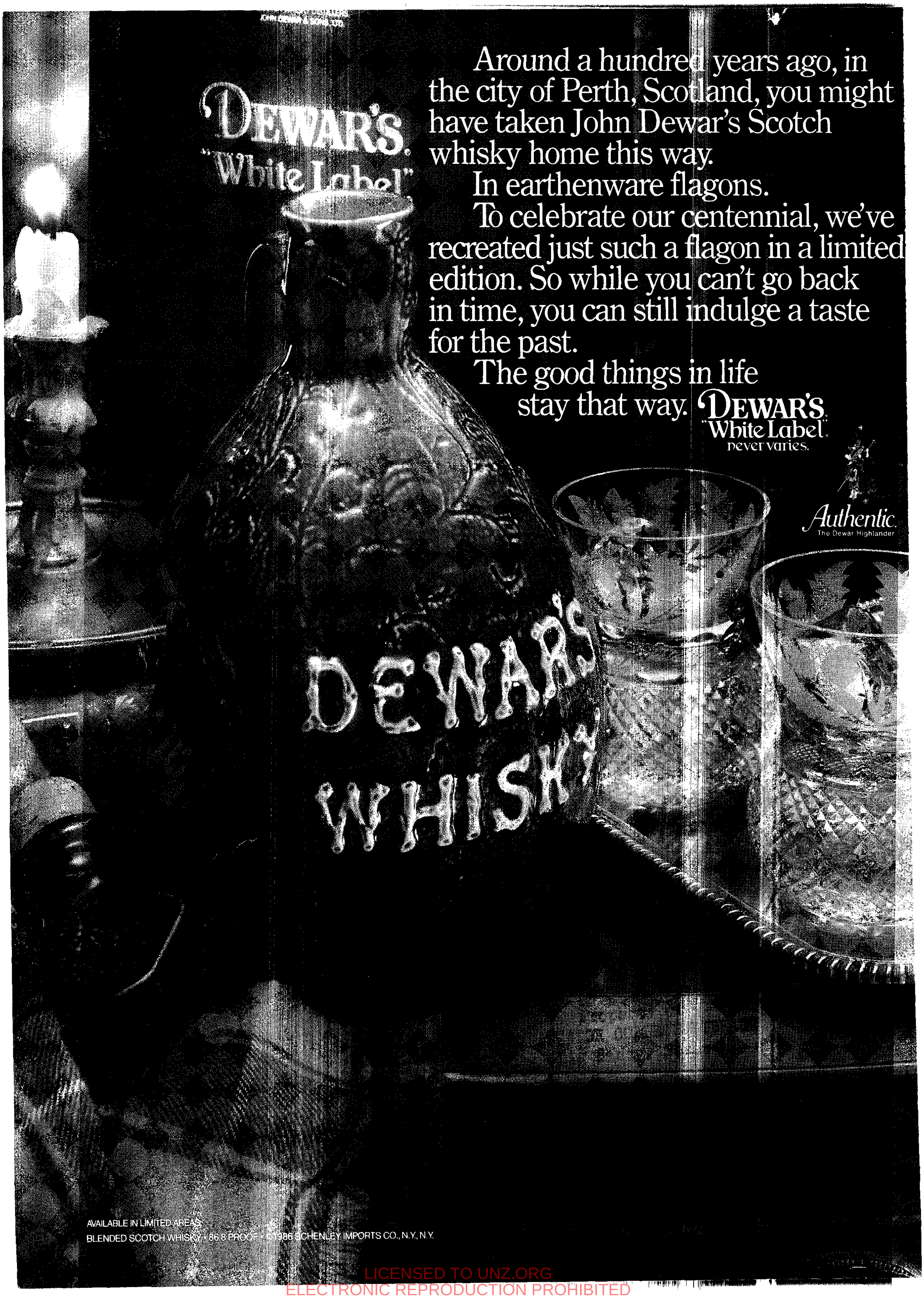

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